

THE
THIRD VOLUME
OF
LETTERS

WRIT by a

Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty YEARS;
undiscovered at

PARIS:

Giving an impartial ACCOUNT to the
Divan at Constantinople of the most remarkable
Transactions of *Europe* and discovering
several Intrigues and Secrets of the
Christian Courts, (especially of that of
France) continued from the Year 1645, to
the Year 1682.

*Written originally in Arabick. Translated into Italian, from
thence into English, by the Translator of the First Volume.*

THE TWENTY-FOURTH EDITION.

DUBLIN:

Printed for G. and A. EWING, W. SMITH, G. FAULK-
NER, and R. JAMES, Booksellers, MDCCLIV.

THE
THIRD VOLUME
OF
LETTERS

TO
THE
HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS
AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS
IN THE YEAR 1790



PRINTED BY
J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD
AND BY
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TO THE
R E A D E R.

OUR *Arabian*, having met with so kind Entertainment in this Nation since he put on the *English* Dress, is resolved to continue his Garb, and visit you as often as Convenience will permit.

He brings along with him many foreign Commodities, to gratify the various Expectations of People: His Cargo, consisting of Jewels and other Rarities, which are the genuine Product of the East; and some kinds of Merchandise, which he has purchased here in the West, during his Residence at *Paris*.

It will be pity to affront this honest Stranger, by raising Scandals on him, as if he were a Counterfeit, and I know not what.

To the R E A D E R.

This will appear inhospitable, and unworthy of the *English* Candor and Generosity.

To speak without an Allegory, in this Third Volume of Letters, as in the former Two, you will find an exact Continuation of modern History, acquainting you with all the memorable Sieges, Battles, and Campaigns, that were in *Europe* from the Year 1645, to 1649. As also with all the remarkable Negotiations and Transactions of State, Embassies, Leagues, and Overtures of Princes; the Policies and Intrigues of publick Ministers, especially those of Cardinal *Mazarini*; the great and stupendous Revolutions and Civil Wars in *England, China, Naples, Turkey, and Paris*; the prodigious Rise of a poor young beardless Fisherman to the Height of Sovereign Power; the dismal Tragedies of an *English* King, and a *Chinese* Emperor; with the Murder of a *Turkish* Sultan. And all these intermixed with proper and useful Remarks, pleasant and agreeable Stories; couched in a Stile, which, being peculiar to the *Arabians*, cannot be matched in any other Writings that are extant.

If his Philosophy will not abide the Test of our learned Virtuosi, yet it may pass Muster in a Mahometan; since it is taken for granted, that the Men of that Faith rarely apply themselves to such Studies; or, at least, not in the Method used in Christian Schools.

They

TO the READER.

They may have the same Ideas of natural Things as we; but they express themselves in a different Manner.

As for his Morals, they are solid and grave, and such as could not be reprehended even in a Christian Writer, if we reduce what he says to Universals. For, abstracting from the particular Obligations he had to his native Religion, and to the Grand Signior, whose Slave he was, there will be found little Difference between his Ethicks and ours. He every-where recommends Loyalty, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, Prudence, and all those other Virtues which are requisite to fill up the Character of a Hero or a Saint.

And who will not bear with him for patronizing the Religion and Interest in which he was bred; it being natural for all Men to adhere to the Notions they have sucked in with their Mother's Milk? In this also he shews great Moderation, and a more unbiassed Temper, than one would expect from a *Turk*; which may, in part, be ascribed to his studying in the Christian Academies, his Conversation with the learnedest Men in *Paris*, and some of the most accomplished Persons in the World. Hence it was, that he was accused by his Superiors at the *Ottoman Porte* of inclining to Christianity or Atheism; as he takes Notice in his Apology to a religious Dignitary in the first Letter of the third Book of
this

To the R E A D E R.

this Volume, to which the Reader is referred for farther Satisfaction.

In his most familiar Letters, such as this last mentioned, and others to his intimate Friends, you will find some Expressions, discovering a certain Fineness and Strength of Thought, which is not very common in Christian Writers. Which is an Argument, That the *Mahometans* are not all such Block-heads as we take them for.

And though his Picture, which we have affixed to our Translation, since we had the *Italian* Tomes, represents no extraordinary Person, yet you know *Juvenal's* Remark, *Fronti nulla Fides*. And it has been a common Observation of one of the greatest Philosophers in this Age, *That by his outward Aspect, no Man would guess what an illustrious Soul lodged within.*

If you would know how the *Italian* came by this Picture, (for, in his Preface, he asserts it to be the true Effigies of this *Arabian*) he says, That being acquainted with the Secretary of Cardinal *Mazarini*, and frequenting his House, he saw a Picture hang in his Closet, with this Inscription at the Bottom, *TITUS DE MOLDAVIA, CLERICUS. Aetatis suae LXXII.* He asked the Gentleman who this *Titus* was, who informed him, That he was a great Traveller, and understood many Languages, especially the *Sclavonian,*

TO the READER.

nian, *Greek*, and *Arabick*; on which Account Cardinal *Richlieu*, and his Successor *Mazarini*, had made great Use of him; and that the latter had caused that Picture of the *Moldavian* to be drawn and hung up in his Closet; from whence he had it. Our *Italian* being satisfy'd after some Discourse about him, that this Stranger was the very *Arabian*, whose Writings he had so happily found, got Leave of the Gentleman to have a Draught of the Picture taken by a skilful Limner, which he afterwards placed in the Front of his Translation.

There is one of these Letters, Page 198, wants a Beginning in the *Italian* Copy. Which the Author of that Translation takes Notice of in his Preface, saying, That, by some Accident or other, the *Arabick* Paper had been torn asunder, and one Part was missing.

There needs no more to be said, but to acquaint the Reader, that we are going forward with the *English* Translation of these Letters as fast as we can. So that in all Probability you may expect a Fourth Volume before *Christmas*. Wherein you will find more particular Remarks on our *English* Affairs, with political Discourses on the Original and Dissolution of Governments. As also many curious Passages during the Wars of *Paris*, which
have

TO the READER.

have not hitherto come to publick View.
In fine, you will there be informed of all the
remarkable Events that happened at that
Time, either in Peace or War, on the whole
Globe.

Adieu.

A **T** **A** **B** **L** **E**

A

T A B L E

OF THE

LETTERS and MATTERS

CONTAINED

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LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut, *an Arabian at Paris, to Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.*

I Believe the News of my Imprisonment might fill thee with Doubts of thy own Liberty, and make thee careful to avoid at *Vienna*, such a Misfortune as befel me at *Paris*. Yet if thou wert much surprized at this Accident, it is an Argument that thou art but a Novice in the World, and art yet to learn the first Rudiments of useful Wisdom, which teach us, *That there is no Stedfastness in human Affairs.*

There has nothing happened to me in this, which I was not before provided for; neither did the Suddenness of the Event make me change Countenance. I smiled at the fulfilling my own Preſages, and went to

Vo. III.

B

Prison

Prison as unconcerned, as I would have gone home to my Lodging. Not that I would have thee think, I was insensible of a Loss so afflicting as that of Liberty; but my Chains did not appear so very formidable, having made them familiar to my Thoughts long before.

When I first came to *Paris*, I looked on myself but as a Prisoner at large, owing the Freedom I had to walk about, only to the Carelessness of the *State*, and the Favour of *Destiny*. So that when that Indulgence was retrenched, no new Thing happened to me. What I had expected for seven Years together could not seem strange when it came to pass.

By what I have said, thou mayest learn to prepare thyself for the worst Events, which commonly steal upon the secure and unthinking, being wrapped up in greater Darkness and Silence, than the Moments which bring them to Light. These slide away without our Advertisment, unseen, unheard: Neither can our watches or Dials inform us any thing of them, 'till they are passed. So there is no *Index* to point out to us the *hidden Decrees* of *Fate*, 'till they are accomplished; no *Ephemeris* of *Destiny*, but our own Experience.

Thou and all thy Nation, are suspected by the *Christians*: They esteem you Enemies of their *Interest* as well as of their *Law*. They despise and vilify you, calling you, *The accursed of God*, yet they admit you as Members of their Commonwealth. They receive you to the Protection of their *Laws*, and entrust you with their Secrets, that they may serve themselves of your Money. Thus are you become Bankers for your sworn Enemies: And while you profess an eternal Obedience to the Injunctions of *Moses*, you make underhand Leagues with the *Disciples of Jesus*. I do not accuse your Commerce with these Infidels: but, I say, you have Reason to be upon your Guards, when you are environed with so many Millions of Enemies. They are not ignorant of the Intimacies between the *Ministers* of the *Sublime Port*, and those of thy Nation: It is common in the Mouths of the *French*, *That the Jews are the Turks Intelligencers*. Thou oughtest therefore to have a special
Regard

Regard to thy Conduct, that no imprudent Action may expose thee to the Jealousy of the *State* where thou resideth. That *Court* is full of *Eyes*; and thou hath need of a stricter Veil, than what thou wearest in the *Synagogue*. The very Walls of thy House will betray thee, and thy Domesticks may prove thy greatest Enemies: Yet suspect none more than thy self. This will not seem harsh Counsel, if thou reflectest twice on it, there being nothing more certain, than that it is not so easy to defend one's self from him in whom we confide, as from one we are jealous of. And every Man is apt to put too much trust in himself. I believe thou art faithful and abhorreth Treachery; yet at the same Time, thou mayest be remiss and weak: What could not be extorted from thee by an open Enemy, may be discovered by the Insinuations of a pretended Friend. Thy own good Nature may cajole thee; and therefore it will be no small Point of Wisdom, *To beware of thyself*. As for Contingencies, I advise thee not to be perplexed about them, or be uneasy. Thou canst not avoid the inevitable Appointments of *Heaven*. Only be ready for the worst that may happen, since thou canst never be certain of any Thing.

Thy Predecessor *Carroa* was a Man of exquisite Fore-cast; always on his Watch, prying into the dark Orb of Futurities; yet an Accident surprized him once, of which his strictest Caution never gave him Warning. I read it in one of his Letters to the *Kaimuckan*, which thou sentest me from *Vienna*. The Story is this: As he was one Day writing *Dispatches* to the *Port*, a certain tame Bird which he kept for his Divertisement, snatches from the Table the Paper on which he was writing to the *Teslerdan*; and the Window being open flies with it out into the Streets. The Paper was dropped in the Garden of the *Augustin Friars*, at the very Moment when the *Spanish Ambassador* was walking there with the *General* of that Order. 'Tis true, the Letter was unfinished, no Name subscribed; and so *Carroa* escaped an imminent Hazard of his Life. But the Secrets therein contained gave a vast Suspicion to the *Imperial Court*, it

being soon carried to the *principal Secretary of State*, and by him communicated to the *Emperor* and *Divan*. Strict Inquisition was made throughout the City for the Author of that Letter. A Reward of a thousand *Rix-Dollars* promised to any that would discover him. The Bird was seen by many to fly along with a Paper in her Bill, but from whence she came, none knew. Nor had any curious Eye attended her uncertain Motions back: No Man divining, that that Paper was designed to transmit to the *ever happy Port*, the most important Counsels of the *German Empire*. Neither was *Car-coa's* Hand taken notice of, having lived very privately, and used another Character in his common Dealings. But how near was he to a Discovery, when he says himself in his Letter, that he wanted but five Words to the Conclusion, where he would have subscribed his Name! From hence thou mayest learn, that a *Mariner* in a Tempest, amongst Rocks and Sands, runs not greater Hazards, than he who acts in thy Station.

However, thou mayest now continue thy Advices to *Paris*, but observe the Directions of *Eliachim*, who brings thee this Letter. He will inform thee of whatsoever is necessary for thee to know, taking this Journey on purpose to prevent the wakeful Jealousy, and active Inquisition of *Cardinal Mazarini*, from whom nothing can be hid that is trusted to the *Posts*. Receive him with singular Honour; he is an incorruptible Friend of the *Ottoman Port*. From him thou shalt learn the safest Methods of our future Correspondence. He is the *Apollo* of thy Nation; and his Wisdom and Fidelity will be recorded in the *Register* of that *Empire*, which shall know no earlier Period than the *Moon*, whose *Crescent* is her *Arms*, and the *happy Omen* of her *increasing Lustre*.

When thou beholdest that *noble Ensign* of *Mahomet* on the Top of the chief Temple of *Jesus* in *Vienna*, let it augment thy Veneration of our *Law*, and convince thee, that all Nations must submit to the *Messenger of God*, and *Seal* of the *Prophets*. Be faithful

faithful and wise, and thou canst not miss of Happiness.

Paris, 28th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1645. According to the Christian Style.

LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

SINCE my Release, I have informed my self of some Passages, to which I was a Stranger during my Restraint. The *Transylvanian Agent* continues still at this Court; and his *Negotiation* is not now a Secret. *Monsieur Croissy* is gone *Ambassador Extraordinary* to *Prince Ragotski*, on the same Errand from this Crown. The subject Matter of both their *Embassies*, is a League. *Cardinal Mazarini* suspected Tergiversation in that Prince, and that he would privately treat with the Emperor, if the *Grand Seignior* would withdraw his Assistance and Protection from him; or if he himself should grow weary of the War. Wherefore *Monsieur Croissy*, according to the *Cardinal's* Instructions would not sign the League, till *Ragotski* had called home his *Ambassadors*, who were treating with the *Imperialists* at *Tyrne*, and sent away the *German Envoy* from his Camp.

The League being concluded, he insisted on the Necessity the Prince lay under, of marching his Army nearer to *Torssenson* the *Swedish General*, that so they might support one another against the *German Forces*.

This was the Pretence; but in Reality it was designed to engage the *Transylvanians* beyond the Power of a Retreat, and to post them under the Eye of the *Swedish General*, who soon after possessed himself of *Tyrne*, the Place appointed for Treaty between the *Imperialists* and *Prince Ragotski*.

It is a Town in the Lower Hungary, not far from *Presburgh*. The *Swedese* entered this Place the 17th of the 5th Moon, but left a Garrison in it of seven hundred Hungarian Horse, and three hundred Foot, according to their Articles with the Besieged.

These were soon forced to quit the Town by Count *For-gatsch*, an Imperialist, the *Swedese* and *Transylvanians* being marched a great Distance off: And 'tis said, this Hungarian Garrison yielded not unwillingly to the Imperial Arms.

'Tis certain General *Torstenfon* puts but small Confidence in the Hungarian Soldiers: For above six hundred of the common Sort deserted him, the 29th of the 5th Moon; and the rest raised such frequent Tumults and Mutinies, that their Commanders stood in more Fear of them, than of their Enemies. It is reported likewise, that there hath been lately no good understanding between *Ragotski* and *Torstenfon*, about the designed Siege of *Presburgh*: The former seeming too much to favour the Hungarians, and being rather inclined to carry his Arms into the Emperor's Hereditary Countries. Yet he would not consent, that *Presburgh* should be in the Hands of the *Swedese*.

The French say, that the Prince is humorous and wavering, yet of a fair Intention; but that the greatest Part of his Officers, are corrupted by the Emperor: And that therefore, both they and the common Soldiery were for Peace; only his Wife, his Son, and some few of his Counsellors, persuaded him to adhere to the *Swedese*.

They add, that the Young Prince, being instructed by his Mother, one Day in a full Assembly of the chief Commanders, made the following Oration, *Ragotski* himself being also present.

“ Permit me, most serene and illustrious Prince, my
 “ royal Father, to perform the Part of a dutiful
 “ Son, a faithful Counsellor, and a loyal Subject. The
 “ Law of Nature and of Nations, entitles you to my
 “ Obedience; and the particular Honour you have done
 “ me, in admitting me to your Cabinet, obliges me to
 “ exemplify it in an humble Remonstrance, of my Sen-
 “ timents, at a Time when the Interest of *Transylva-*
 “ *nia* calls for Freedom of Advice.

“ It

" It is with no small Complacency that I now behold
 " you encompassed with a Circle of *Herbes*, whose Va-
 " lour and Fidelity may give such a Lustre to your victo-
 " rious Arms, as shall eclipse the Glory of the *Roman*
 " and *Grecian* Conquerors. The *Alexanders*, *Cæsars*,
 " *Scipios*, and *Hannibals*, shall no longer draw the World
 " into an Admiration of their obsolete Atchievements.
 " The *Register* of your *Deeds* shall soil their antiquated
 " *Histories*; whilst *Plutarch*, *Tacitus* and *Livy* must veil
 " to modern *Pens*, the *Recorders* of your matchless *Actions*.
 " Let not the crafty Insinuations of the *German Court*,
 " warp your Resolutions, and cajole you with the de-
 " ceitful Umbrages of *Peace*, only to gain Time, that
 " they may more successfully carry on the War. Nei-
 " ther suffer your selves, already in part victorious, to
 " be amused with feigned Treaties, and Overtures which
 " you cannot but suspect. We are now in a Condition
 " to give the Law; and should Fortune turn the Scale, it
 " will still be in our Power to make our own Terms of
 " Composition. The Alliance of *Sweden* and *France*,
 " have raised us to a Capacity of braving all *Europe*;
 " whilst the one with a potent Army on the *Rhine*, the
 " other on the *Danube*, keep the *Imperialists* in such per-
 " petual Action, that it will be impossible for them to
 " barrier *Germany* from our conquering Arms. Now is
 " the Time to raise *Transylvania* above the Title of a Tri-
 " butary Province, and restore this Kingdom to her an-
 " cient Renown. If we miss this Opportunity, we must
 " for ever be Slaves to the *Turks* or *Germans*. Let us
 " not seek any longer Protection, but from the Justice
 " of our Cause and the Dint of our Swords. Let not
 " *France* and *Sweden* boast of their *Turenne*, their *Torsten-*
 " *son*, as if no other Nations could furnish the World with
 " famous Generals! Whilst Prince *Ragotski* lives, and
 " lives at the Head of such an Army, your Fidelity and
 " Courage shall render his Name more terrible than that
 " of *Tamerlain*, and his Attempts more prosperous than
 " those of *Scanderberg*. And our Posterity shall be o-
 " bliged to raise Pyramids to your Honour; and from
 " your present Atchievements to date a new *Epoca*,
 " the eternal Memoir of *Transylvania's* Redemption.

'Tis said, That *Ragotski* was not very well pleased with his Son's Speech, suspecting that he held some private Correspondence with *Torsten*, for whom he had no great Affection. Last Moon he insisted earnestly on the Money and Men promised him by *Rebenslock*. But General *Torsten* thought it sufficient, that he himself was so near him with his Forces. Yet lest he should take an Occasion of Discontent, he sent him a Supply of Money though he was not without some Apprehensions that the Prince, having received it, would under-hand treat with the Emperor.

'Tis said here, that a *Chiaus* was arrived in the *Transylvanian* Camp, expressly forbidding *Ragotski* to enter into the Hereditary Provinces of the Emperor. But that he, trusting to the Strength of his Army, (which consists of twenty five thousand *Germans*, *Transylvanians*, *Hungarians* and *Walachians*) was resolved to pursue his first Resolution.

Thou knowest what Reasons the *Port* had to send him this Prohibition. The *French* say, it was out of Fear that he would join with the Emperor's Forces.

By this thou mayest know what Opinion the Infidels entertain of the Measures taken by the *Sovereign Diwan*. They descant at Liberty, whilst I send up Vows to Heaven for the Exaltation of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 4th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER III.

To the instructed in all Knowledge ; the Venerable Mufti.

HA I L, Holy Interpreter of the Sacred Law ; may the Divine Light guide thee beyond the Errors of Human Frailty. I am amongst Infidels, Enemies to Truth ; who yet seem as certain of being in the Right, as thou art sure they are in the Wrong. They hate us with an inveterate

rate Hatred. I must dissemble my Resentments ; whilst, with the lowest Prostrations to the Unity, I celebrate his glorious Mercy, who has sent us such a Star to guide our Feet into the Way of Peace.

The Christians scoff at the faithful People, as divided into several Sects. Would my Death could wipe out these Reproaches, and vindicate the Honour of the Holy Profession. I could retort that Error shews itself infinite in them ; but I must hold my Peace, and restrain myself, lest my Zeal transport me beyond Discretion ; remembering I am not sent here to dispute, but to act secretly for my great Master, whose Empire be extended over all the habitable World.

These poor Wretches boast much of their Traditions, their sacred Synods and Fathers, as if we ever wanted Holy Men, working Wonders, and penetrating into the profoundest Mysteries, by only wiping their Eyes with the Dust of their Feet.

They talk much of Faith and Reason ; at which I smile, as knowing it to be only Education. Yet, as the worst of People have something that is good, so these are not wholly destitute of Devotion. They pray often, but not so often as the true Believers ; it being, as thou knowest, a just Exception against a Witness amongst us, That he prays not six Times a Day. They pray to Men and Women deceased, whereas, thou knowest there is no Deity but One. They fast often, but not so strictly as the assisted, with the Virtue of the supreme Dispenser of Graces. They are charitable, but this hinders them not from excluding all from the blest Abodes, who are not of their Belief : Whereas thou affirmest (who art the Resolver of all the Problems of Faith) that it will go well at the last Day with all honest People, seeing these have all the same Object of Worship ; and their different Religions but as so many different Ways, which lead a Man to the same Place of Rest, like various Roads to the same City.

These Christians whip themselves often with small Cords ; which Humour, say they, was set on Foot by an Hermit's Preaching and Example. Not many Countries distant from that where I am, there happened such an odd Instance of this extravagant Zeal (which was to

be heightened, it seems, with the Fumes of Wine) as plainly justifies our Prophet's Wisdom, in charging the Faithful to avoid it. It was particularly the Custom of several People in this Place, in their Processions, to whip themselves, till the Blood streamed down their Frocks, which were so made as to cover their Faces, and leave only their Backs bare. One of these Zealots, distrusting the Firmness of his Constitution, had taken such large Draughts of this intoxicating Liquor, that reeling up and down with his Whip in his Hand, and his Head against the Walls, he was followed by all the Boys of the Town hooting after him, which so lessened the Repute of this sottish Religion, as made them abstain for the future from this pompous Usage of it. What low Thoughts have these People of the Almighty Lord of All: when, allowing him to be Omnipotent, yet represent him to themselves and others, as delighting in Cruelty: whereas, thou knoweth, this Passion is only to be found amongst the weak and miserable.

That the divine Preserver of Men may continue thee long for the Edification of his Elect, are the passionate Wishes of the meanest of thy Servants, *Mabmut.*

Paris 4th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER IV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

Would to God I could converse with thee Face to Face in the Seraglio, as in former Times. I vent many passionate Wishes to Constantinople, that happy Residence of my best Friends, the Nursery of my Childhood; the School of my Youth, and I hope, the future Repository of my old Age: When I think of that City, it is with a Passion hardly second to that which I cherish for the Place of my Nativity. In *Arabia*, it is true, I first saw the Light of the Sun, but it was in *Greece* I received
the

the more friendly Illumination of the Moon, the Splendors of the true Faith; which though they disclose not to us so clear a Prospect of the Earth, and all its Gaieties, yet they present us with an unveiled Discovery of the Heavens and Stars; shewing us Paradise, with its glittering Inhabitants, the purpled Colonies of true Believers, Champions and Martyrs of the Eternal Unity. In the Desert I left my Father, or rather he left me before I found myself, being but an Infant when he died; but in the City I found Friends, which is not a less endearing Title. He gave me but my Birth, whereby I entered on the Stage of Miseries, with which he soon after left me to struggle, before I could distinguish Misery from Happiness. But they gave me Education, which taught me how to shun those Evils, which are the natural Consequences of our Birth. So that in the main, I am more indebted to them than to him. Let it be how it will, I cannot cease to love them, and often with myself with them. This is a second Nature. And because I cannot have my Desires fulfill'd in that, I gratify myself by often writing to them. Should I make Comparisons, thou wilt say I am a Flatterer. Suffice it to tell thee, that thou art one of the Number, whose Remembrance affects me with sensible Complacency. Yet I cannot write to thee, nor any of my Friends, so often as I would, without entrenching on the Obligations I have to the other Ministers of the sublime Port. I send Dispatches to all by Turns, sacrificing my private Regards to the Expectations of the State, and the Pleasure of my Superiors.

Had I been at Liberty, I could have sent thee the earliest News of the Slaughter which the *Germans* made three Moons ago in the *French* Army at *Mergentheim*. 'Tis not too late now to say something of it. The *Imperialists* owe that Triumph to the Candour of *Turenne*, and the degenerate Craft of the Duke of *Bavaria*; who, to lull the *French* in a fatal Security, sent an Agent into *France* to negotiate a Peace, with deceitful Overtures and Umbrages; commanding also that none of his Soldiers should dare to call the *French* their Enemies. Yet some lay the Blame of this Overthrow on the *Swedes*, whose

whose unseasonable Suspicion of a private Treaty between the *French* and *Germans*, hindred *Torsten* from joining the former ; and exposed *Turenne*, with his raw and unexperienced Forces, to the numerous Army of veteran *Imperialists*.

'Twas a fatal Engagement, and the *French* lost many brave Men ; besides an hundred and fifty Commanders taken Prisoners, fifteen hundred of the common Soldiers, fifty Ensigns, with many Waggon, and four Mules laden with Money.

It is reported, that whilst *Turenne*, in the general Retreat and Flight of his Army, betook himself to *Mergentheim*, as he lay on his Bed the first Night, one of his Officers was coming to alarm him with the News of the *Germans* Approach to that Town, but unfortunately stumbled at his Chamber-Door, with the Noise of which *Turenne* awaked : and fearing some Attempt on his Life, leaped off his Bed with his drawn Sword, and making toward the Door, just as the Officer opened it, he run him into the Heart, by which Mistake, he himself, and the Troops that were in the Town with him, had like to have fallen into the Hands of the *Bavarians*. But receiving Notice of their Approach, accidentally by some other Means, he withdrew his Troops out of the Town by a contrary Road, and escaped the Pursuit of his Enemies.

This Victory has given new Courage to the *Imperialists*, and has not much dispirited the *French*, who are by this Loss inflamed with greater Ardors, meditating a speedy Revenge. The Genius of this Court seems to be undaunted, breathing nothing but War.

I shall not fail to send thee such Intelligence, as will demonstrate, that *Mahmut* passes not away his Time in vain.

I pray the Sovereign of as many Empires as there be Worlds, to distinguish thee by some particular Mark of his Favour from the Crowd of those he makes happy.

Paris, 4th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Shashim Iſtham, a Black Eunuch.

AT length thou haſt condeſcended to beg my Pardon, for the Calumnies thy tongue has loaded me with. I am not ill pleaſed with thy Letter. It abounds with elegant Expreſſions of thy Sorrow, for an Offence to which thou haſt no Provocation. Thy Submission, though late, abates my Reſentment; and, if thou perſonneſt thy Promise, 'tis baniſhed. The firſt Crime ſo ingenuouſly acknowledged, claims a Title to Forgiveneſs. Let eternal Oblivion ſeal it. I am not by Nature revengeful. I rather bluſh for Shame, than grow pale with Anger, at him that injures me. Yet Self-Preſervation will rouse our Choler, which is the moſt active Humour, and precipitates many to violent Courſes. The Effect it has on me is to put me on my Guard, leſt he who hath wronged me, without any Signs of Repentance, ſhould continue his Malice to my Deſtruction. But thou haſt diſperſed all my Suſpicions by thy ſeaſonable Addreſs; and if I cannot pronounce thee innocent, I will not believe thou art incorrigible. The beſt Advice I can give thee is, henceforward to attend to thy own Affairs, and refrain from thoſe of others; remembering the Arabian Proverb. *He that peeps in at his Neighbour's Window, may chance to loſe his Eyes.* There is a great deal of Wiſdom couched in theſe ſhort Sentences. They are not the Product of one Man's Experience, nor of a few; but they are the Reſult of univerſal Obſervation. And our Country hath been happy above others in the Choice of her Proverbs. This that I mentioned is peculiar to the Eaſt, yet I can produce an Inſtance, whereby it was lately verified in the Weſt.

There is hardly a Night paſſes in this populous City, wherein ſome Murder is not committed in the Streets. Two Nights ago a Man was found dead on the Ground; whereupon a Tumult was gathered about his bleeding Carcaſe. Amongſt the reſt, a Fellow came crowding
in,

in, inquisitive what should be the Matter. Those who stood by beholding his Cloaths bloody, which he was not sensible of himself, seized on him as the Murderer. His wild Looks increased their Jealousy; and the incoherent Words, with which he endeavoured to excuse himself, rendered him guilty in the Judgment of the Rabble. They carried him before a Cadi, by whom he was strictly examined: He stoutly denied the Fact; and no Proof could be brought against him, but his stained Cloaths. 'Tis the Custom here, to put to the Torture Persons suspected of Capital Crimes, in order to draw a Confession of the Truth. This they did to this poor Wretch, and in the Extremity of his Pains, he acknowledged he had killed his Wife that Evening, but was altogether innocent of this poor Man's Death, who was murdered in the Streets. All the Torments they inflicted, could force no other Confession from him, save that which his real Guilt prompted him to make. For which he was condemned to Death, according to the Laws. Thou seest by this, that had he gone about his Business, without prying into other Men's Matters, he might have escaped a Discovery. But that meddling Itch of the Imprudent betrayed him (not without the particular Direction of Fate) to a Death, which indeed he merited, but not on the Score of the murdered Man, whom he went out of his Way to see.

Thou wilt say this Story is not applicable to thy Case, since thou hast never yet embroiled thy Hands in any Man's Blood. I tell thee, what I have said, was not designed as a Reflection on thy past Offence (let it be forgotten); but as a Caution for the future, not to engage thyself in Matters out of thy Sphere. For a busy Body is never without Trouble.

Above all, I counsel thee, to practise the Government of the Tongue, which is a great Virtue, especially in the Courts of Princes. The *Arabians* say, *That the Wise Man's Soul reposes at the Root of his Tongue; but, a Fool's is ever Dancing on the Tip.*

Thou hast no Reason to take in ill Part, the Freedom with which I advise thee for thy Good: Unless thou thinkest thyself too old to learn. But, I have a better
Opinion

opinion of thee, than to rank thee among *Pythagoras's* Disciples.

I have said enough for a Friend ; too much for an enemy. It is in thy own Choice to make me which thou pleaseth. Adieu.

Paris, 4th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER VI.

To *Zelim of Rhodes, Captain of a Galley.*

THOU hast never vouchsafed to acknowledge the Advice I sent thee some Years ago, of a Christian's Design against thy Life. Perhaps he wanted an Opportunity, to put his Revenge in Execution that way ; and therefore, the Caution I gave thee looked like a false Alarm. Thou trustest in thy Courage, the Strength of thy Vessel, the Multitude and Fidelity of thy Slaves, and thinketh thyself invulnerable. But let me tell thee, that neither thy Courage, nor thy Vessel, can defend thee from the Stroke of Destiny ; and thou hast no greater Enemies than those who eat thy Bread. Whether it be the Continuance of thy Cruelty, or the natural Regret of Servitude hath rendered them so, I know not ; but, if what I am informed of be true, thou art the miserablest Man in the World. Wert thou only in Danger to lose thy Life by a Stab, a Bullet, or the swift Effects of Poison, it would be a Happiness, in Comparison of the Method that is now taken to destroy thee. And the invisible Death which thou wert formerly to receive from a Prayer-Book, would have been soft as the Stroke of Cupid's Arrow, in Respect of the Tragical and Unheard of Fate, which is now preparing for thee. Think not I go about to amuse or affright thee with Chimeras and Tales, such as Nurses use to awe their Children into Compliance and good Manners. What I tell thee is Matter of Fact, and confirmed by many Letters from *Italy*, to several eminent

minent Merchants in *Paris*, I have seen some of them, and hear that the rest agree in the same Relation.

They give an Account, that at *Naples*, on the second of the last Moon, three Witches were seized, and accused of practicing diabolical Arts; of enchanting several Persons; of doing great Mischief; and, in fine, of having private Commerce with the Devil. They stoutly denied all at first, and made very subtle and plausible Apologies. Inſomuch, as the Inquiſitors were almoſt perſuaded of their Innocence; till it was ſuggeſted, that their Houſes ſhould be ſearched. Officers were ſent accordingly; who after a narrow Scrutiny, found ſome magical Books, ſeveral Vials of ſtrange Liquors, Pots of Ointment, with an Image of Wax, reſembling a Man, but partly melted. There were imprinted on the Breſt of the Image ſeveral unknown Characters. Figures and magical Symbols: And on the Forehead was to be read *ZELIM EBEN SAGRAN*. All theſe were brought and expoſed before the Inquiſitors, (of whoſe Office thou art not ignorant) great Deliberation was had about this unuſual Emergency. The Imaums and Chelks, were ſent for and conſulted. The Witches were examined apart, and put to the Torture, as is the Cuſtom in Capital Crimes. Admirable was their Conſtancy for a conſiderable Time; but at length, overcome by the Continuance and Sharpneſs of their Pains, they confeſſed they had for ſome Years praſtiſed magic Arts, converſed with familiar Spirits, raiſed Tempeſts, Earthquakes, and done other wicked Feats. Being examined about the Image of Wax, they declared, that it was the Image of a Turkiſh Captain of a Galley, whoſe Name was written on the Forehead: And they were hired by certain *Italians*, who had been Slaves in the Galley of the ſaid Captain, to bewitch him to Death, in the moſt lingering Method they could invent; that in order to this, they had made this Image; that every Night they met together, with a fourth of their Gang (who was not to be found) and made a Fire of the Bones of dead Men, which they ſtole from the Graves and Charnel-Houſes. That they laid this Image down at a convenient Diſtance before this Fire, repeating certain magical Words and Charms; and, as this Image gradually

gradually melted, so the Body of the said Turkish Captain did insensibly waste and decay. And, to add to his lingering Death an intolerable Torment, they basted the melting Image with the Oils, and other Liquors which were contained in the Vials and Pots: That by this Means he was perpetually wrecked with most pungent and acute Pains in the Bowels, Head, and all Parts of his Body, raging under most violent Fevers, insatiable Thirst, and Want of Sleep. Finally, that this lingering kind of Death would continue, as long as they pleased to protract the Dissolution of the waxen Image.

This Confession, though extorted from the Witches in the midst of insufferable Torments, yet was delivered without any Inconsistences, and with all the Demonstrations of a real Penitence. And being seconded with the Testimonies of many credible Witnesses, who had overseen them in some of their nocturnal Ceremonies; the Inquisitors, moved with a just Horror of so nefarious Abominations, sentenced them to be burnt, and their Ashes to be scattered into the Sea. Which was accordingly executed on the sixth of the last Moon, in the Presence of infinite Spectators.

The News of this extraordinary Event is fresh in the Mouths of almost all the Inhabitants of this City; yet no Man, I dare say, hears it with that Concern for the *Turkish* Captain as I do. Even those amongst the Christians who abhor Witchcraft, would nevertheless rejoice, if not only thou, but all the Mussulmans were destroyed with Enchantments; since they can never hope it will come to pass by the Success of their Arms.

I am not credulous of every Story that is related of Witches, being satisfied, that Superstition and Ignorance has listed many in that infernal Number, who were innocent, and never deserved it; some having been forced by Racks and Tortures, to confess themselves guilty of practising Enchantments, when, after their Execution, there have appeared evident Proofs to the contrary. Yet I cannot be sure, but there have been some in all Ages and Nations who have entered into Leagues and Associations with Devils, and have been enabled thereby to perform Things above the Power of Nature. However,
I have

I have a particular Desire to hear from thee, and to be informed whether thou hath experienced the Effects of their Enchantments. If thou hath not, bless thy Stars that thou wert born and bred a Mussulman, against whom the Magick of the Infidels cannot prevail ; and that thou hath swallowed the Impression of Mahomet's Seal, which is of Force to dissolve and make invalid, all the Charms of Men and Devils. But if thou hath felt the Force of their Enchantments, and pineth away with unaccountable Pains and Languors ; then think with thy self that thou art defective in keeping some Point of our Holy Law ; that Mahomet is angry with thee, withdraws his Protection, and exposeth thee to the Malice of Evil Spirits. Neither persuade thyself, that because the three Witches are put to Death, thou shalt presently recover thy former Health and Ease again : For so long as there is a fourth living, and out of the Reach of Justice, thou art not safe. Nay, if she were taken and executed too, so long as thy Enemies are yet alive, who first employed these Hags, thou art still at their Mercy. They will search every Corner of *Italy*, and of all *Europe*, but they will find Instruments of their Revenge. They will rummage Hell itself, to gratifie their Fury. The best Counsel I can give thee in this Case is to pacify thine Enemies, by extraordinary Acts of Civility to the Christians, where-ever thou meeteth them ; by using thy Slaves mildly, and giving them their Freedom, after a limited Time of Service, without exacting a Ransom, which neither they nor their Relations and Friends can ever be able to pay. This will abate the Rancour of the Infidels, and turn their Revenge into Kindness and Love. Thou wilt every where be free from Dangers ; and those very Persons, who now study all Means to take away thy Life, will then hazard their own to preserve thee from Death.

Think not that I go about to persuade thee to change Temper with thy Slaves, and from the Resolution and Bravery of a true Mussulman, to sink into the abject Timorousness of a Christian. Be fearful only of thy self, and stand in Awe of none more than of thy own Conscience. There is a Cato in every Man, a severe Censor of his Manners ; and he that reverences this Judge, will seldom

do any thing he need to repent of. Let not the Authority of thy Station tempt thee to be cruel and unjust; but, in all Things, Do as thou wouldst be done unto. This is a Precept engraven on every Man's Heart; and whose Actions write after this Copy, will always be at Ease here, and transcendently happy hereafter. Follow this Rule, and thou wilt experience the Effect. Adieu.

Paris, 1st of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER VII.

To the invincible Vizir Azem.

IF one may judge of future Events, by applying to them the Symptoms of Things past; and if a Man may compare one Kingdom with another, I should think that *France* will in time extend the Limits of her Empire, as far as any of the four great Monarchies, that have been recorded in Histories for their universal Sway. I will not say, as far as the wide-stretched Empire of the ever-victorious *Osmans*: Yet the Genius of this Nation seems in some manner to inspire the *French* with as ardent a Thirst of Glory and Conquest, as that which hath in all Ages appeared to be the inseparable Virtue of the *Mussulmans*. They press forward to the Mark for which they take up Arms; that is, to subdue all before them, and lay Kingdoms, Provinces and Cities, at the Feet of their Sovereign. They are not discouraged at Difficulties and Losses. The Checks and Oppositions they meet with, do but animate them with new and fresh Vigours. So that it is become a sure Prognostick of some great Success to that Nation, when at any time they receive ill News from their Armies. In this their Courage seems to be of the Quality of *Naptha*, which by pouring on of Water takes Fire, although thou knoweth, these two Elements be

be contrary to each other. So this warlike People instead of being dejected, or made timorous by any Defeat given to their Armies, are rather inflamed with more active and valiant Resolutions, as will appear by the Repulse given them by the Duke of *Bavaria*, not many Moons ago.

As soon as that News arrived in this City, one would have expected to have seen some Tokens of Fear in the People, but it wrought a contrary Effect. No Tears of Women and Children, no compassionate Sighs for their slain Husbands, Fathers or other Relations; no down-cast Looks, or ominous shaking of Heads; no melancholy Whispers or portentous Stories were murmured in the Ears of the Multitude: But all things appeared lively and prosperous; the very Women exciting the young Men to list themselves Soldiers, and the Boys in the Streets making all their Pastime consist in imitating the Men of Arms, and learning the Discipline of War. There was no need to force Men to the Field. No sooner was the King's Intention to raise new Forces divulged in the Provinces, but thousands came voluntarily and took up Arms, chusing rather to seek honourable Deaths in the Toils and Hazards of War, than to lead inglorious Lives at Home, in the soft Enjoyments of Peace.

These Things appeared to me as certain Presages of the rising Greatness of this Monarchy, and an evident Sign that the *French* Nation in this Age, shall out-do their Ancestors in Warlike Deeds.

The Stage of that bloody Combat between the Forces of the Duke of *Bavaria*, and those under the Command of Mareschal *Turenne*, was *Mergentheim*. Since which there hath been a more fierce Encounter between the *French* and *Imperialists* at *Allersheim*. Wherein the former have recovered the Honour they seemed to have lost in the Spring, owing much to the Bravery of the Landgrave of *Hesse-Cassel*, who with his Regiments, had a considerable Share in the Actions of this Day; and therefore hath been presented with magnificent Gifts by the Queen-Regent. The *Bavarians* lost in this Battle above two thousand common Soldiers, besides many Officers of Note. On the *French* Side, the Duke of *Enguien* (who had newly joined his

his Forces to those of *Turenne*) was wounded in the Arm, with two other Commanders. Monsieur *Grammond* was taken Prisoner, but honourably treated and sent away with Presents by the Duke of *Bavaria*, together with Instructions about a Neutrality, who is exchanged for a German of equal Quality. The *French* have also lost in this Battle above a thousand of the common Soldiers; so that their Victory cost them dear.

The Duke of *Enguien*, notwithstanding his Wounds, marches on the next Day with his Army to *Norlingben*, offering to that Town a Neutrality and Liberty for the Garrison to march out, which consisted of three hundred *Bavarians*. But receiving a fierce Answer from the Governor, he caused the Approaches to be made in order to an Assault, which was begun that very Night, and a Breach made in the Walls; upon which the Inhabitants were forced to intercede with the Duke, that there might be a Cessation of Violence till the next Morning, promising that then the Soldiers should surrender at Discretion; which was done accordingly.

There he tarried eight Days to refresh his Army. Then he marched to *Dunkenspule*, which was defended by a Garrison of five hundred *Bavarians*. He took this Place by Storm, yet gave Quarters to the Soldiers, who laid down their Arms, and yielded themselves Prisoners. Leaving a Garrison of three hundred *French* in the Town, he moved his Forces toward *Heilbrun*. But in regard this Place was defended by fifteen hundred Men, he forbore to assault it, and only quartered his Army in the neighbouring Villages.

Since that Time, which was about the middle of the last Moon, there has been no considerable Action between the *French* and the *Germans*. Yet those who pretend to be versed in military Affairs, laugh at the ill Conduct of the Archduke *Leopold*, who when he had the *French* shut up in a narrow Streight, through which it was impossible for them to pass but by single Files, neglected that opportunity to cut them off, deferring the Victory (whereof he was too secure) till the next Day, for reason of the present Weariness of his Soldiers. In the mean Time *Turenne*, with his whole Army, pass'd the

the Streight in the middle of the Night, and came to *Philipsburg*.

This Oversight of the General is much talk'd of, because, had he pursued his Advantage, he had not only entirely defeated the *French*, but in all Probability, falling with the whole Force of the Empire on the *Swedes*; he had likewise vanquished them, and so put an End to the War. But it seems as if the inscrutable Providence had determined to infatuate the Minds of the *German*, and reserve those two potent Nations, their Enemies, to be a farther Scourge to the Empire.

Adieu, great Guardian of the eternal Monarchy, and believe Mahmut, when he solemnly swears by *Mount Sinai*, and by the tenth Night of the Moon, that he adores thy consummate Virtue and Wisdom, which never fail thee in Extremities.

Paris, 8th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER VIII.

To Cara Haly, a Physician, at Constantinople.

I AM weary of writing News of Battles and Sieges to the Grandees; and I know thou seldom troublest thyself with the Care of foreign Transactions. Besides, I have no certain Intelligence of Moment to communicate. But I can acquaint thee with something more agreeable to thy Studies and Genius.

Here is a Man in this City who was not born blind; but by some ill hap lost the Use of his Eyes. Yet Nature seems to have recompensed that Misfortune in the Exquisite of his Feeling. Thou wouldst say, he carried Eyes in his Fingers ends, since he distinguishes those Things by his Touch, which are the only proper Objects of Sight. Believe me, I think there can be no Deceit of Confederacy, whereby he might blind others, instead

being so himself. I saw him muffled up with a Nap-
 er which covered all his Face; when divers Pieces of
 eastern Silks, of various Colours, were laid on the Ta-
 ble before him, he felt them attentively, and told us
 the Colour of each Piece exactly. I, who was never
 over-credulous of extraordinary Pretences, suspecting that
 either the Fineness of the Linen which veiled his Face,
 might give him some Glimpse of the different Colours,
 or that some By-stander, with appointed Signs, might
 inform him, caused all the Company to withdraw, ex-
 cept a learned Dervise, who was intimate with me. We
 drew a thick Velvet Mantle over his Face, which reach-
 ed down to his Navel, girding it about his Waist, so as
 to leave his Arms at Liberty. Then I procured small
 handfuls of Silks, such as I could conceal in the Palm of
 my Hand: These I caused him to touch with his Fing-
 ers, brought up as high as his Chin, so that it was im-
 possible for him to see them, had he had the Use of his
 eyes; yet he made not the least Mistake in five several
 colours. We changed the Order of the Silks, and some-
 times gave him the same Piece four or five Times toge-
 ther; yet, as soon as he had felt it, he readily told us,
 it was the same Colour.

I tell thee, O learned *Hali*, such an uncommon Expe-
 riment afforded me Matter both of Delight and Wonder.
 I concluded from thence, that Nature is no Niggard in
 her Gifts, but supplies the Defects of one Sense, by the
 superabundant Accuracy of another. We asked this blind
 person, by what Distinction he thus knew one Colour
 from another, without the Help of his Eyes? He was
 not able to express the particular Manner of this discri-
 minating Sensation; but only told us in general, that he
 felt as much Difference between the red Silk and black,
 as he had formerly done during the Enjoyment of his
 eye-sight, between the Silks of *Persia*, and the fine Li-
 nen of *Europe*; which, thou knowest, are as different to
 the Touch, as fine Paper and Vellum.

Thou that daily pryest into the Faculties of human
 bodies, art best able to judge whether this Man's Excel-
 lency lay in the Tenuity and Fineness of his Skin, the
 subtilty of his Spirits, or some unusual, powerful, yet
 delicate

delicate Energy of his Soul ; or, whether it consisted in all these together.

The Dervise who was with me, seemed not much to admire at this rare Quality of the blind Man ; telling me moreover, That about ten Years ago in his Travels, he had seen a blind Statuary at *Florence*, who undertook to make the Resemblance of an Image in the chief Temple of that City, which he finished so much to the Life, that his Work could no otherwise be distinguished from the Original, than by the Difference of the Materials, that being Alabaster, his white Clay ; which he so tempered and moulded with his Fingers, as he continually felt of the other, that no Lineament was left unexpressed.

Indeed, when I reflected on our Mutes in the Seraglio, and the unaccountable Sagacity with which they apprehended those Words which they never heard, I ceased to be surpris'd at what I had seen the blind Man perform, or what the Dervise had said of the Statuary. I remember in Sultan *Amurath's* Time there was a Mute, in whom the Grand Signior took infinite Delight. For, besides a thousand pretty Gestures and Tricks, with which she used to divert that Prince, he often made her his Secretary, employing her in writing Letters to his Bassas and others, whilst he dictated to her by Signs. Altho' she could never receive the Sound of Words, nor utter any that were articulate ; yet I have seen her transcribe a whole Chapter in the Alcoran, containing a hundred and seventy Versicles, in as fine a Character, as the most celebrated Scribes of the Empire ; and when she had done, would explain what she had thus written by Signs, which made it evident that she perfectly understood the Alcoran.

These are rare Gifts, my Friend ; yet were all the Mutes educated with as much Diligence and Care, as was *Saqueda*, (so was she called) it is possible they would attain to greater Perfection. I have been told, that her Tutor, one of the learnedst Men in *Arabia*, bestowed twenty Years in teaching her this Method of Reading, Understanding and Writing.

This

This puts me in Mind of a Man who was bred a *Mahometan*, but being taken Captive by the *French*, embraced their Religion, not in his Heart, but only in outward Profession. When I first came to *Paris*, I fell into his Company by Accident, and understanding that he was an *African*, I desired to ask him some Questions, but he was deaf, so that I had almost laid aside my Hopes of conversing with him; till perceiving that he moved his Lips, and opened his Mouth as one that was talking, I offered him Pen, Ink, and Paper, making Signs to him, that I would gladly know his Mind in Writing. He accordingly writ in *Morefco*, that he was struck deaf and dumb about eighteen Years since; telling me also the Place of his Nativity, and how he came hither. I took the Pen, and in the same Language expressed my Compassion of his Misfortunes. When he saw that I understood *Morefco*, he writ again, signifying to me, that if I opened my Mouth wide at the pronouncing of every Syllable, he could understand my Meaning by the Posture of my Lips and Tongue. I found his Words true, to my no small Admiration; for he would write down what I had said. We conversed together often; and at length I procured his Escape, in the Retinue of a *Chiaus* that was returning from hence to *Constantinople*.

I beseech the wise Architect of Nature, and Repairer of human Defects, either to continue to us the Use of our Senses, or to supply that Want by some superlative Endowments of the Mind.

Paris, 20th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER IX.

To Useph Bassa.

THOU wilt say, I am unmindful of my Duty in not congratulating thy new Honour before this; and that I forget the good Offices which formerly passed between us in the Seraglio. I tell thee my Obligations are infinite, not only to thee, but to many others of my Friends at the *Port*: It is impossible for me to acquit myself of so many Engagements. As for the Dignity to which the Sultan has raised thee, I received the first News of it within these fourteen Days. And I dare affirm, that none of my Friends, or of those whose Dependance is on thee, could with greater Complacency behold thee vested by our most august Emperor, than I read the Letter which conveyed to me this welcome Intelligence.

Long mayest thou live to enjoy the Blessings which thy good Fortune has heaped on thee. Yet I counsel thee to enjoy them so, as not to forget thou must die. Let not the Grandeur of thy Station render thee proud and wilful: But remember, when thou art surrounded with a Crowd of adoring Suppliants, that Death shall level thee with the meanest of thy Slaves. Thus the ancient Philosophers spared not to perform the Office of Monitors to their Kings and Princes: And I hope thou wilt not take in ill Part the wholesome Advice of *Mahmut*, who discovers a Temper void of Hypocrisy, in the Freedom he assumes. If thou givest Ear to Flatterers, they will compliment thee to thy Ruin; and when thou art on the Brink of a Precipice, they will persuade thee there is no Danger, though, if thou goest on, they know thy Fall is inevitable. They will pride themselves in the Dexterity of their Malice, and insult over thee with scornful Sarcasms, whom not long ago they idolized.

The eminent Command thou hast, requires thy frequent Presence in the Sovereign Divan; and that thou mayest not sit there, only as an Auditor of other Men's Counsels,

Counfels, and incapable of making one in the Number of those, who become remarkable by their Orations, or Reports of foreign Events, I will now entertain thee with some Passages which have happened in *Europe* since the Beginning of this Year, whereof the other Bassas may possibly be ignorant.

The Diet of *Francfort*, which had continued for three Years, was dissolved on the 12th of the 4th Moon. This may be known at the *Port*, while they remain Strangers to the Reason of it. There are a Sort of Christians in *Germany*, whom they call *E-vangelicks*. These are opposite to the *Roman Church*, both in Religion and Interest; and their Cause is chiefly espoused by the Dukes of *Saxony* and *Brandenburgh*. It was to comply with these, that an Assembly was appointed at *Osnaburgh*; but the Emperor and the Catholics were either for continuing that at *Francfort*, or translating it to *Munster*. While the contending Parties were bickering, and striving to gain their several Ends, the Deputy of the Duke of *Bavaria*, tired out with such intolerable Delays, departed from *Francfort*, whom the rest of the Deputies followed. And this thou mayest report for the true Occasion of the Dissolution of that Diet.

Thus, at the Beginning of the Year, the Disputes which these Infidels raised about safe Conduct, Exactness of Titles, Priority of Address, and many other vain Punctilios, hindered them from coming to any Conclusion about a Peace, which was the principal Cause of their assembling. And this is a Folly peculiar to the *Nazarenes*, that in all publick Assemblies the very Strength and Vitals of their Counfels, are spent in a vain adjusting of empty Ceremonies.

It is credibly reported here, that the King of *Poland* earnestly solicits a Match with Queen *Christina* of *Swedenland*, but has not hitherto had any positive Answer, or effected any Thing in it. In the second Moon of this Year, that Queen sent an Ambassador, to give the King of *Poland* an Account, that she had taken the Government upon her. While he tarried in the *Polish* Court, there were not wanting such, as by the King's Order, sifted his Inclination, in Reference to this Affair. It was proposed to him that this Match would be a happy Occasion to unite the

two Kingdoms in a firm and durable League: That the Evangelicks in *Poland* would be much eased thereby: That *Uladislaus* was not much decayed in his natural Vigour; That *Swedeland* might in the mean while be governed by the Council; with many other Proposals and Encouragements to this Purpose. Among which I must not omit, that it was suggested, how easy it would be for two such potent Crowns, in Conjunction, not only to humble the *Germans*, but also to put a Stop to the victorious Arms of the *Ottoman* Empire. But all this came to nothing, that wary Queen suspecting that there was a deeper Design in the Courtship of this old Fox, and that by such a Match, the Kingdom of *Swedeland*, in Default of the Issue Royal, might be subjected to a foreign Crown.

However, it is easy to apprehend from this, that if the *Poles* maintain at present their Accord with the sublime *Port*, it is for want of Strength to break it; and that they only wait an Opportunity to make some potent and firm Alliance, which may second the Designs formed by that Court against the first Throne on Earth, whereof thou art one of the principal Pillars.

Remain firm in thy Station, and let neither the Tempests of War, nor the Convulsions of State, which are the too frequent Products of Peace, shake thy Constancy. But above all, suffer not thy Integrity, which is the Basis of all Virtue, to be undermined by Bribes.

If thou followest this Counsel, God, and his Prophet shall establish thee, all Men will honour thee, thy Sovereign shall exalt thee; and *Mahmut* will rejoice to see thee in Time become the *Atlas* of the eternal Empire.

Paris, 5th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Ichingi Cap' Oglani, Preceptor to the
Royal Pages of the Seraglio.

THERE is a vast Difference between thy Letter, and that of *Shashim Istham*. He is eloquent in the Acknowledgment of his Crime, thou rhetorical in thy own Justification. Thou has plundered *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, and robbed them of all the Flowers and Tropes of Oratory, to dress up a faint, lifeless Excuse. Such an artificial Apology, instead of cancelling, heightens thy Offence. It might have procured thee the Applause of the Academy, but it comes short of giving me Satisfaction for the Injuries I have received at thy Hands. I have Reason to esteem them such, because so designed, although they took no Effect: For Wrongs of this Kind ought to be measured by the Intention of the Author, not by their Success. The Ministers of the Divan will hardly be prevailed on to suspect *Mahmut*, who has given substantial Proofs of his Fidelity.

Tell me, in the Name of God and *Mahomet*, what was the Motive that induced thee to slander me? Wherein have I merited this Persecution at thy Hands? It could not be Revenge, because I never gave the Occasion; unless thou still retainest a Grudge on the Score of my studying in the Academies; and that at my Return from *Palermo*, thou wert not able to expose me in the Presence of the Musti, in any Point of Language or Learning. But I had rather charitably believe it was thy Ambition, not thy Malice, which gave Birth to those Calumnies thou hast vented against me. Thou enviest me the Honour of serving the Grand Signior in the Station, thinking thy self capable of discharging this Office more successfully than *Mahmut*. I censure not thy Abilities; but think it is best for every Man to be content with his own Condition, since Destiny distributes the Employments of

the World among Men, by Rules into which we cannot penetrate.

Thou art Master of the *French* Tongue; but dost thou think that a complete Qualification for a Man in my Post? Art thou fit to converse in the Court of a foreign Prince, who canst not govern thy Tongue in that of thy native Sovereign? Thou art yet to learn a Courtier's Master-piece, which is, to dissemble even the necessary Art of Dissimulation. That is, as the *Arabians* say, *To have a Veil upon a Veil*; or, as the *Italians*, *To have a Mask with a natural Face on the outside*. Thou art so far from this, that thou canst not yet draw perfectly the first rough Strokes of a Counterfeit.

To speak plain, hadst thou by an artificial feigning of Friendship to me, made Way to insinuate thy Story into the Belief of the *Grandeess*, thou mightest have praised me to my Ruin. But to go bluntly to Work, without preventive *Encomiums*, discovered at once the Weakness of thy Judgment, and the Strength of thy Passion; giving the *Ministers* occasion to think there was less of Truth than of Design in thy Accusations.

For the future, I advise thee to mind thy Books and Scholars, and meddle not with *Mahmut*, whose Business is to study Men. Adieu.

Paris, 5th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of
State.

WITH extreme Joy I have received the certain News of the taking of *Canea* by the invincible Ottoman Arms.

I must confess, when I first apprehended the Intentions of *Sulian Ibrahim*, to make War with the Republic
lick

ck of *Venice*, I was apt to hearken to some thinking Men in this Court, who, making their Observations of the Sultan's indulging himself in Female Pleasures, conjectured from thence (as by a common Rule) that he would not have discovered such a martial and active Spirit, in asserting the Honour of the *Ottoman* Empire. His treacherous concealing his Designs, even to the very Execution of them, has struck a Damp into all the Courts in *Europe*, insomuch as Cardinal *Mazarini* this Day told the Queen Regent, that he doubted lest Sultan *Ibrahim* would prove another *Junius Brutus*, who being the Nephew of *Tarquin*, one of the primitive Kings of *Rome* for some Years, counterfeited an extraordinary Simplicity and Weakness of Spirit; but having privately secured a Faction to his own Interests by popular Arts, he, to gain the Sovereignty, changed the Form of Government, procured himself to be made Consul, and discovered a Genius, surpassing in Policy and mature Judgment, all his Predecessors.

Though the Cardinal's Comparison be disproportionate to the Grandeur of the Sovereign Emperor of the World, who cannot without a vast Injury be postponed in Virtue, Wisdom or Power, as a Second or Imitator of any Prince upon Earth: Yet the Character holds good in the main. That he has timely and maturely dissembled the most sublime Abilities and Endowments a sovereign Prince is capable of, rendering thereby his Enemies secure and careless; till at length all those illustrious Attributes exert themselves on a sudden, breaking forth like the Sun from an Eclipse; at once dazzling the astonished World, and surprising the Enemies of the *Ottoman* Empire, in the Slumbers which proceeded from the Contempt of his sacred Majesty.

I thought indeed once that the *Venetians* would have been in a Condition to have faced the *Ottoman* Navy, and disputed their farther Progress on the Seas. I expected no less than that they would have made some huffing Attempts on the Isles of the *Archipelago*; that they would have entered the *Hellepont*, braved the *Dardanel*s, and sailing forward would have block'd up the *Ottoman* Navy in the *Propontis*, or driven them into the *Euxine* Sea

for Shelter. And who could have thought otherwise, had they been provided for a War? But our sage Emperor, by Secrecy, which is the very Soul of all great Undertakings, has anticipated their very Fears, and leaped upon the Prey while the Keepers were asleep.

Had the Christian Princes and States laid aside their private Punctilios and Animosities, when the *Venetians* first made their Application to them for Assistance, it might have proved a doubtful War. But instead of generously uniting their Forces in the common Defence of *Christendom*, they began to divide their Interests and Hearts one from another, and that upon the vainest Motives in the World; one State disputing with another about Precedency of Posts in the Army, which proceeded to that Height, as to frustrate the main Design: For the Pope himself at last is forced to raise the greatest Aids the States of *Venice* are like to have; joining his Gallies with theirs, and sending a thousand Foot on Board at his own Cost.

Thus does Divine Providence, out of the Discords of Christian Princes, draw Occasions to enlarge the sacred Empire of the *Mussulmans*, and to spread the *Ottoman* Conquests over the Western World.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XII.

*To the Magnificent and Redoubtable Vizir
Azem.*

IT appears that the Queen of *France* is very indulgent to her Generals, having called home the Duke of *Enghien* from the Toils of War. This Prince neglecting the Wounds he received in the Battle of *Allersheim*, not many Days after fell into a violent Fever; so that he was carried in a Horse-Litter to *Philipsburgh*, with no small Danger

Danger of his Life. As soon as he recovered his Health, he was commanded to return to *France*, and the Charge of the whole Army committed to *Mareschal Turenne*.

Such Tenderness is never shewed to the invincible *Ottoman* Generals, neither would they esteem it a Favour, but a Disgrace. When they go to the Wars, they make no underhand Leagues with the Elements to spare their Bodies, but are resolved to combat with Cold, Heat, Hunger, Thirst, and all the Hardships to which Soldiers are liable, as well as with the Swords of their Enemies. They take no other Armour against the rigorous Frosts of a *Russian* Winter, or the scorching Sands of a *Persian* Summer, but an unshaken Resolution, an invincible Patience, and a Mind incapable of bowing under the worst Misfortunes. They are not angry with the Weapons of their Adversaries, when they carve in their Limbs the Marks of an Honour, which will far out-last the Pain of their Wounds; and in their Flesh hew deep Characters of an immortal Fame, and a Renown which shall know no Period. They are not parsimonious of their Blood, but court their Enemies to spill it on the Ground, from whence it will spring up in Laurels and Wreaths, to crown them with Triumphs and Glory whilst they live, and to sweeten their Memory with the Praise of future Generations.

Thus, magnanimous Vizir, do the *Mussulman* Heroes, the Props of the first Empire, manifest their Courage, in defying of Dangers and Wounds, and scorning to capitulate with Fortune for Ease and Exemption from Death. They know, that when they march against the Infidels, it is in Vindication of the eternal Unity; and therefore, instead of endeavouring to shun, they court a Death so glorious, as that which will immediately transport them to the Bosom of our holy Prophet, and to the inexpressible Delights of the Gardens of *Eden*. Where this Truth is firmly rooted, there is no Room for Fear to plant itself. But the Case is otherwise with Infidels, who blaspheme that purest undivided Essence. They assert and believe a Plurality of Gods, and therefore, in Time of Danger, amongst so many Deities they know not whom to address or whom to confide

in. The Apprehension of Death is terrible to them, whose Hope is only in this Life; whose Consciences are stained with a thousand Pollutions, and yet renounce the very Method of being clean. Who not only err themselves, but by their evil Example and Influence, (for I speak of the Princes and Great Ones) draw innumerable after them, to taste of the Tree Zacon, which grows in the middle of Hell.

People speak variously of the Duke of *Enguien's* Conduct in the Battle of *Allersheim*. His Creatures extol his Valour and Experience with Hyperboles; whilst his Enemies endeavour to lessen his Reputation. Some say, he owes his Revocation to the Queen's Dislike, others attribute it to the extraordinary Concern she has for his Health. But such as would be esteemed the wisest Sort say, his Return is voluntary and sought by himself scorning to hold his Commission any longer at the Pleasure of Cardinal *Mazarini*, who 'tis thought, first procured him this Employment, only to have him out of the Way, and take off his Application from the domestick Affairs of *France*. These are the Discourses of the People at present, who yet perhaps may change their Opinions before the Sun goes down. They will always be censuring and descanting on the Actions of their Superiors, few being willing to think their Tongues were given them to lie idle. It is but a little Member but often does great Mischief by its Activity. One of the Ancients gave no good Character of it when he called it a Dæmon. Yet we are not bound to believe all that the Philosophers said. *Æsop* gave the most impartial Account of this Member, when he said, 'Twas the best, and the worst. Sometimes I sit silent many Hours together; not for want of Company (for here's a Glut of that in this populous City;) nor because I know not what to say, (for I could speak a great deal more than it is fit for others to hear) but that I may study with less Interruption, how to serve my great Master. For much talking enervates the Judgment, and evaporates the Mind into Air. Besides, by thus practising Silence in private, I learn the Art of restraining my Words in publick, when it is requisite to promote the Ends at which I aim. It is not for a Man in my Station to be open and talkative,

but

but to distinguish Persons and Seasons; to understand the due Stops and Advances of my Tongue; sometimes to say much in a little, at other Times to say little or nothing at all; but ever so to speak, as not to lay myself naked to the Hearers; yet to seem a very frank, open-hearted Man, in what I discourse of.

I would not have thee conclude from what I have said, that *Mahmut* uses any Reserve to the Ministers of the Divan, who are Mines of Science and Wisdom, and can easily discern the Heart thro' the most artificial Veil of Words. But it is absolutely necessary for me to use Dissimulation in this Court; seeming many times ignorant of what I really know, that I may not be thought to know more than they would have me. I was never yet so indiscreet, as to publish any Secret that was committed to my Charge, whereby I have gained great Confidence with Men who delight to unbosom their Intelligence. They esteem me a Man of Integrity, and fit to be trusted. Thus am I made privy to many Intrigues of the *Grandeess*, and a Repository of the Court News: Whilst they whisper in *Mahmut's* Ear what is transacted in the Royal Bed-Chambers, and private Apartments.

By this Means I came acquainted with an Amour of Cardinal *Mazarini*, which is known but to a few. This Minister has none of the worst Faces, and a proportionate Elegance in his Shape: Much addicted also to the Love of Women; yet he manages his Intrigues with that Caution and Privacy, as not to expose the Honour of his Function. Among the rest, he had frequent Access to the Chamber of a certain Countess Dowager, her Husband being lately deceased. This was not carried so privately, but 'twas whispered about that a Man was seen often to come out of this Lady's Chamber a little before Day; but Nobody knew who it was (for the Cardinal went disguised.) At last it came to the Queen's Ear, who was resolved to unravel this Intrigue. She caused Spies to be placed at a convenient Distance from the Lady's Chamber-Door, which opened in a Gallery of the Royal Palace, with Orders to trace him home. That Night the designed Watch was first set, it fortune'd that the Cardinal being

in the Countess's Chamber, her Maid, who was privy to this Amour, overheard these Spies talking to each other concerning her Lady, which made her more attentive (being in a Place where she could not be seen) till at length she plainly discovered, that they lay in wait to find out who it was that had been seen coming out of the Chamber. She quickly acquaints the Countess with this News. She consults the Cardinal what was best to be done to avoid Discovery. In fine, it was agreed between them, that the Countess should put on the Cardinal's Disguise, and he a Suit of her Cloaths; that she should go out at the usual Hour of his Retreat, and walk in the Gardens; that if examined, she should pretend that this Disguise was to guard her from the rude Attempts of Men, who if they found a Lady alone in the Night-Time, would not fail to offer some Incivilities; that soon after her Departure, the Cardinal should go forth in her Dress, and shift for himself. This was performed accordingly. The Countess walked into the Gardens in the Cardinal's Disguise, followed by the Spies, whilst he goes to an intimate Friend's House, (an *Italian*, whose Fortune depended on this Minister) and changes his Female Accoutrements for the proper Apparel of his Sex. The Countess having walked about half an Hour in the Garden, was seized on by some of the Guards, under Suspicion of some ill Design. She was carried before the Queen, and examined. She then discovered herself, begging the Queen's Pardon, and telling her, That a particular Devotion had obliged her to take that Course for several Mornings; but if it offended her Majesty, she would hold her self dispensed with, and would forbear. The Queen seeming satisfied with this Answer, dismissed her. Thus the Amours of the Cardinal and the Countess remained a Secret; and there are but three Persons (besides themselves) that know any thing of it, among which *Mahmut* is one.

Thou seest, Illustrious Minister, that the Reputation of my Secrecy, has gained me the Confidence of one of the Cardinal's Privados; for I had this Relation from the *Italian* whom I mentioned, at whose House the Cardinal changed his Disguise. I am not without Hopes
by

by the prudent Management of this Discovery, to penetrate farther into the Court Intrigues. For he that told me this Story, considered not that he made me thereby Master of his Fortune, and that it is no longer safe for him to deny me any Intelligence I require of him. He has put a Key into my Hand, which will open his Breast at my Pleasure,

Yet I need not magisterially claim Discoveries from him, as the only Conditions on which he is to expect my concealing what he has already disclosed. There is a more dextrous and serviceable way to become his Confessor, without such an ingrateful Insult; whilst with a well acted Candour I feign a Relation of such Things as I suspect, yet cannot be certain are true, till attested by himself, professing at the same Time not to believe those pretended Reports I heard. If I shall be so happy as to do any effectual Service to the Grand Signior by this Engagement, it will answer my Ends, and I shall not repent of my Craft.

Mahmut salutes thee, sovereign Bassa, in the humblest Posture of Adoration, lying prostrate on the Ground, in Contemplation of thy Grandeur. Beseeching God that he would grant this Favour to thee, to live happily, and to die in thy Bed.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XIII.

To *Egry Boinou*, a *White Eunuch*.

THOU givest me abundant Proofs of thy Affection and Friendship, in frankly telling me what they say of *Mahmut* in the Seraglio. I do not expect to be free from Censure; and I am so far from being discouraged at the Obloquies some Men fasten on me, that it adds to my Comfort; it being an assured Mark of Innocence, to be traduced. I am not desirous that the *Arabian Proverb* should

should be verified in me, which says, *That he deserves a Man's good Word, of whom all Men speak well.* I dread to be popular at such a Price, and will rather court the Slanders of the envious, by a steadfast Perseverance in my Duty, than lay a Train for the Compliments of Flatterers, by favouring Sedition. Thou knowest what Reason I have to say this. There needs no Interpreter between us. Though the Black Eunuch has recanted his Aspersions, yet there are others who persist in their Malice; and it will be difficult for the Master of the Pages, with his belated Rhetorick, to except himself from the Number.

I have received both their Apologies and have answered them. I wish they would reform this Vice; not so much for my Sake, who am Proof against their Accusations, as for their own: For the Injury they intended to do me will redound most to themselves. Misery is on him that persecuteth his Neighbour.

He that is merciful and gracious, who hath separated the Brightness of the Day from the Obscurity of the Night, defend both thee and me from the Malice of Whisperers, from the Enchantments of Wizards, and such as breathe thrice upon the Knot of the Triple Cord.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XIV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

THOU wilt laugh at the Hypocrisy and Folly of the *Nazarenes*, when thou shalt know the Articles agreed upon between the Elector of Saxony and *Koningsmark*, one of the *Swedish* Generals, on the 27th of the 8th Moon.

The *Swedes* had prevailed on the Son of the Elector, to intercede with his Father for a Truce; - but the old Duke would not hearken to any Thing of that Nature, till *Torsten*

son gave Orders to the *Swedish* Army in those Parts, that they should oppress the Elector's Subjects, by exacting from them unreasonable Taxes and Contributions; and that they should lay desolate all the Countries about *Dresden*, if they refused to pay what was demanded of them. Accordingly they took a Castle, which commanded a large Valley of Meadows and Corn Fields. The *Swedes* burnt the Corn on the Ground, led away the Peasants captives, and demolished many Towns and Villages; yet not without some Loss on their Side: For the *Saxons* one night stole upon them while they were securely sleeping, and slew an Hundred and twenty, taking above Three hundred Prisoners. Those who were left in Possession of the Castle, met with no better Fortune; being compelled in a few Days to surrender this their new Conquest, with five Ensigns, and a Hundred and fifty Prisoners, which were all carried in Triumph to *Dresden*.

One would have thought that these Successes should have confirmed the Elector in the Aversion he had already conceived for a Treaty, that he would rather have pursued his good Fortune with Arms; especially when by entering into a private separate Treaty with the *Swedes*, he must needs give a great Suspicion to the Assembly of the Deputies. But the old Duke doted; and what neither the repeated Solicitations of his Son, nor the continual Rages which General *Koningsmark* made in his Territories, could procure from him, that he granted to the charming Addresses of a beautiful Lady.

The Elector's Son adhering much to the *Swedish* Interest, and finding all other Means ineffectual to oblige his new Friends; it was agreed upon between him and *Koningsmark*, that he should at least, persuade his Father to a Truce of a few Days: That, during the Cessation of Arms, the Son should invite his Father to a Banquet, where *Koningsmark* should be present, with some of the principal *Swedes* in his Army. All this succeeded according to their Wishes. The good old Man consented to a Cessation of Arms, and to give *Koningsmark* a Meeting at his Son's Banquet. The German Gallantry, and indeed that of all North Europe, consists much in their excessive Drinking. He is esteemed the most polite Man who can bear most Wine,

Wine, with least Alteration of his Temper. This they call Carousing. The Son had provided Plenty of those Wines which grow on the Banks of the *Rhine*, esteem'd the wholesomest and most delicious of all these Parts. It is not necessary to repeat particularly their first Salutes and Addresses; both Parties seem'd emulous to exceed in Civilities. They fell to their Wine with Freedom and Mirth, after the Manner of the Country. When in the Midst of their Glasses, whilst the Heart of the old Duke was elevated with the Juice of the Grape, came into the Room a tall Personage all in Armour, and making his Obedience to the Company, delivered a Letter to General *Koningmark*; the General having received it, the Stranger was invited by the Elector's Son to sit down with them. He was Master of the Feast, and only *Koningmark* and the Stranger, besides himself, were privy to the Intrigue.

The Stranger unbuckled his Helmet, and pulling it off (for all the rest of the Company were uncovered, it being the hottest Day in all the Summer) discovered a Face and Hair, much like one of those Nymphs described by Poets and Painters.

The Duke could not withdraw his Eyes from this surprising Beauty, nor fix his roving Thoughts: Sometimes, it put him in mind of *Ganymede*, the discarded Minister of *Jupiter*; but *Ganymede* was never seen in Armour. Then he thought of *Adonis*, then of the *Babylonian Pyramus*, the *Indian Atys*. In fine, he run over all the celebrated Youths of the *East*, to match the Beauty of this illustrious Stranger. He drank and gazed, whilst his Son and *Koningmark* were pleased to see the Bait taken. From ruminating on our Sex, he pass'd to that of Women: And remembering that in some former Battles between the *Swedes* and *Germans*, several Ladies had disguised themselves in Armour, and followed General *Torsten* to the Field, he concluded presently, that this was some beautiful Female of *Swedeland*.

This Thought put the old Duke into a pleasant Fit of Raillery, yet not without some Mixture of Passion for this lovely Heroine. There was something so peculiarly graceful in all her Carriage and Address, as charm'd the

Elector

Electors's Heart. The Women in those Parts of *Europe* are not so precise in their Conversation with Men, as in the *East*. And 'tis a great Point of Education, so to adjust the Punctilio's of their Deportment, as neither to appear too open, nor too reserv'd. This was her Master-piece, for she so equally divided the Parts she was to act, both of a Maid and Soldier, that neither entrenched on the other, but she acquitted herself with exquisite Honour and Gallantry.

The next Day after the Banquet, the Son renewed his Mediation for a Treaty, but the Elector seem'd cold. All his Thoughts were busied in ruminating on his fair Enemy.

Not to detain thee longer in Expectation of the Issue, the Love of this young *Amazon* had taken so deep Root in his Heart, that he would grant nothing but for her Sake, neither could he deny any Thing which she desired. Thus, by this Stratagem, they accomplished their Aims, and he condescended to a Treaty, after fourteen Days Debate on the Articles: Of which I here send thee a true and particular Copy, that thou mayest find some Divertisement in the Folly of the *Infidels*. The Articles are as follows:

“ **T**HAT it should be lawful for the Duke to keep due Faith to the Emperor; nor should he be obliged to admit any Thing contrary to the Interest of the Empire.

“ That the Elector should not lend the Emperor above three Regiments of Horse, nor should permit him to raise Soldiers in his Principality.

“ That the *Swedes* should have free and safe Passage through *Saxony*, provided they came not within three Miles of *Dresden*.

“ That there should be free Traffick between the Elector's Subjects and the *Swedes* by Land and Water.

“ That at the End of three Months, each Party should be obliged to declare, Whether they would prolong the Truce, or break it off.

“ That the Elector should again enjoy his Revenues, except those which were drawn from *Leipsick*. That he

“ he should pay the *Swedes* eleven Thousand Rixdollars

“ a Month, and a certain Quantity of Corn.

“ That the Elector should do nothing which might

“ hinder the Siege of *Magdeburg*.”

These Articles, at first Sight, appeared to be equally favourable to the *Saxons* as to the *Swedes*. But in Reality they served only as an Umbrage to deeper Designs, which the *Swedes* had in Agitation. For this was the first Step to draw the *Saxon* off from the Emperor's Party; and *Torsten*son was now secure, that whilst the *Swedes* rushed farther into *Germany*, the *Saxons* would not molest them behind.

For my Part, I neither understand the Policy nor the Integrity of the Elector, in signing these Articles; nor how he can reconcile the first of them with any of the rest: To give safe Conduct, and kind Entertainment to the Enemies of his Sovereign: To be obliged not to lend him any more Assistance than his Enemies shall allow, nor suffer him to raise Forces at his own Charges. To be cheated of his own Revenues, and tamely yield to pay a monthly Tribute besides: To be tied up from succouring one of the principal Towns in his Principality, at that Time besieged by the *Swedes*; this is a new Method of keeping due Faith to Sovereigns, or of observing common Prudence for one's self. But *Women and Wine* cause a wise Man to stumble, as the *Arabians* say. And this old Prince is blessed in a hopeful Son, who is not ashamed to turn Pimp, so that he may betray his Father to his mortal Enemies. But let the Christians proceed in their Falshood and Treachery one against another, whilst every good *Mussulman* prostrates himself five Times a Day, and prays in his Integrity for the Consummation of that Time, wherein God has determined to put a Period to the Monarchies of these Infidels, and to reduce them to the Faith and Obedience of his holy Law.

I wish some of my Friends would send me some Relation of what passes in the *East*: I have heard nothing of Moment out of *Asia* these many Moons. I could almost

most think my self banished from the eternal Providence,
while I reside among these Uncircumcised.

Think sometimes on *Mahmut*; and if thou canst not
believe his Melancholy, at least pity him whom all the
Honours and Pleasures of these Western Parts, would not
be able to exhilarate, so long as he apprehends himself
forgotten by his Friends at *Constantinople*.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XV.

To Mahummed Hogia, Dervise, Eremit,
*Inhabitant of the sacred Cave, at the
Foot of Mount Uriel, in Arabia the
Happy.*

THY Remembrance is as the Dew of the Evening,
or the Midnight Breezes in *Africk*, after the scorch-
ing Fervours of a Summer's Day, when neither Trees,
nor Houses, nor highest Mountains afford any Shadow.
Such are the Employments of State, keeping the Mind
in as restless an Activity, as that which the Philosophers
say is the Occasion of Heat. Such also is the Refresh-
ment I find in thinking on thee, whose Soul is a Man-
sion of Tranquillity, an Umbrella of Temperance, and
all Virtue. Thither I retreat for Respiration from the
Fatigues of wordly Business. Pardon the bold Access of
an humble Slave, who cannot be so happy as to visit thee
any otherwise than by Letters, yet would be miserable
in the want of this Privilege.

Ever since I had the Honour to kiss the Dust of thy
Feet in that sacred Retirement, I was filled with Love and
Admiration of thy Sanctity. Thrice happy are the
neighbouring Shepherds, whose Flocks feed under thy
auspicious Protection. No fierce Lions, no ravenous
Tigers, dare violate that Sanctuary, or hunt for Prey
within

within those Meadows, consecrated by thy Presence. That rich and flowery Vale, was first secured with an eternal Immunity from Spoil and Rapine, by the Blessing of our holy Prophet. Now that Blessing seems to be redoubled by thy Prayers and Abstinencies, who inheritest his Spirit as well as his Abode. 'Twas in that holy Cave, the Messenger of God fasted for the Space of three Moons: Thy whole Life there is one continued Abstinence. When thou liftest up thy venerable Hands to Heaven in Prayer, the Enemies of our holy Law are seized with Fear and Trembling: Thou art the Guardian Angel of the *Ottoman* Empire. Thy Body, attenuated with twenty Years fasting, is purified almost to Immortality: Thou art become a Denizon among the Spirits. Neither the Beasts of the Earth, nor the Fowls of the Air, nor the Fish of the Sea, will charge thee with their Blood. Thy Table never smoaked with slaughtered Dainties. Every Tree affords thee a Feast, and the Meadows regale thee with a thousand harmless Delicacies. Thy Thirst is allay'd with the Chrystal Streams; and when thou art disposed to banquet, the *Arabian* Sheep supply thee with Nectar. Thus, like a prudent Traveller, thou accustomest thy self before-hand, to the Diet of the Country whither thou art going: Thou livest the Life of Paradise here on Earth.

Thou art not privy to the Wickedness of the Age: That Cell guards thee from other Men's Vices, while thy incomparable Humility defends thee from thy own Virtues. Thou art not puffed up with thy sublime Perfections. Pride is a Serpent which commonly poisons the Root of the fairest Endowments. But thou hast crushed this Serpent in the Egg.

In that Solitude the Angel opened the Heart of the Sent of God, and took out from thence the Devil's Seed Plot. When *Mabomet* awaked (for this was done while he lay in a Trance) he said, *I am a Worm*. When *Gabriel* saw his Humility, he pronounced a Blessing on the Place, That whosoever should dwell in that Cave, *should be meek as Abraham, chaste as Joseph, and temperate as Ismael*. Thou hast experienced the Effect of his Benediction.

There

There is another Happiness also attends thy Retirement, thou livest free from Cares and Anxieties; thou committest the publick Good to the Conduct of thy Sovereign, and thy private Welfare, to the Protection of Providence; neither disquieted for the one, nor sollicitous for the other. Who rises, and who falls, in the Favour of the Sultan; who purchases the Governments of the Empire by their Merits, or who by their Money; whether it be better to remain in the Seraglio, or to be made Bassa of *Egypt*, are Cares which never molest thee. Thou canst sit in that Sanctuary of Peace, and pity those whose Ambition, and the Love of Glory, has driven into the Toils of War. Thou canst behold with Compassion the burthensome Attendants of the Great; their Labours by Day, and their Watchings by Night; their restless thoughts and busy Actions; macerated Bodies, and uneasy Souls; while with indefatigable Pains they pursue mere Shadows, and endeavour to grasp the Wind, or secure to themselves a Bubble, which is no sooner touched, than it vanishes. Thou in the mean Time art filling thy Mind with solid Knowledge, and laying up Possessions which shall never be taken from thee: For the Soul carries her Goods along with her to that other World.

I often wish my self with thee; and the Remembrance of what I once enjoyed in thy Conversation, cannot be effaced by Distance of Time and Place. The farther I am from thee, the more ardently do I long to see thee. But even in these innocent Desires, there is a necessary Mortification; since we are not born for our selves, but to comply with the mysterious Ends of Fate. I am appointed to serve the Grand Signior in this Place; here I endeavour to acquit my self a faithful Slave, and a faithful Mussulman. If I fail in the first, my great Master will punish me; if in the last, God and his Prophet will revenge it. Yet I hope every Frailty will not be esteemed a Transgression, since the Heart and the Hands go not always together. I often strive to imitate my Abstinence, but my Appetites are too strong for me: I return to my old Course again like a Bow that is forcibly

bly bent. Yet I sin not in this, since it is not required at my Hands.

Pray for me, holy Man of God, that while I aim at the best Things, I may not fall into the worst; and by striving to arrive at Perfection, I may not crack those Powers which are requisite to keep me stedfast in the High-way of moral Virtue. I leave thee to thy Contemplations, and the Society of thy courteous Angels who ever wait at the Door of thy Cell.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XVI.

To Useph Bassa.

I Formerly acquainted thee, That *Uladislaus*, King of Poland, sought *Christina*, Queen of Sweden, in Marriage; but that his Proposal was rejected. Now thou mayest know that this Monarch has made a more successful Amour, being married to *Louise Marie de Gonzague*, Princess of Mantua. The Nuptial Solemnities were performed in this City by the Ambassador of Poland, who was his Master's Proxy. The greatest Part of the Moon was spent in Masks, Banquets, and Court-Revels to honour the Espousals of this new Queen, who is since gone towards Poland, being attended to the Frontiers by a numerous Train of the Nobility, with all the Ceremonies and Regard due to a Person of her Rank.

The French, who are never sparing in Words, are liberal in the Praises they bestow on this Princess. For all were true they say of her, she might be listed in the Number of Angels; whereas some more impartial Eyes have discovered such Imperfections, as speak her yet on this Side a Saint. But ordinary Virtues in Princes dazzle the Multitude, borrowing a greater Lustre from the Nobility of their Blood, and the Eminence of their Quality; whilst their Vices are either shrouded from

Vulgar

vulgar, or made to pass for Virtues, in the artificial
 Dress which Flatterers put on them. 'Tis under this
 Advantage the new Queen of Poland is cried up for a
 Diana; tho' a late Satyrift vindicates her from being
 half so cruel as that Goddess. It being no Secret that a
 young Italian Marquis had something kinder Usage than
 Adæon, when he accidentally encountered this Prin-
 cess, as she was walking alone one Evening in a Grove
 belonging to her Palace.

I am no Patron of Libels, nor would I speak irreve-
 rently of those whose Royal Birth claims Respect from
 Mortals. But the Stupidity of the Nazarenes pro-
 vokes my Pen, who allow their Women all the uncon-
 calculable Freedom and Opportunities, that commonly
 give Birth to the most irregular Amours, and yet believe
 them innocent. They are perfect Idolaters of that Sex,
 not having learned, with the illuminated Mussalmans,
 that Women are of a Creation inferior to that of Men,
 have Souls of a lower Stamp, and consequently more
 prone to Vice; and that they shall never have the Ho-
 nour to be admitted into our Paradise.

But thou who believest the Doctrines clear and intelli-
 ble, and hast kissed the Garment of the Sent of God,
 wilt not suffer thy Reason to be blinded by the Enchant-
 ments of these deluding fair ones; but so love Women,
 wilt still to remember thou art a Man, which is something
 more sublime.

Paris, 1st of the 12th Moon,
 of the Year 1645.

LETTER XVII.

To the Kaimacham.

'Tis hard to guess where the French Victories will
 terminate. Either Fear, or the Desire of Novelties,
 opens the Gates of most Cities to them; and when that
 will

will not do, the Force of their Cannon makes a Passage into the strongest Holds of their Enemies, and puts whole Provinces under their Subjection.

Their Enemies say, that the *French* never besiege a Town, but their first Assaults are made with Bullets of Gold; and, when that will neither prevail on the Governor, nor win a Party, then they only try the Force of the coarser Metal. Yet this will appear but a Slander, if thou considerest a late Action of the Duke of Orleans, when he lay down before *Bourbourg*.

He had scarce finished his Trenches, when the next Morning an Arrow was found with a Letter fastened to it, not far from his Tent. The Letter was directed to the Duke, and subscribed by the Governor of the Town. The Contents of it were, to signify to him, *That if he would give him fifty thousand Pieces of Gold, and continue him in his Office, he would the next Night open the Gate and let in his Army; and that before Mid-day he would send a Messenger to know his Pleasure.* The Duke waited the Arrival of the Messenger, who seconded what his Master had said. But the magnanimous Prince, instead of accepting his Offer sent him back to his Master with this Message, *That he came not before the Town as a Merchant, to purchase it at the Price of a needless Treasure, but as a Soldier, at the Head of an Army, flushed with continual Victories; summoning him forthwith to surrender at Discretion, That being the only Way to experience his Generosity.*

This Year has been signalized with much Action in *Flanders, Catalonia, and Italy.* The Field was shared among many brave Generals.

The Duke of Orleans had the Command of the Army in *Flanders*, where he took the Forts of *Vandrevael, Bourbourg, Dink, Dringhen, Bethune, St. Venant, Guise, Lens, Mardye, Lillers, Mening, and Armentiers.*

These Places were won by several Parties, under the Commands of the *Mareschals de Gastoin, de Rantzau*, and the Duke of *Guise*, who all acted in separate Bodies under the Duke of Orleans.

Nor was the Count *d'Harcourt* idle in *Catalonia*, where he succeeded in the Charge of the *Mareschal de*

reflect not on the Courage, or Conduct, of the *Captain Bassa*; neither am I willing to help forward the Ruin of a Man, who cannot expect to be honoured with a Vest, a Sword, or any other Marks of the *Sultan's* Favour, for his Service in this *Sea-Campaign*. I am naturally compassionate. It is not in my Praise I speak it; for, I believe this Tenderness, to be rather a *Vice* of my *Constitution*, than to have any Rank of *Morals*, much less to be of Kin to the Family of *Virtues*. I pity a Man falling into Disgrace, on whom the Weather of the *Seraglio* changes, from which he must expect nothing but Clouds and Storms. Those Tempests will prove more fatal to him, than any that ever tossed his *Fleet* on the ruffled *Ocean*. In all Probability, he will suffer a Shipwreck of his Fortune, if not of his Life. Therefore, it is with extreme Regret I must say that which may hasten his Fall.

But I am commanded not to conceal any Intelligence, that relates to the Interest of the *Sublime Port*, not to spare the Son of my Mother, if I know him guilty of criminal Practices.

All that I have to lay to the Charge of the *Bassa* of the *Sea*, is a private Correspondence which he holds with *Cardinal Mazarini*. This I discovered by the Assistance of a *Dwarf*, whom I have often mentioned in my Letters to the *Grandeess* of the *Port*. I need not repeat to thee, what I have said already to them, of the Birth, Education and Genius of *Osmin*, (for so is the little Spark called) nor of the Method I have put him upon, to wind himself into the Secrets of the *Publick Ministers*. Only thou mayest report to the *Divan*, that this diminutive Man continues to pursue his Advantages of Access to the Closets of the *French Ministers*, whereof I gave an Account last Year, in a Letter to *Chiurgi Mahammet Bassa*.

Thou mayest assure them also, That when he was Yesterday in the Chamber of *Cardinal Mazarini*, he cast his Eyes on a Letter which lay open on the Table, while the Cardinal was in earnest Discourse with an extraordinary *Courier* from *Rome*. He had not Opportunity to read more than the Superscription, and a Line or two of the Matter; which contained these Words:

The Mild Commander, the humble Shadow of the bright
Star of the Sea, *Bilal* Captain *Bassia*.

To the most Illustrious Prince of the Kingdom of the
Messiah, eminent among the High Lords of holy
Honour, the sublime Director of the People of *JESUS*,
Assistant to the Chair of Sovereign Dignity, the Seat
of the Roman Caleph, *Julio Mazarini*, Cardinal, and
our Friend. May whose latter Days encrease in Hap-
piness.

‘ **T**HY affectionate Letter and Presents were deli-
‘ vered safe to me, as I lay at Anchor with the
‘ Fleet under my Command, not far from the *Island* of
‘ *Chios*. And as a Mark of my Acknowledgment and
‘ good Will to thee and all the *Nazarenes*, I embraced
‘ in my Arms the noble Captain *Signior Antonio Maratelli*,
‘ who had the Honour to be trusted with this Negotia-
‘ on. I immediately disrob’d my self, and caused that
‘ brave *Italian*, thy Messenger, to be vested with my
‘ own Garment, as a Pledge of———

Before *Osmin* could read farther, the *Cardinal* ap-
proached the Table and took up the Letter, letting fall
some Words to the *Courier*, by which the *Dwarf* was
confirmed in his Suspicion of the *Bassa*’s Perfidiousness,
and that this Letter newly came from him. He posted
immediately to give me an Account of his Passage ; be-
lieving it to be, as it is, of great Import. For he hath
a singular Regard for the Family, which first extermin-
ated the *Greeks* from *Constantinople*.

Thou knowest what Use to make of this Intelligence.
I am not cruelly inclined, but I must do my Duty. The
rest I refer to thy Prudence.

I will only advertise thee of one farther Remark of
Osmin, who by comparing what he has seen now, with
a Discourse he once before overheard between *Mazarini*
and a *French Nobleman*, whilst he lay under the *Cardinal*’s
Table (which I have inserted in one of my Letters) con-
cludes, That the *Bassa* there mentioned by the *Cardinal*,

was

was this same *Bilal Bassa*, who was at the Instance of the *Janisaries* made *Bassa* of the Sea.

I could not, without making my self an Accomplice, conceal so foul an Ingratitude to the *Grand Signior*, and so villanous a *Treason* against the *Empire*, which holds the first Rank among all the Dominions on Earth.

Paris, 24th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

WE have had a violent hot *Summer* in these Parts, with much *Thunder* and *Lightning*; which hath done considerable Damage to the *Farmers*, in burning their Hay and Corn in their *Granaries*. Complaints arrive here, daily from all the *Provinces*, that *Heaven* hath consumed their *Harvests*.

This the *Court Party* interpret as a *Judgment* on them for their *Rebellions*; causing it to be industriously spread about in all Companies, that *Heaven* is angry with the *Inhabitants* of *Guyenne*, *Bordeaux*, and other *Provinces*, for taking up Arms this Year against their *Sovereign*. I know not how far this Censure is justifiable: But it is observed that the People of these *Rebellious Provinces* have received more apparent and irreparable Injuries by the *Lightning*, than those of other Parts. Several Members of the *Parliament* of *Aix* were found dead in their Beds, after a tempestuous Night of *Lightning*. And next Day, the *Roof* of the *House* where they assembled fell down and killed several.

In the great Church of *Bordeaux*, as they were celebrating their *Mass*, a Ball of Fire broke in from behind the *Altar*, smote down several *Images*, and filling the Church with an intolerable Stink, flew out at a Window,

without doing any farther Harm. And a great Bank of Money, raised by this City to pay their Soldiers, was all melted down by *Lightning*, to the Astonishment of those who saw it; for it was done in the Day-time, the *Grande*s of *Bordeaux* being present. It would be endless to recount all the Mischiefs that have been done in those Parts. We had no great Harm here, save that almost all the *Wine* in the City was turned to a Kind of *Vinegar* in one Night. Which the *Philosophers* attribute to the peculiar *Energy* of *Lightning*, which plays the *Chymist* with this Liquor, and in a Moment separates and drinks up its Vital Spirits, leaving only a *mortuum Caput* behind.

The Season has been so hot during the *Dog-Days*, that the Air it self seemed combustible; and the very Winds, from whence we looked for Refreshment, were like the Breath of a Stove: All Things seemed ready to take Fire, as if the *Elements* waited for the *Grand Conflagration*. Heat was the Cry every where. Men's Bodies were scalded with internal Flames; the Shade of Trees afforded no Relief, the Fountains could not allay their Thirst. All Nature seemed to be in a Fever, ready to expire.

Now those Fervers are abated, and we begin to have frosty Mornings. The nitrous Air restores Men's Appetites. Abundance of Rain has new moulded the gaping parch'd Earth, and produced a second Spring. The Husbandman comforts himself with the Hopes of another Crop of Hay, to repair the Loss of the former, which the *Lightning* robbed him of. In the mean Time, the Winds are very busy in disrobbing the Trees, and scattering not only their Leaves, but also the Fruit that is not gathered, on the Ground; whereby a *Banquet* is prepared for the *Hogs* in every *Orchard*, who claim as much Right to feed on what lies on the common Table as their Owners: And it is no unpleasant Musick, to hear a Herd of Swine set their Teeth at work on the wind-fallen Apples. At least, this Spectacle and Noise is delightful to me, who have been without Appetite these three Moons, and but just begin to recover my Stomach. I often ride out of *Paris*, on purpose to take the Country Air, where my Bread tastes more savourily than in the City. There appears something so harmless and innocent in the

Face

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Faces and Behaviour of the Rusticks, as effectually relieves my Melancholy. I cannot discern in them any Signatures of *Court-Craft* and Villainy. Their Conversation cheers my Spirits. I love to hear them talk of their rural Affairs. My Eye follows the Ploughmen with Envy. Then I could wish it had been my Lot to have been bred up in some homely Cottage, where I might have tended Oxen, Sheep or Asses; all which act regularly according to their Nature: Whereas, he that is the Servant of *Princes*, is compelled to do many Things contrary to his Reason; which is the greatest Unhappiness can befall a Man. How sweet is the Sleep of the Husbandman by Night, and how void is his Mind of imbittering Cares by Day? He rises with the *Lark*, and is as chearful as that pretty Bird, saluting *Aurora* with a *Song* or *Lesson* on his Pipe. He snuffs up the wholesome and fragrant Dew of the Morning, as he walks over the Lands. He beholds, with Admiration and Pleasure, the gilded Clouds and Tops of Mountains, when the *Sun* comes forth of his *Bed-Chamber* in the *East*. He spurs himself on to his daily Labour, by the Example of that active *Planet*, following his Work with Content and Joy. His Food is pleasant both in his Mouth and in his Belly; he feels no After-pangs through Satiety; but well refreshed and nourished with his homely Diet, he lies down with the Lamb, and sleeps in Peace, never dreaming of *State-Intrigues*, or the Plots of the Mighty. Thus he passes his Life in a Circle of Delights.

Tell me dear *Hali*, are not these proper Objects of Envy to a Man in my Circumstances? Or, canst thou blame *Mahmut*, who has neither Health of Body, nor Peace of Mind, for wishing himself in a Condition, which would entitle him to both? I am entangled in a thousand Snares; my Employment is a perfect Riddle. I must say and unsay the same Things, as often as Occasion requires. I must tell an hundred Lies, swear and forswear my self every Hour, if the Interest of the *Grand Signior* be at Stake. I must be a *Mahometan*, *Christian*, *Jew*, or any thing that will serve a Turn; dissemble with *God* and *Man*, blaspheme the *Prophets*,

curse the True Believers, and my self too, rather than baulk the Cause I am engaged in: And yet, all this while they will persuade me, I am a good Man, and shall go to *Paradise*. As if the *Musti's* Dispensations were available to cancel the express, positive *Law of God*! Do they think to amuse me with such Umbrages, and send me muzzled to *Hell* with my Eyes open? I tell thee, I have a Conscience, and such a Conscience as will not let me be at Rest in this manner of Life. It were better to die, than to live stained with so many Prevarications: I know not what to do amidst so many Terrors: I feel my Body decay apace, and hastening towards its Dissolution. What will become of me, if I should die under the Burden of so many Sins? What Answer shall I be able to make to the two Inquisitors of the Grave, the *Angels* who shall examine me, who is my *God*, and who is my *Prophet*, and, what is my Faith? The Darkness of that Region of Shadows will not be sufficient to hide my Blushes, and the Confusion I shall be in at so pressing a Tryal.

All my Comfort is, That I have yet Friends left, to whom I may freely vent my Thoughts, and ask their Counsel.

If thou hast any Remains of that Friendship that has been between us, weigh my Case throughly, and tell me whether I am not lost for ever, without a Change of Life? Flatter me not, neither use the Artifices of Civility, in palliating my Crimes; but search my Wounds, and give me thy Advice without a Veil, and *Mahmud* shall esteem thee Physician of his Soul.

Paris, 24th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XIX.

To Kenan Bassa, Chief Treasurer to his Highness at Constantinople.

IF I have not addressed to thee before, attribute it to my Ignorance of thy Quality and Person. As soon as I heard of thy Advancement to this important Trust, I resolved to salute thee, as becomes a Slave in my Post, and to wish thee all the Happiness thou canst desire. Yet, when I congratulate thy Rise, remember, I do but welcome thee to a Precipice, a mere Pinnacle of Fortune, where thou hast no Reason to expect secure Footing. The Blast of an envious Mouth will make thee totter. Thou breathest in an Element full of Tempests. The sly Practices of a Rival may undermine thee; or the more open Frowns of thy Sovereign may cast thee down. Thou art ever liable to the Malice of the Vulgar, and not a little in Danger of thy own Weakness, the inseparable Companion of Humanity. If thou shouldst once look with Disdain on those that are beneath thee, the vast Distance and Height of the Prospect may make thee giddy. Therefore it would be good for thee to have thy Eyes always fixed on thy self. That will prove the best *Chart*, by which to steer thy Course through the Rocks and Sands, which on all Hands threaten the Life of a Courtier. It will not be amiss also, to place before thee the Examples of wise Men, thy Predecessors. There is a greater Force in these, than in the best Counsels; because Matter of Fact leaves no Room for Distrust: Whereas Men are naturally jealous of those who pretend to instruct them. We are all fond of our own Reason and Judgment; and are apt to suspect him of some Design who seeks to persuade us, though to our Good. Besides, there is a Species of Pride, a Punctilio of Honour in Mortals, which will hardly permit us to yield our selves in a Condition to need another's Advice: Whence comes the Arabian Proverb, which says, *A Man*

profits more by the Sight of an Idiot, than by the Orations of the Learned. We all love to make our own Experiments, and sooner trust any Sense than our Ears. Therefore the Lacedemonians caused their Slaves to be made drunk in the Presence of their Children; that from the Squalidness of the Spectacle they might conceive a Hatred against that Vice, which by all the Instructions in the World they would never learn to abhor.

The Crimes of some in thy Station have more of Sobriety in them, but less Honesty. Wonder not at the Expression, nor accuse me of Impudence. I reflect only on the Wicked: Number not thy self among them.

Thou knowest it has been an ancient Custom for our renowned *Emperors*, to divert themselves at certain Times with the Sight of their inestimable Treasury. I am no Stranger to the Ceremonies used at such Times; one would think it impossible, amidst so much Caution, that the *Grand Seignior* should be defrauded of the least Part of his Wealth. I do not speak of the Chamber of Arms, or those others which make up the Imperial Wardrobe. The Bulk and Weight of those rich Velvet Brocades, and other Furniture of Gold and Silver, discourages the Theft. But who can number the Robberies that have been committed among the Jewels, and invaluable Rarities of the mysterious Closet? It has been found easy to conceal and transport from thence, whole Beds of Diamonds, and Chains of Pearl, undiscovered, I will not say unsuspected, at the Times when *Anatkàar-Agafs* gives three Knocks on the Cabinet of the Keys.

These are Hours of Munificence and Royal Bounty, when the august Lord of the Mines is pleased to gratify his Slaves with Gifts, and make them sensible they serve him, who commands this upper World, and that underneath.

No Prince can discommend this domestick Sport of our Sovereign, when he makes his Pages scramble for Diamonds and Rubies, since it gives him a Taste of his own Humanity; nothing being more agreeable, in Cases on this side of amorous Jealousy, than to let others partake of our Pleasures: And it is the peculiar Delight of
Kings

Kings sometimes to lay aside their State and Grandeur, to be familiar with their Attendants, making them their Companions; or, at least, their Proxies in many Enjoyments.

But it is pity this Favour should be abused, as it is has been, in the Instance I mentioned. Thou art no Stranger to the Records the *Hafna*, which tells us, That when *Gelep Chiaus Bassa* was made chief Treasurer in the Reign of *Sultan Mustapha*, the Lucre of the glittering Jewels had tempted him to defraud his Master, to the Value of five hundred thousand *Sequins*; which upon the Information of three Pages, and a diligent Search, were found in his Trunks.

It has been whispered also, That few have enjoyed that Office, who have not purloined something from the Imperial Coffers. They say, it is an hereditary Theft delivered by Tradition from one to another; every *Hafnadarbassi* being advanced to that Honour by the Recommendation of his Predecessor, for the Service he has done him in conniving at these Practices, which cannot be hid from any of the Sixty who guard the Royal Wealth.

Thou canst not blame me, for putting thee in Mind of these Things; in regard I am commanded to write with all Freedom to the sublime Ministers, whatever concerns the Interest of our great Master.

I have no more to say, but to desire thee, in transmitting what Money is appointed for me, to be timely and punctually, to send Duplicates by different Posts, that if one should miscarry, I may not be at a Loss: For, there is no Credit for a *Mussulman* in *Paris*. *Eliachim* would supply me with what may suffice a *Dervich*; but it belongs to thee to take Care, that I want not what is requisite for an Agent of the *Grand Seignior*.

Paris, 22d of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XX.

To Pesteliali, his Brother.

I Unwillingly concluded my last Letter, before I had vented half my Thoughts, on those Oriental Subjects, so full of Instruction and Pleasure. Thy Journal is become my Pocket-Companion. I carry it with me to the Gardens and Solitudes, and even to the Libraries and Churches: To which last I am obliged to go sometimes, that I may avoid Suspicion.

The Christians, when they enter the most delightful Gardens of *Paris*, spend their Time, and weary themselves, in walking forward and backward. They will measure several Leagues in traversing one Alley: Which vain Custom, thou knowest, is contrary to the Practice of the Eastern People, who love to solace themselves, in sitting still under the cool Shades, and feeding their Eyes with the grateful Verdure of Trees, their Noses with the fragrant Smell of Herbs and Flowers, and their Ears with the pretty Melody of the Birds: All which serve as help to their Contemplation.

After this manner I many Times pass away some Hours in the Gardens of this City, whereof there are great Plenty. And when I am cloyed with the fore-mentioned Pleasure, then I take out thy Journal, and fall to reading; which winds up my Thoughts afresh, like a Watch that is down: Nay, it opens new Sources of Contemplation, and serves as a miraculous Talisman to bring *China*, *India*, and all the *East* into the Place where I am; so lively and natural are thy Discourses of those Parts.

When I am in Churches it serves me instead of a Prayer Book: And, whilst others are babbling over they know not what, or at least they care not what; I offer up to *God* the First Fruit of my Reason and Knowledge, which he has given me to distinguish me from all Sorts of Beasts, whether in human Shape, or not.

when

When I go to the Libraries, I compare thy Journal with the Writings of others who treat of the same Matters; and find, that thou agreeest with some, correctest the Mistakes of others, and in all, shewest a Genius elevated above all others of the common Historians and Travellers; who seek rather to amuse the Reader with uncouth Stories and Adventures, than to instruct him with what is really useful and profitable.

Thus thy Journal is become the Companion of my Solitudes, the Object of my Studies, and the Help to my Devotions abroad; and it is no less the Diversion of my Retirement and Melancholy at home. I am a great Admirer of Antiquity; and therefore an old craggy Rock, over-grown with Moss, and full of gaping Chasms, is a more agreeable Sight to me, than the flowery Meadows or verdant Groves; because the former looks like a Relick of the primitive Chaos; whereas, I know the latter to be only the Product of the last *Spring*. It is for this Reason, thy Narrative affords me so vast a Delight, because it treats of the most ancient Kingdoms and Governments in the World: And is not stuffed with Chimera's and Fables, as most Relations of those Countries are; but gives us a sincere and true Account of whatever is considerable, without touching on Impertinences.

But above all, I am delighted with that Part which relates thy Travels in *China*: That Country being of so vast an extent, so rich, so populous; the People so industrious, learned and politick (besides the Antiquity of their Empire which cannot in that point be matched by any Government under the Heavens;) that the exact Knowledge of these Things seems to me of greater Moment, than any other Discoveries whatsoever.

What thou sayest of the *Chinese* Letters and Words, shews, That thou hast made some Inspection into that Language. And thy Remarks on the long Succession and Series of their *Kings*, is an Argument that thou art no Stranger to their Chronology, which takes in many Thousands of Years before *Noah's Flood*. Thou art very exact in enumerating their publick Tribunals and Courts of Justice; as also in describing some remarkable Bridges, Temples,

Temples, Palaces and other Structures: Which serve to give the Reader a true Idea of the Magnificence and Grandeur of the *Chinese Emperors*; and of the Ingenuity of the People, who seem to excel all others in Arts and Sciences. In a Word, it is evident, that thou didst not pass thy Time with thy Arms folded, whilst thou wert in that Kingdom. And I know not how better to express the Esteem I have for thee, on the account of the Pains thou hast taken to inform both thy self and me in Matters of so great Importance, than by giving thee an Account of what Progress the *Tartars* have made in the Conquest of that *Empire*, since thy return to *Constantinople*. In my last I acquainted thee with the Coronation of the *Tartar King* at *Pekin*; since which other Vessels are arrived from those Parts, which bring an Account that the young *Tartarian Conqueror* soon pushed forward his Victories; and marching with an Army into *Corea* (which Kingdom, thou knowest, borders on *Chian*) the King of that Country made his Submissions; and entering into a League with *Zunchi*, held his Crown in Fee of that Victorious *Emperor*.

Afterwards he hastened to subdue the Provinces which remained unconquered. His Method in accomplishing this great Work was by swift Marches, like another *Alexander the Great*; and by laying Siege to the principal City of *Province*, which he never failed either to take by Force, or compell to surrender, that so they might escape Famine: And when this was done he took Possession both of it and the whole *Province*, summoning the Cities of lesser Note to surrender; which they seldom refused after they had beheld the Fate of the first. Thus in a little time he became Master of all that spacious *Empire*.

The Fame of his Success quickly brought innumerable *Tartars* out of their Native Country to follow the Fortune of their *Emperor*. To these he gave the chief Offices of his Army, and continued the *Chinese* in the Administration of Civil affairs; and, as a Token of their Subjection, he commanded all the *Chinese* to cut their Hair short, and to cloth themselves after the Fashion of the *Tartars*.

They

They give a high Character of this young Prince, who amidst so many Successes and Triumphs discovers not the least Vain-glory, but contains himself within the Bounds of a virtuous Moderation, ascribes all to the Decrees of Destiny, and is not in the least puffed up with any of his glorious Actions; which is an Argument of a Spirit truly heroick. And yet this Prince is an Idolater, as are all the *Tartars* of that Nation; or rather, they are men of no Religion, which makes their Morals the more admirable: For according to the Relation of those who came last from *China*, the *Tartars* are a very temperate and continent People, abhorring those Vices which are but too common in other Parts of the world, and from which the true Believers themselves are not free. They are rigorously just also, and punish all manner of Fraud and Deceit with immediate Death. As for their Conduct and Courage in the Wars, there is no Nation surpasses them, few are their Equals. They are passionate Lovers of an active Life, spending most of their Time on Horseback, either in hunting wild Beasts, or fighting with their Enemies: And their Horses are the best and most courageous in the World. There is nothing the *Tartars* so much despise, as the sedentary Life of Students and learned Men; accounting them the Burthen of a Commonwealth, lazy Drones, fit only to be sold for Slaves. But Men of Service and Merit in the Wars they have in great Esteem; never failing to reward such with Dignities and Commands proportionable to their Deserts and Capacities. Nay, such is the martial Genius of this Nation, that the very Women ride to the Wars with the Men, and perform Exploits above what is expected from that soft and delicate Sex. Both Men and Women are habituated from their Infancy to live in Tents or Waggons, there being very few Cities in all *Tartary*: There they are inured to Hunger, Cold, Thirst, and all the Methods of a frugal and hardy Life. * This is that which renders them excellent Soldiers, and a Terror to all the Nations round about them. This is that which so soon reduced all *China* to their Obedience; the *Chinese*, among all their Virtues and Accomplishments, being the most effeminate People on Earth. This no doubt thou hast observed.

Brother,

Brother, I advise thee to go to *Kerker Hassan Bassa* our Countryman, and present to him these Observations on the *Tartars*; which thou mayest easily do by transcribing what is for thy Turn out of this Letter. He inherits his Father's Genius; who, thou knowest, was one of the greatest Hunters in all *Arabia*, and has a Character not much different from what I have here given thee of the *Tartars*. That *Bassa* will take great Delight in these Memoirs, and will think himself obliged to make thee some proper Acknowledgment. He is generous and great, and it lies in his Power to promote thee. I have writ to him already, and have given him an Encomium of thy Ability. I will second it with another Letter, in answer to one I lately received from him, wherein he desires a farther Account of *China*. I will inform him therefore of several Passages out of thy Journal. He no doubt, to make a farther Tryal of thy Knowledge, will ask thee several Questions relating to these Matters. So shalt thou have a fair Opportunity of rendering thy self conspicuous, and of gaining his Esteem. Follow my advice; take Time by the Forelock, and the Event shall prove happy.

Paris, 8th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XXI.

To Kerker, Hassan Bassa.

I Received thy commands, and am proud of the Honour thou hast done me in requiring the smallest Service at my Hands, especially one of this Nature; which is an Argument that my former Relation of *China* was acceptable to thee. This I account my Honour and Happiness, that I have a Brother who has made such considerable Improvements in his Travels: For it is to him I owe the Knowledge I have of that Country, and the other Patts of the *East*. As for my Cousin

Ipsuf,

Yours, he would never vouchsafe to send me a Syllable relating to his Travels, though he had rambled throughout all *Asia*.

I desired this Favour of him in several Letters, but have received no Answer; so that I know not whether he be dead or alive. My Friends are very backward in writing to me; and unless it be some of the *Ministers of State*, who sometimes honour me with a Dispatch, though very rarely, I hardly receive a Letter from my familiar Friends and Relations in twenty *Moons*; which makes me conclude, that Absence of so long a Date, has quite blotted me out of their Minds.

As to what thou desirest farther to know, concerning *China*, my Brother says, That *Empire* contains 4400 walled Towns and Cities; 3000 Castles and Towers of Defence on the Frontiers, wherein are always garrisoned a Million of Soldiers, who are relieved at due Times by others of equal Number. There are a Million also constantly kept in Pay to guard the *Governors of Provinces*, *Embassadors*, and other *Officers of State*. The Emperor of *China* maintaining five hundred thousand Horse to attend his Person. All this is in time of Peace. But upon any Revolt or Invasion, the Forces are innumerable. There are in *China* 331 Bridges, remarkable for their Strength and Magnificence, beyond all others in the World; 2099 Mountains; Lakes and Medicinal Fountains 1472; 1159 triumphal Arches and other Monuments, erected in honour of valiant and learned Men; 272 Libraries, abounding with all manner of excellent Books; *Temples*, 300000, and as many *Priests*, besides the Convents of their Religious. They reverence 3036 Male Saints, and 208 Female. All which have *Temples* dedicated to their Honour, besides those which are consecrated to the Sun, Moon and Stars, Fire, Air, Earth and Water, and to the Heavens which comprehend All, and to the *Celestial Gods* who rule All, and to the *supreme God*, Creator of the *Worlds*. In these *Temples* they celebrate the Praises of their *Gods* and *Heroes* with Music and Songs, Incense and Sacrifices; believing, That all Things which are conspicuous for the Excellency of their Nature, or from which Mankind receives any
general

general or extraordinary Benefit, ought to be worshipped with divine Honours. In this they differ not from the ancient *Pagans* of *Greece* and *Rome*, who had almost as many *Gods* and *Goddeses* as there were several Creatures in the World; so that there was no Beginning nor Ending of their Superstitions; and the the most learned and contemplative of their *Priests*, found the Ceremonies of their Religion to be an inextricable Labyrinth, where they were often lost. Certainly happy are the faithful *Mussulmans*, who adore but one *God*, the Fountain of the Universe, without entangling themselves in the Absurdities of *Infidels*.

The *Cbineses* are great Admirers of themselves, and their own Notions; believing that no People can stand in Competition with them for Learning, Wisdom and Riches. They have a very contemptible Idea of all other Countries, with their Inhabitants, esteeming them either as Idiots or Monsters.

This Conceitedness is owing to their Ignorance of the rest of the World; for they seldom or never travel beyond the Limits of their own Empire.

I could say a great deal more of this People, but it will be better for thee to hear it from my Brother, who has been there, and can give thee an ample Satisfaction in all things relating to that Empire. I have wrote to him to go and kiss the Dust before thy Feet. If thou makest tryal of his Abilities, thou wilt find him improved by his Travels, a Man fit for Business, and one in whom thou mayest confide; which is a Virtue never enough to be prized in these corrupt Times.

In these things however mingle thy own Discretion with the Kindness of a Countryman and the Affection of a Friend.

Paris, 8th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XXII.

To Cornezan, Bassa.

WERE *Ovid* alive, the Events of this Year would afford him Matter for new Fictions. He would either tell us, That the *Goddeſs* of *Love* had ſet a Spell upon *Mars*, and charmed him into good Nature; or, That he had drank ſo large a Draught of *Nepenthe* as has made him forget his old Trade of embroiling Mortals in War. However it be, *Hymen* ſeems to have the greateſt Share in this Year's Actions. For inſtead of Battels and Sieges, the *Nazarene Princes* have been engaged in Encounters of a ſofter Character, the gentle Affairs of Love and Marriage.

In the firſt Moon the new King of *Poland* whom they call *John Caſimir*, married the Widow of his deceased Brother. In the ninth, the Prince of *Hainault* eſpouſed the Duke of *Holſtein's* Daughter: And the laſt Moon was remarkable for two Matches; one of the King of *Spain* with *Anna Maria*, the German Emperor's Daughter; the other of the Duke of *Mantua* with *Iſabella Clara* of *Auſtria*.

Theſe are all buſhing forward in the Crowd of the Living; they buſy in augmenting the Generations of *Men*; whiſt others of as high Blood are gone to increaſe the Number of the Dead; being enrolled among the Ghoſts, and made Denizons in the Region of Shadows.

The Empreſs of *Germany* died in the fifth Moon, the Duke of *Braganza* in the ninth; the Dutcheſs of *Modena* in the eighth; and a certain German Prince, whoſe Name I have forgot, died in the Moon of *October*. Beſides theſe, Death has alſo arreſted *Offalmaski*, the great Chancellor of *Poland*; *Wrangel*, General of the Swediſh Army; *Frederick*, the German Ambaſſador at *Rome*; *Ferdinand*, Elector of *Cologne*; and the Vice-Roy of *Bohemia*, who was by his Enemies thrown out of a Window, and his Brains daſhed out. So that though *Mars* may have ſeemed

seemed to lie dormant this Year, yet his Companion in Mischief, old *Saturn*, has been very active as the *Astrologers* say, who attribute all Events to the Influx of the Stars. Some are also of Opinion, that the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon this Year were Presages of Death of these great Persons. They might as well plead, that the daily Rising and Setting of those Luminaries, portended all the tragical Events that happened on Earth; since it is not more natural for them to continue unalterably moving from East to West, than it is for them to be obscured, at certain determined Stations, in their Journey by Interpositions which happen of Course.

We are Strangers to the Chronologies of the *Chinese* and *Indian Gentiles*. Neither can any good Account be now given of the ancient *Egyptian* and *Assyrian* Records. They run many Ages back beyond the common Epochs of the Beginning of the World.

But the whole System of known History relates but two extraordinary or preternatural Changes in the Course of the Sun during these six thousand Years.

One, when that Luminary stood still in the Time of *Jehoshua*, General of the *Israelites*, to serve Ends of Destiny, and prolong the Light of the Day to a double Proportion, till the opposite Army was quite destroyed, and not one of the Uncircumcised could escape the Swords of the victorious Sons of *Jacob*.

That Day proved a long Night to their Antipodes. They turned themselves in their Beds, when they had outlept the usual Hours of Night, and said in their Hearts, Surely the Sun is fallen asleep, or is banqueting with the Gods of the Sea: Perhaps *Thetis* detains him in her Embraces, whilst the *Tritons* fasten his Slumbers with their softest Musick; or *Neptune* regales in the Palaces of the Deep. Thus the disconsolate Nations argued in their Chambers: They were alarmed with Fears of unknown Events.

Such as dwelt on the Borders of the Earth, and were accustomed to mark the constant Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea, admired the Delay of the usual Tides, and asked, What was become of the Moon? for that Planet also stood still with the Sun.

The Light of their Souls was eclipsed, and their Reason laboured under a greater Darkness than that which troubled their Eyes. They were ignorant of the Works of God; and knew not that the celestial Orbs stood still at the Command of the Spirit which formed them, even at the Word of the Prophet inspired from above.

So in the Days of *Hezekiah*, King of the *Jews*, the Sun went back in the Circuit, and all the Frame of Heaven was retrograde to confirm the Prophet's good News, when he told the sick King, That Fate had prolonged his Life for fifteen Years. This was in the Days of *Merodach Baladan*, the King of *Babylon*, who sent Ambassadors to congratulate *Hezekiah*'s miraculous Recovery.

Besides these, nothing has happened to the Sun, or any of the heavenly Bodies, beyond his Ordinary Course of Nature. A Man may as well prognosticate from cloudy Weather, the Calamities of *Emperors* and meaner Men, as from the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon; since the one, as well as the other, obscures the Light of those heavenly Bodies: And the former quite hides them from us; which is the greater Eclipse of the two.

Let us pray *Heaven* to grant us the continual Use of our Senses, and not eclipse the Light of our Reason, and we need fear no Disasters from the common Appearances of Nature.

Paris, the 7th Moon Chaban,
of the Year 1649.

The End of the First Book.

L E T T E R S



LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To Muhammed Eremit, *Inhabitant of the
Prophetic Cave in Arabia the Happy.*

PARDON my Importunity, if I this once trouble thee with an Address of Scruples, begging thy Counsel in the Affairs of my Soul. I seem to my self as a Traveller lost in a Wilderness of Doubts and Uncertainties, without Guide or Conduct. Not that I question the Truth of our Holy Religion, or mistrust the Authority of the *Sent of God*. Certainly I revere the Book of Glory, whose sacred Versicles are transcribed on my Heart. But there is wanting to every Man a particular Conduct in the Intricacies of this Life. I have not the Art of applying the

the general Precepts of the Law to my own personal Occasions and Necessities. Infinite Difficulties arise from my daily Affairs. My Conversation with Infidels, and the Duty I owe my great Master, entangle my Conscience. I am embarrassed on all Hands; and whilst I study to conserve Purity, I find my self still de-
 lled.

I am no *Heretick*, nor in the Number of those who are predestinated to be damned for the injurious Love they bear to *Hali*: Injurious I say, because it derogates from the Honour they owe to *Omar*, *Osman* and *Ebubecher*, the true Successors of the *Apostle* of God.

As I firmly believe the *Alcoran*, so I give an entire Faith to the Book of *Affonak*, or the Agreement of the Wise, with the Writings of the four principal Imaums, *Hanif*, *Schafi*, *Melichi*, and *Hambeli*. And I am resigned to the Sentence of the *Musti*, as our Fathers were of Old to the oraculous Determinations of the Babylonian *Califfs*. I curse the *Kyzilbaschi* with as much Devotion, as I pray for the Health and Felicity of true Believers. I spit at the naming of them, who deny the Chapter of the Covering, and the Versicles brought down by the Squire *Gabriel*, in Honour of the *Prophet's* Wife. I never lifted up my Hand against any, who descended from the divine Messenger: And if, in my Passion, I have ever cursed a *Mussulman*, I took off the Dust under his Feet, and laid it on my Lips, before the Shadow of the Sun had advanced a Hair's Breadth; and so I hindered the swift Recorder of our Words from registering the Imprecation: For that Dust, I believe, has Power to blot out the Memorials of our evil Words and Works.

When I meet a *Santone*, or one of those divinely mad, put in practice the Lesson of *Orchanes*; and honouring the holy Frantick, I fall down and adore Virtue in that contemptible Disguise.

I neglect none of the Purifications commanded by our holy Law-giver; but rather add those that we *Arabs* have received by Tradition from our Fathers, the Sons of *Ismael*: Yet I hope, in Case of Neglect, some

some Indulgence is allowable to a *Mussulman*, in a Country of Infidels. I use the Washing of Abdest at all times in my Chamber, where no curious Eye can observe my Cleanliness, or suspicious Apprehension draw Conclusions of my being a *Mabometan*. But I cannot thus practise the Washing of *Tabaret*; there being not such Conveniences for that purpose in *Paris*, as in *Constantinople*: Yet I am careful to supply this Want by other Methods of Purity; otherwise I should be an Abomination to my self. There is no Necessity that I should frequent the *Bath*, who never touched a Woman; yet I often go into the River, taking a Boat with me for that End, and causing my self to be rowed half a League from the City, where in a little Bay or Creek, I wash my whole Body, that I may do something beyond the Obligations of the Law, to expiate the involuntary Breaches of my Duty. Yet, after all this, I cannot call my self clean.

I pray at the appointed Hours; or at least, if the Affairs of my Commission hinder me from complying with the Law, as to the exact Times of the Day, I atone for that Neglect, by Watching the greatest part of the Night: And to the Oraisons appointed by Authority, I add super-numerary Prayers of my own, to evidence the Sincerity of my Devotion.

I fast, and give Alms according to my Ability. I bestow much Time in reading and meditating on the Alcoran. In a word, I do all that my Reason tells me is necessary to render me a good *Mussulman*; and yet I have no Peace in my Mind. Methinks I see our holy *Prophet* furrowing his Brows at me, and darting angry Looks from his *Paradise*: He seems to reproach me with Uncleannefs and Infidelity. By Day my Imagination troubles me; and at Night I am terrified with fearful Dreams: Which makes me conclude, that notwithstanding all my Obedience to the Law, and the strictest Care I take to acquit my self a true Believer, yet I am far short of my Aim; and therefore I number my self with those with whom God is displeased.

It is impossible to express the Horror which this Thought creates in me. I am overwhelmed sometimes with Melancholy and Despair. And because I am forced

keep my Grief to my self without having the Privilege of venting it to a bosom Friend, it is ready to burst my heart.

This is my Condition at certain Seasons, which I esteem as bad, or worse, than those who are doomed to *Parasitism*: For as they cannot enjoy the Felicities of *Paradise*, they are secured from the Torments of the Damned; whereas, for ought I know, my Portion may be in Hell. Wilt thou know how I redress this evil Temper of Mind, and what Method I take to cure my Melancholy? I receive it not as Flattery, when I tell thee thou art my Physician, and the Idea of thy innocent Life my Medicine. When I have rolled over ten thousand Thoughts, which afford me no Ease or Relief, no sooner do I fix my Contemplation on the Solitary of Mount *Uriel*, but a sudden beam of Light and Comfort glances through my Soul. I promise my self greater Satisfaction from thy Advice, than from all the *Imams* and *Mollahs* of the *Empire*.

Tell me therefore, O holy and pious *Eremit*, how I shall dissipate these Mists of Grief and Sadness, which envelop my Mind, and threaten to suffocate my Intellect.

If, in this Darknes and Confusion, I should apply myself to the *Disciples* of *Albazon* for Instruction, they will puzzle me with intricate Niceties about the Essence and Unity of *God*; whereas I am too much troubled already with distracting Speculations: I seek not to dive into that which is incomprehensible, but to be instructed in the plain and intelligible Way to Happiness. What imports it, whether *God* be Good by his Goodness, or by his Essence? This is to throw metaphysical Dust in my eyes, and so leave me in a worse Condition than they found me.

No better Light must I expect from the *Momscondemans*: For if they are strict Observers of the Law, so am I, where the Precepts are applicable to my Condition and Circumstances. But I want a Direction in many Emergencies, for which the *Alcoran* seems to have made no Provision, but leaves every Man to the Conduct of his own Prudence; and I must confess, I dare not

not trust mine in all Cases of this Nature. Besides, instead of interpreting to me in a plain Style, the Statutes of the Law, they will confound me with high and unintelligible Notions of the divine Attributes, which are sufficient to dazzle the Intellect of the brightest Seraphim: And if they could once persuade me to be zealous for their Speculations, I might, in Time, turn such another religious Fool, as was one of their Followers, the Poet *Namisi*, who being wrapt in his profound Speculation of the divine Unity, and hearing an *Imaum* pronounce the sacred Sentence, *God is One*, gave him the Lye, and told him, That he multiplyed the Divinity, in assigning it any Attribute, though it were only that which expressed his Unity. For which impudent Assertion he was flayed alive.

In as bad a Condition should I be if I asked the Advice of the *Muserin*, those Infidels in Masquerade, who, under the Disguise of *Mussulmans*, deny the Being of a *God*, assert all things to come by Chance, and live without Hope or Faith of another Life. For if this were true, that there were no Reward or Punishment of good or bad Works, I would either soon make my Way to earthly Happiness, by not boggling at any Vice that would conduce to that End: Or if I failed in that Attempt, I would not tamely wait for a Martyrdom from Men, but bravely rid my self of a Life which was attended with nothing but Misery.

Almost as bad as these are the *Hairet*, those *Mahometan Scepticks*, who dare not trust their own Reason, but are ever wavering and irresolute. If I should seek for Instruction at their Hand, they would answer me, *God* knows best what I ought to do; and so leave me in the same Suspence as I was before.

Much worse are the *Guaid*, those morose Interpreters of the Law of Mercy, who damn a Man irrecoverably to *Hell* for committing one mortal Sin. This is enough to drive all Mankind to despair.

Indeed the Morals of the *Sabin* please me who seem to be perfect *Mahometan Stoicks*, ascribing all Events to Destiny, and the Influence of the Stars: I could willingly

If I am capable of guessing at the Occasion of my frequent Sickness, I believe it may in part be attributed to the Want of fresh Air, in the Place where I lodge. There is a vast Difference between the Streets of *Paris*, and those of *Constantinople*. I seem to my self to be buried alive in this close City, where my Chamber-Window affords me no farther Prospect than I can spit; whereas in *Constantinople* the Gardens are so intermixed with Houses, that it looks like a City in the midst of a Forest; and by the Advantage of its Situation, is always refreshed with Breezes from the Sea.

Besides the Impurity of these Infidels, who empty all their Filth in the Streets, so that the Dirt of *Paris* may be smelt some Miles off; the Uncleaness of their Diet, contributes in no small Measure to my Distemper; being forced either to feed on Flesh with the Blood in it, or live on Herbs. They laugh at the Niceness of the *Mussulmans*, who will eat no Meat that was knocked down or strangled. They seem to be greedy of Blood, saving it in Vessels, and mixing it with Flower of Wheat, make a certain Bread thereof, which they devour without the least Squeamishness. A true Believer would tremble at the Sight of such Impiety. I tell thee, it is impossible to live among them, and not be polluted: They have no Methods of Purification. They wallow, and hug themselves in their Uncleaness: They are worse than the Beasts.

Now the Spring has provided a new Banquet, wherein there is no Impurity. I am resolved to live like a *Mussulman*, and conform to the Precepts of our holy Law-giver, who, when he beholds my Zeal and Abstinence, will send the Angel of Health from his Paradise, to repair my decayed Constitution.

The *French* Philosophers are busied in an Inquisition after certain Kinds of Birds, which from the second Day of this Moon they say are not to be found in the whole Kingdom, though the Woods and Fields were full of them during the Winter. Some are of Opinion, That they fly to the Moon; asserting, That if their Wings will but carry them beyond the magnetick Force of the

Earth, it will be no Pain to glide through the upper air Region, 'till they arrive within the attractive Energy of that Planet, where they will naturally seek Rest. Others with more Probability, say, that these Birds take the Flight to some other Region on Earth, whose Climate is more agreeable to their Natures, at this Time of the Year.

I wish I could as easily once a Year take my Flight to *Constantinople*, where my Heart is Winter and Summer. Adieu, dear *Haji*, and pity *Mahmut*, who counts himself unhappy in nothing so much, as in being absent from his Friends.

Paris, 7th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Tefterdar, or Lord-Treasurer.

IT appears that *France* has some extraordinary Designs by Sea: When and where it will be put in Execution, is not yet known; but the vast Preparations that are making seem to threaten some foreign Invasion rather than a naval Combat: It looks as if they had an Expedition in Hand greater than that of *Xerxes*, make a Bridge over the Ocean, and join the separate Parts of the World together. New Arsenals are built in several maritime Towns, and all the Forests are cut down to fill them with Timber for Ships of War: The Mountains are left naked of Trees, and the stately Woods transplanted into the Havens. An infinite Number of Men are employed in making Cordage, Chains, Bullets, Anchors, Ordnance, and all other Necessaries belonging to a Navy.

This is Cardinal *Mazarini*'s Project, under Pretence of setting the Poor of the Kingdom at Work, and disburthening the Commonwealth of Vagabonds and idle Persons. But *Mahmut* is not placed here, to be amused with

State-Umbrages. It is evident, that this Minister designs to render his Master formidable on both Elements. Agents are sent to buy Ships in all Parts; and the very Peasants are forced from the Vineyards and Fields, to man the greatest Fleet that ever this Kingdom fitted out to Sea.

Last Moon the *Sieur de Quesne* was sent to assist *Monsieur Chanut*, in purchasing Vessels in *Swedeland*. It seems there had been some Demurs in his Negotiation; to remove which, this latter was sent with fresh Instructions. But *Monsieur Chanut* rejected him; and ten Days ago came an Express from that Minister, desiring, that a more intelligent Colleague might be sent him, in regard he found it difficult to treat successfully with a People too much elated with continual Victories.

Upon this, the Court have sent a Courier to *Stockholm* with new Orders, whereby he is forbid to make any further Overtures in order to the Continuance of the League between these two Crowns: That *France* may not always appear in a suppliant Posture, whilst the *Swedes* seem careless to conserve a Friendship which they themselves first coveted.

These Misunderstandings may in a short Time proceed to a greater Alienation; and in the End to an open Rupture. Which has the more Probability, in that General *Koningsmark* lately stopped some *French* Troops in their March, under Pretence of seeing their Pass-ports; but really, as it is thought, to corrupt the Soldiers, and withdraw them from the Fidelity they owe their Sovereign.

This is highly resented here; and they begin to discourse of making Peace with *Germany*.

What the Issue of these Things will be, is yet in the dark; but God, from whose Throne hangs the Chain of Destiny, which reaches to the Center of the Earth, will I hope, so dispose of all human Events, that the Quarrels of the *Nazarenes* shall minister Occasion to the *Osmons* to encrease the Territories of our puissant Emperor.

Paris, 1st of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXIX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna

I Cannot but highly applaud the Resolution thou hast taken, as thy Letter intimates, to enquire into the Grounds of the Religion thou art of. This shews, that thou settest a Value on thy Reason, and thinkest thyself beyond the Pupilage of a Child; that thou esteemest thyself of Years to make a Choice of thy Religion, and not to take it up on the bare Credit of thy Forefathers. It is certain that Error may be traditional as well as Truth, and the Pagan Idolaters pleaded a greater Antiquity for the Altars of their Gods, than could the Followers of *Moses*, for the Temple of *Jerusalem*, the Tabernacle in the Desert, or for the Promulgation of the Law it self on Mount *Sinai*: Since there was scarce a Region on the Continent, which had not established Rites and Ceremonies of Worship, long before *Moses*, or even *Jacob*, the great Father of the *Israelites*, were born.

Among the rest of the Nations, *Arabia*, my native Country, was peculiarly blessed with the Footsteps of the illustrious *Ibrahim*, Grandfather to *Israel*, from whom the *Jews* descend. In this happy Country that renowned Prophet sojourn'd, conversed with Angels; and, with the Majesty which cannot be uttered. He preached the Unity of the Divine Essence, converted the People from the Idolatry, built an Oratory at *Mecca*, and was taken up into Paradise.

Ismael, his eldest Son, and Heir of his Father's Spirit, as of his Territories, trod in the Footsteps of the Assurance of God. He broke down the Idols, asserted one God, the Resurrection, the Day of Judgment, the Joys of Paradise and the Torments of Hell. His Offspring multiplied, and peopled all the East: The Princes of this holy Line subdued the Infidel Nations, and rooted themselves in the most fertile Regions of *Asia*, professing themselves Muslims or true Believers. Thus passed the Light of God

from the Face of *Ibrahim*, to his Posterity by successive generations; till at length it rested on the Face of *Mahomet*, our holy Lawgiver, and was encreased with admirable Splendors, by the frequent Visits of the Angel *Gabriel*. He took the Root of Evil out of the Prophet's Heart, brought him down the Alcoran from Heaven, and gave him Victory and Honour; called him by a new Name, *THE SEAL OF THE PROPHETS*; carried him to the Throne of God, through Legions of Devils, that waited below the Moon to destroy him. and finally, made his Sepulchre glorious and resorted to, by the Believers of all Nations on the Earth.

I send thee this Abstract of the *Mussulman* History, to the End thou mayest see what Pretensions the Children of *Ismael* have to the true Law, which you, of the Posterity of *Isaac*, would monopolize to your selves. As God had not sent Prophets to all Nations, to lead them into the right Way, and not into the Way of Idols. Nevertheless, take not these Things on my Credit, but examine the Records of thy own Nation, and the History of past Times. Weigh all Things in the Balance; consult thy Reason, which is an indeficient Light to those who follow it. Your Law was once pure and uncorrupted; but in Time the Devil inserted many Errors: He seduced your Fathers; they returned upon their Steps, and fell back into Idolatry. Then God raised up the *Messias*, to reform all Things; but him ye rejected. And when he was taken up into Paradise, ye reported, *That he was hanged on a Tree*. In this the *Nazarenes* are your Fools, and fight against themselves; whilst they assert as you do, That he who is Immortal and Triumphant, among the hundred and twenty four thousand prophets, *was crucified between two Thieves*. Thus bringing a Reproach on the Apostle of God, and on their own Faith, in believing things inconsistent with the Goodness and Power of the Divine Majesty. Without doubt, *Jesus* the Son of *Mary* is ascended Body and Soul into Paradise; who, whilst he was on Earth, said, *Worship me God, your Lord and mine*,

Let me not seem importunate, or troublesome, I seek not to circumvent thy Reason, but to direct it. Think

seven times before thou change once. I will procure thee Books of our Law; peruse them with Judgment, and tell me then, whether thou hast ever seen any Writing comparable to the Alcoran? The Majesty of the Style speaks it above human Original: It is exempt from Contradiction, from the Beginning to the End: It confirms the Old Testament, which thou believest: It is all over cloathed with Light. Doubtless it is no other than a Transcript of the Book written in Heaven.

If after all thy Search thou shalt determine otherwise, follow thou thy Law, and I will follow mine. We both worship one God, Lord of the Universe.

Paris, 10th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXX.

To the same.

LET not the Fear of displeasing those of thy Nation hinder thee from embracing the Truth. God shall protect thee from the Malice of Unbelievers. Thy Interest is already great among the *Mussulmans*; our august Emperor will augment both that and thy Honour. Take hold of the strongest Knot, and adhere not to *Taqut*. The Cleanliness and Delicacy of the *Mussulmans* may invite thee, which far exceeds that of the *Jews*, and yet is void of Superstition: We only obey the sincere Dictates of Nature, which teach us, that so long as the Soul dwells in this Mansion of Flesh, it partakes of bodily Pollutions. It is to avoid these, we abstain from certain Meats and Drinks, which cannot be touched without Contamination. To this End, do we observe that superlative Niceness in our Washings and Purifications, which discriminates us from all the World beside. Doubtless, our Law is but the Law of *Moses*, refined and sublimated from the Dregs of adventitious Error.

Write

Write often to me, and whatever Reasons may prevail on thee not to change thy Religion, let no Arguments tempt thee to swerve from thy Fidelity to the Sovereign of Sovereigns on Earth, the Grand Signior, in whose Veins runs the most exalted Blood of human Race.

Here is a Report in this City, that the Elector of Brandenburg will demand the Queen of Sweden in Marriage. Let me know if it be true, that I may inform the Ministers of the lofty Port, from whom nothing ought to be concealed, that occurs of Moment betwixt the two Poles.

Inform me also what passes remarkable in the Assembly of the Deputies at Munster, and whether it be true, that the Danube has lately overflowed its Banks, and carried away four hundred Houses in its rapid Course.

Such Stories are told here, by those who know not how to pass away their Time, but in hearkening after foreign News, to furnish themselves with Matter to amuse the credulous, and beget Admiration of their Intelligence.

I have sent thee a Watch of my making: If thou acceptest it with good Will, it is a sufficient Acknowledgment.

May God, whose Presence fills the Universe, disclose himself to thee, in the Way of Salvation, and continue to breathe good Motions into thy Soul.

Paris, 10th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXXI.

To the Kaimacham.

A DONAI the Jew has much improved himself, in his late Progress through *Italy*. He is grown a perfect Statesman; having found out the Way to penetrate into Secrets, and to dispatch Business without any Noise. He may prove very serviceable at *Venice*, during the present War of *Candy*. His Acquaintance in that City gives him Access to the Cabals of the Senators, who spare not, over their Wine, to whisper the Counsels of the State, and to descant on the Measures that are taken to defend the Republick, against the invincible Prowess of the *Ottoman* Armies.

It is publickly known, that they have sent Embassadors to the Crown of *Muscovy*, that of *Poland*, and to the *Cossacks*, inviting them to enter into a League against the Grand Signior. But few are acquainted with the private Treaty, they are making with the Bassa of *Aleppo*. We owe this Discovery to the Diligence and Wit of this Son of *Israel*. He has drawn the Secrets from the Mouths of several eminent Counsellors of State; and assures me, That the Senate have made such Proposals to the Governor, as cannot fail of inducing him to revolt.

This may prove of ill Consequence, if not timely prevented: The pernicious Example of this Bassa may incite others to tread in his Steps, especially his Neighbours of *Sidon* and *Damascus*, who have for a long time meditated a Sovereignty, independent of the Throne, which first established them in those Charges. Besides, the single Forces of this Bassa will be able to give a powerful Diversion to the Arms of the Empire, already engaged in *Candy*, *Dalmatia*, and other Parts, by Sea and Land. He says the *Venetians* speak much in the Praise of this Bassa's Justice, whereof they relate many Examples; among the rest, a certain Cook among the *Franks* of that City, was accused of dressing and selling putrified
Flesh,

Flesh, whereby many that did eat thereof were infected with the Plague. Complaint being made of this to the Bassa, he sends for the Cook, and examines him about it: He replied, That he sold none but good and wholesome Meat; for if it happened that at any Time he was forced to keep any Flesh in his House above three Days, he so seasoned it with Spices and Herbs, as made it very savoury, and without any ill Scent.

The Bassa, not having Patience to hear any more of this fetid Apology, commanded his Arms and Legs to be cut off, and the Veins to be seared up; ordering, that during the short Time he had to live, he should have no other Food, but what was made of his own Limbs.

They relate one Passage more, of a Complaint that was made by a Peasant, whose Daughter this Bassa's only Son had ravished: The Bassa compelled him to marry her, with this Charge, *Let me hear no more Complaints of thee, except thou art resolved to leave me without a Son.*

It is reported here, That the King of *Persia* has made a Peace with the *Great Mogul*; and that they will both turn their Forces against our august Emperor.

Here is also a Courier arrived from *Marseilles*, who brings News of the Revolt of *Cavarra*; the Inhabitants of that Place having shaken off the Obedience they owe to the Sultan, and put themselves under the Protection of the *Venetians*; and that General *Grimani* has taken four Ships of *Ragusa*, laden with Ammunition for our Army. He adds also, That *Morosini* has thirty small Vessels, besides Gallies, under the very Walls of the *Dardanells*. I long ago suggested to the Vizir *Azem*, that the Weakness of those Castles would, one Time or other, encourage the Christians to perform some notable Exploit in the *Hellepont*. But *Mahmut's* Counsel was not regarded: Now the Event justifies my Advice, the Port will consult the Security of that Avenue. I wish they do not practise the *Trojan* Wisdom. The *Venetians* have a powerful Fleet; if they block up the *Hellepont*, and hinder our Ships from sailing into the *Archipelago*; and the *Cossacks*, in the mean while, cover the *Black Sea* with their Barks, committing a thousand Piracies and

what will become of the Imperial City? Whence will they provide Sustenance for so many Millions of People as inhabit that City, and the Parts adjacent.

These Things are worthy of Consideration: And thou, who hast the Care of that capital Seat of the Ottoman Empire, wilt not blame *Mahmut*, for putting thee in mind of the Danger which threatens even the Seraglio it self at this Juncture. However, I have done my Duty, sage Minister, and refer the rest to thy Wisdom. My Letters are all register'd, and if Affairs should succeed ill, it will be manifested, that *Mahmut*, who watches Night and Day to serve the great Master of the World, has not been wanting to give timely Notice of what might be advantageous to the Monarchy of the true Faithful.

Thou, who art celebrated for thy Justice and Probity, pardon the Liberty which my Zeal for thy Master and mine, renders worthy of Excuse.

Paris, 19th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

The End of the First Book.

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

*To the most magnificent and illustrious Vizir
Azem, at the Port.*

OSMIN the Dwarf, whom I formerly mentioned, remains still in the Court ; and continues his good Offices, in communicating to me such Passages as come to his Knowledge. He has a subtle Wit, and bears no hearty Love to the Christians, though he be one himself in Profession. He frequently visits me, and trusts me with his Secrets. One Day he convinced me by evident Circumstances, that Cardinal *Mazarini* was projecting to give some secret and sudden Blow to the *Ottoman* Empire, for which *Osmin* seems to be concerned by a natural Inclination ; being, as I told thee, born of *Mahometan* Parents, he was uneasy, until he had acquainted me with his Apprehensions ; and I gave him such Instructions, as I thought most proper on this Occasion. I set my Thoughts on the Rack, to prevent

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vent so dire a Mischief. And having premeditated well on this Affair, I pitched on a Courle, which would at once clear me from the Cardinal's Suspicion; and by seeming to favour his Designs, would absolutely overthrow them. I went to him boldly one Day, and being admitted to his Closet, I thus addressed that Politician.

“ **T**HERE are now nine Years elapsed, great Minister, since I first breathed the Air of *France*; during all which Time, I have not only shared in common with the Natives, the Benefits which have accrued to this noble Kingdom, under the auspicious Ministry of Cardinal *Richlieu*, and his no less eminent Successor; but have also received many particular Honours from that illustrious Prince of the Church, to which your Eminence has been pleased to make some underserved Additions. 'Tis to you both I owe the Character which has introduced me into the Acquaintance and Favour of the Nobility, who on that Score have thought me worthy to instruct their Children in the *Greek* and *Arabick* Tongues; have vouchsafed to admit me to their Salt, and to encourage me with the Hopes of finding a comfortable Repose in the Bosom of the *Gallican* Church, after a tedious Peregrination from my own Country.

“ When I reflect on all the accumulated Blessings I enjoy, under the Protection of your Eminence, Blessings equally transcending my Ambition, as they do my Merits; I apply all my Studies, to find out some acceptable Way of Acknowledgement to my gracious Benefactors. And because nothing can be more welcome to the Guardian of *France*, than the Means of advancing the publick Good of the Kingdom committed to his Care: I now presume, as a Testimony of my Gratitude, to propose to your Eminence some Speculations, which if put in Execution, will, in my Judgment, not only render *France* the most formidable and absolute Monarchy on Earth, but also the whole Catholick World in eternal Obligations to her; and give just Reason to change the Style of his Most Christian

“ Majesty,

“ Majesty, from the eldest Son of the Church, to that
“ of Father of all Christendom.

“ Your Eminence will not wonder at the Zeal of a
“ Stranger, or the Care that *Titus of Moldavia* takes for
“ *France*: In being solicitous for this Kingdom, I consult
“ the Welfare of my own Country, and of all the Na-
“ tions which profess the Faith of *Jesus*; since it is easy
“ to see, that in the Fate of *France*, that of all *Europe* is
“ involved.

“ It is a long Time since the dismembered Reliques of
“ the *Roman Empire*, bordering on *Asia*, found them-
“ selves too weak to resist the Puissance of the *Ottoman*
“ Arms. All *Greece* was soon over-run by the warlike
“ *Turks*. *Transilvania*, *Walachia*, *Moldavia*, with the
“ greatest Part of the *Upper Hungary*, quickly became
“ Tributaries to the inveterate Enemies of the Christian
“ Name. And *Germany* itself is so enfeebled by their
“ repeated IncurSIONs, that all the Emperor can do, is
“ to make dishonourable and costly Compositions, buy-
“ ing a precarious Peace with little less Charges, than
“ would serve some more fortunate Prince, to carry on
“ a glorious and successful War. Neither is the State of
“ *Venice* in any better Condition of Defence, the *Turks*
“ having pared away whole Provinces, from that once
“ flourishing Commonwealth, and by their continual In-
“ vasions and Hostilities, reduced her to a Necessity of
“ merchandizing with the *Ottoman Port* for Peace. Which
“ is no sooner concluded, but on the least Pretence is
“ broke again, by those who held themselves not obliged
“ to keep Faith with Christians. Behold, at this Time
“ without Provocation on the Part of *Venice*, or a De-
“ claration of War by the Grand Signior, the late League
“ broken on a sudden, and in a most clandestine manner.
“ Behold *Candy*, environed with their Fleet by Sea, and
“ her fertile Plains covered with Armies of *Mahometans*
“ by Land. Behold her Cities in the Hands of her En-
“ mies, and her Villages laid desolate; her Nobles put
“ to the Sword, and her Merchants led into Captivity.
“ In fine, behold this afflicted Commonwealth yet
“ struggling with her Fate, and sending her Ambassadors
“ to all the Princes and States of Christendom, demand-
“ ing,

" ing, or rather, in a suppliant Manner, imploring their
 " Assistance. Yet she finds little or no Help from any
 " but the Pope, and the Knights of *Malta*. And his
 " Holiness has enough to do to preserve the Patrimony of
 " the Church from Violence. The State of *Genoa* is too
 " intent upon her Traffick, to regard the Calamities of
 " her Neighbours. And all the Princes of *Italy* have
 " such Diversions at home as render their Application to
 " Things abroad very cold and indifferent. In the mean
 " while, the *Turks* gain Ground, double their Strength,
 " and encrease their Victories. O deplorable State of
 " Christendom ! Is there no Redress for these Miseries ?
 " Yes surely there is. And such a Redress as only lies in
 " your Power, great Minister, to apply ; which in the
 " Experiment, I dare assure will prove effectual.

" I do not pretend to the Visions and Inspirations of
 " *Peter* the Hermit, who grabled secular and divine Of-
 " fices ; and arming himself in Habiliments of Steel, went
 " dragooning up and down Christendom, at the Head of a
 " confused Rabble, to render himself popular and ac-
 " quire the triple Character of Pilgrim, Priest and Captain.
 " The ill Success of his rash Expedition shewed, that he
 " was only stung with a religious Caprice, and that God
 " approved not his Folly. I do not go about to propose
 " another Crusade, or contrive a Way to shed whole De-
 " luges of human Blood, with no other Consequence, than
 " to stain History with the sanguine Memoirs of Chris-
 " tendom's Vanity and Misfortune. Besides, that would
 " be found impracticable in this Age, which was easy to
 " put in Execution, five or six hundred Years ago : The
 " World is not so devout now, as it was in those Days ;
 " neither are Men so prompt to run the Risque of their
 " Lives on religious Errands, for the Honour of being
 " esteemed Martyrs. 'Twill be difficult to find out a
 " new List of *Godfrey's*, *Baldwin's*, *Guy's*, and other He-
 " roes, to lead the Champions of the Cross through all the
 " Hardships of the Sea and Land, so many hundred Miles,
 " into remote and desolate Regions, to combat not only
 " with Flesh and Blood, but with Famine, Pestilence,
 " and all the Miseries of human Life : And, as if this
 " were not enough, to sheath their Swords also in each
 " others

others Bowels, for Punctilio's, mere Trifles of mistaken Honour, and ill-timed Emulation: And all this only to purchase the empty Title of King of *Jerusalem*; or the precarious Authority of a *Grecian* Emperor: Both short lived Honours; the one to be lost in a little Time, with all *Palestine*, to the *Saracens*; the other depending only on the Pleasure of the Multitude. Such were the glorious Fruits of the Christian Arms in those Days! Such the Triumphs attending our Victories! These the Trophies which our Fathers erected to their own Disgrace; when after a War of so many Years they left the Holy Land in a worse Condition than they found it; and of so many hundred thousand Men as marched thither, threatening the utter Subversion of the *Saracen* Empire, there scarce return'd enough to disperse the News of their own Overthrow!

“ Waving therefore these visionary rash Expeditions, I now propose to your Eminence an Undertaking, which tho' it may make less Noise in the World, yet carries more Probability of Success, and will not only promote the Interest of *France*, but redound to the Advantage of all *Europe*.

“ No Man who is acquainted with History, can be ignorant what Claims the Kings of *France* have made to the Empire of the West, since the Days of *Charlemaine*, the Royal Predecessor of his present Majesty, who was dignified with the Imperial Title, by the Sovereign Bishop. Neither is it unknown, by what Artifices the House of *Austria* have procured the Translation of the sacred Authority to their own Family.

“ Your Eminence is sensible by what tyrannous and unjust Methods they have maintained themselves in this highest Pitch of human Glory; and not content with this, how they have aspired after the Monarchy of the whole World! All the North have groaned under the Burthen of that insupportable Tyranny. And their Encroachments on the South, have rendered that Line little less infamous. They spare neither Civil nor Ecclesiastical Rights, in the Pursuit of their Ambition, not even

“ ven the Patrimony of *St. Peter*, which hath ever been
 “ esteemed sacred and inviolable by Christian Princes.
 “ They have sack’d *Rome* itself and led the supreme Pa-
 “ stor of the Church into Captivity. What should I
 “ speak of the *Hollanders, Switzers, Grisons*, and other
 “ Nations, which, impatient of the *Austrian* Yoke, re-
 “ volted from their cruel Master ; and have ever since
 “ asserted their Liberty by the Force of their Arms !
 “ What should I mention the frequent Troubles in *Bohe-*
 “ *mia, Transilvania* and *Hungary*, when the Inhabitants
 “ of those Countries, grown desperate with their daily
 “ Oppressions, have bravely endeavoured to redeem them-
 “ selves and their Posterity from perpetual Servitude ;
 “ but for want of a powerful Protector, have been forced
 “ to yield to their old Master ! That incestuous Race are
 “ grown odious to the whole World : Even the Princes
 “ of the Empire are forced to smother their Resent-
 “ ments, when they elect one to possess the Imperial Di-
 “ adam, whom they cannot but hate !
 “ That therefore which I aim at in this Address, is,
 “ To represent to your Eminence, how easy it will be in
 “ this Juncture, for his most Christian Majesty to recover
 “ the Imperial Crown, which of Right belongs to none
 “ but the Successors of the renowned *Charlemaine* ; and
 “ which even the greatest part of the *Germans* themselves,
 “ wish to see placed on the Head of *Lewis XIV.* Most
 “ of the Electors, are already inclining to the Interests of
 “ *France* : It will not be difficult to win the rest. The
 “ *Hungarians, &c.* long for a Deliverer ; And the other
 “ Provinces beyond the *Danube*, will freely open the
 “ Gates of their Cities, to let in his Armies, whom they
 “ look on as the Hope of all *Christendom.* The *Helve-*
 “ *tians* who are Allies of this Crown, will not fail to
 “ perform their part. The *Swedes* have already plucked
 “ many Feathers from that ravenous Eagle. And the
 “ Forces of this Crown have blunted her Talons. Ano-
 “ ther Campaign will quite deplume her, enervate her
 “ last Vigour, and end the tedious Controversy.
 “ Let not therefore an untimely Peace with the Em-
 “ peror so much talked of, stop the Current of the *French*
 “ Triumphs !

Triumphs ! Let not the sinister Practices of German Pensioners in the *Swedish* Court, occasion a Rupture between two the most potent and victorious Crowns in *Europe* ! Or rather, let not Queen *Christina*, reap the sole Glory of so fortunate and profitable a War ! His Majesty has a formidable Army by Land: and, in a short Time, will have an invincible Fleet by Sea. Continual Victories court the Perseverance of the *French* Valour, whilst the Justice of our Cause invites to the Battle.

All Things conspire to put a Period to the *Austrian* Grandeur. Only snatch the present Opportunity, which once lost, may never be recovered again. 'Twas only the sudden and unexpected Fate of *Henry IV.* this King's Grandfather, of eternal Memory, that hindered him from putting in Execution the same Design I now propose. And if *Lewis XIII.* did not prosecute it, 'twas because he wanted a favourable Juncture. Now, behold, it offers itself: 'Tis in your Power, supreme Director of the State, under his Majesty, to build the Fortune of *France* so high, that all the Nations of *Christendom* may repose under its Shadow. Pursue the Success which Heaven hath already granted. And when all *Europe* is thus settled in a durable Peace, either making honourable Friendships with, or entirely submitting to this new *Gallick* Empire ; then will be the Time to call the *Ottomans* to an Account, for the Ravages and Spoils they have committed in Christian Countries, and to carry our Arms to the Walls of *Constantinople*, and drive these Barbarians back to their primitive Rocks and Desarts, from whence they have thus long straggled, to ruin the most desirable Provinces of *Asia* and *Europe* ; nay, and of the whole World.

There is no other way but this, in my Judgment, to stop the Progress of the *Turkish* Victories. Since it is impossible to make a durable Peace among Christian Princes, but by Conquest ; I mean such a Peace, as will inspire them with the Resolution, and put them into a Capacity, to unite all their Forces in a War against the Mahometans. As for the present Condition of the Republick, if their Losses were

greater

" greater than they are like to be, yet they will be in-
 " considerable, in Comparison of the mighty Gain
 " which will afterwards accrue, not only to them,
 " but to all the Christian Nations, by advancing the
 " *French* Crown to that height of Grandeur, designed
 " for it by Fate. Hitherto the Christian Princes have
 " only endeavoured to apply a Remedy to the Part
 " particularly affected; from whence, if by Fortune
 " they chased the Distemper, it soon breaks out in
 " some other Member; whence it came to pass that
 " we lost Province after Province, and the *Turks* are al-
 " most gotten into the Heart of *Europe*. If therefore
 " we design to drive them thence, it is necessary to fol-
 " low this Method, which will be found the only way
 " to pluck this Evil up by the Roots.

" Go on then, most prudent and illustrious Guardian
 " of the Crown, destined to command the Earth: Go
 " on, and lift up our great Master to the Wreath with
 " which the Tutelar Angel of *Europe* is ready to environ
 " the sacred Temples. Let not the *German* Deputies at
 " *Munster* any longer amuse you with feigned Over-
 " tures of Peace. But pursue the propitious Fate of
 " *France*, which waits to lead our Armies to Victories,
 " Triumphs, and Glories, and to establish a new Empire
 " in the World, to which all Nations shall pay Homage,
 " and fly for Protection.

Thou seest, illustrious and serene Vizir, that I have
 used much Flattery in this Address. It is a necessary
 Vice in the Court of *France*, where no *Diogenes* can have
 Audience. It cannot be expected that I should discover
 by the Cardinal's Answer what his Sentiments were of
 my Project. He is of a debonair Humour, and would
 rather feign Virtues to commend in another Man, than
 put him to the Blush by mentioning his real Vices. This
 is an Effect of his natural Dispositions, which he is wise
 enough to improve to the Ends of Policy. There being
 no subtler Artifice to gain a popular Esteem, than by the
 Reputation of a generous Temper.

However, I think I said nothing that could justly of-
 fend him, unless he were endued with the incommuni-
 cable

able Gift of discerning Hearts. For otherwise, at the worst, he could but tax me with a Loyal Presumption and Mistake, in proposing Things altogether impracticable.

These were such as thou wilt easily discern, when thou considereth, that though they appear fair and easy in the Attempt, as the Circumstances of *Europe* are at present ; yet the Revolution of a few Moons may quite change the Face of Affairs ; new and unthought of Difficulties may arise : The Emperor may make a Peace with *Swedeland* ; the Pope might interpose his Mediation and Authority, the Assembly at *Munster* might have Conclusion according to their Wishes ; the Electoral Princes might be more firmly fastened to the Interest of the Empire. Besides, another Campaign may prove as fatal to the *French*, as the former have been prosperous. After all, if they should find Encouragement to begin this Enterprize, and should meet with answerable Success in the Prosecution of it, yet a thousand Occurrences would emerge, to hinder them from enjoying their new gotten Empire long ; or from being able to maintain a War against the Emperor, whose Subjects are infinite, and Treasures inexhaustible.

If thou who art the Light of the *Osman* Monarchy, shall approve of what I have done, my Happiness will be great ; nevertheless thy Reproofs will not make me miserable, since they are Arguments of thy Condescension and Favour.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To Ismael Mauta Faraca a *White Eunuch*:

THY Letter is come safe to my Hands, accompanied with a munificent Present from *Egry Bonou*, who thou telleth me is deprived of his Eyes by the Grand Signior's Order. I condole the Calamity of my Friend, yet accuse not the Justice of him who is Master of us all. We are Mussulmans, and must not dispute the Pleasure of Heaven, or the Commands of our Sovereigns. It is an Argument of their Clemency, when they retrench their Anger, and spare the Lives of their Slaves. The Sultan is merciful in a higher Degree, in not extending his Hands to the Wealth of our Friend, but hath left that and his Liberty untouched; whereby he is still in a Capacity of enjoying many Pleasures which are denied to Thousands who have their Sight.

I do not write this as if I were void of Compassion toward my Friend. I owe him still the same Affection, as when he was able to read the Sincerity of it in my Face. But I would not have the Loss of his Eyes abate the Sight of his Soul, which is his Reason. Let him remember, that a famous Philosopher hath done that voluntarily to himself, for the Sake of a less interrupted Contemplation, which is imposed on our Friend as a Punishment. There is no outward Disaster can hurt the Opticks of a Mind guarded with Patience, and shut up within the Circle of its own Light. Such a Soul is impregnable against all the Assaults of Fortune, and Triumphs over Destiny it self.

Besides, our beloved Eunuch can still converse with his Friends, which is a Privilege the Deaf would almost give their Eyes to enjoy. It is hard to determine which of those two Senses would be missed with least Regret, especially to a Man, who, by his excellent

lent Voice and Skill in Singing, seems to be the very Soul of Musick.

What is it in all this infinite Variety of visible Objects, that affects the Eye with so refined a pleasure, but the harmonious Disposition and Symmetry of the Parts, which compose the whole Scene of the Universe? And may not that Pleasure be translated to the Ear, when it receives the proportionate Measures, and exquisite Cadences of Sounds? Certainly Musick is no other than Beauty to the Ear, as Beauty is Musick to the Eye.

But our Friend *Egry* needs not these Encouragements: He understands the Way to make himself happy, and hath Wisdom enough to put it in Practice.

The Grand Signior's Fury is pacified. *Egry* lives. He hath Houses and Gardens; Gardens replenished with all manner of Fruits and Flowers to gratifie his Taste and Smell. He is Master of much Treasure in Silver and Gold, and of many Slaves. If all these cannot contribute to his Felicity, he is Master of himself, which is essential Happiness.

Thou who succeedeth him in that honourable Post, and guardeth the Avenue of the majestic Chamber, where the Addresses and Supplications of all the Princes of the Earth are made at the Feet of our august Emperor, watch thy Senses, and obey thy Reason. Remember thy Predecessor's Fate, and forget not Mahmut; but above all things forget not thyself. Adieu.

Paris, 20th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I AM extremely surprized, and equally troubled at the severe Punishment which Sultan *Ibrahim* has inflicted on *Egry Boinou*. His Successor, *Ismael Mour Faraca*, sent me the first News of it, but said nothing of the Eunuch's Crime. Neither would I request the Satisfaction of a Man, who derives a new Lustre from the tragical Eclipse of my Friend, lest my Love should have betray'd my Discretion, and tempted me to utter that which is not proper for a Slave of the Sultan's express. Our Thoughts are our own, whilst we keep them chained up in our Breasts, but if once we suffer them to take air in Words, they become another Man's who may make use of them to our Ruin. I never had Familiarity enough with *Ismael*, to trust him with Reflections of this Nature. Besides, his own Letter to me discovered too much Freedom to be void of Design, being the first that ever passed between us ; which for that Reason ought to have been dictated in a Style more reserved. I set him a Pattern in my Answer, not letting a Word escape my Pen, which might speak less Resignation to the Will of our Master, than Tenderness for my Friend's Suffering.

But with thee I dare use greater Freedom : My long Experience of thy Integrity, will justify this Boldness. Tell me, my *Dgnet*, was it not the Blindness of Sultan *Ibrahim's* Passion, which has robbed *Egry* of his Sight? Answer me without Disguise; Was it not some Caprice of Jealousy ? Was it not because the Master thought he saw too much, that the Slave sees not now at all ? If that Sense was not judged criminal in *Egry*, why was he in particular punished ? But 'tis in vain to measure the cruel Frolicks of a Sovereign Monarch, by a Rule which makes his Will a Law.

The Christians say, The Ottoman Princes are Butchers, and the whole Empire a Shambles, where Persons of all Degrees are sacrificed to the Lust or Passion of a Tyrant. I tell thee, though I approve not the licentious Tongues of these Infidels, yet it appeareth too true that so uncontrolable a Power as the Eastern Monarchs are invested with, prompts them to commit many Violences, for which Justice can make no Plea. It were to be wished, That the Practices of the sublime Seraglio did not too often verify it. Suffer me to be exasperated a little, for the cruel Sentence executed on my Friend, the most accomplished Person within the Walls of that magnificent Palace. Doubtless, he oweth the Loss of his Eyes to the Grudge of some envious Minion, who would not brook so dangerous a Rival in the Sultan's Favour. For this unfortunate Eunuch, who charmed all Hearts, made some Impression also on the cruel Ibrahim's. He often loved to hear him sing the lively Dorick Strains, to chase away his Melancholy : For Egry is a second Orpheus, whose Voice, thou knoweth, inspired the Trees and Rocks with Passion. Besides, he hath many other Gifts, which rendered his Person and Conversation delectable to all ; and taught the whole Seraglio, new Lessons of Platonick Love.

When thou hath received this, I desire thee to give him a Visit : Thou knoweth his House at Galata. Embrace him in my Name, and give him a Kiss of Faithful Friendship. Forget not also to return him my Acknowledgments, for the Diamonds he sent me. And cheer him with this Thought, that one Day his Eyes shall be renewed in Paradise, far brighter than those glittering Jewels. Adieu.

Paris, 20th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Dicheu Hufflein Bassa.

TIS not easy to guess at the Motive which induced the Duke of *Orleans* to begin this Year's Campaign in so rigorous a Season. It was the first Moon, and the Ground was covered with deep Snows (an ill Time to march in an Enemy's Country.) And when the Snows were dissolved, Floods followed: It seemeth as if he were thirsty of Fame, and would acquire the Character of a hardy Warrior; resolving to shun no Fatigue which might advance the Reputation of his Arms.

The Duke of *Enguien*, spurred on with a glorious Emulation, soon followed with another Army, but by a different Road. There are four Mareschals of France gone with them. These early Marches make a great Noise. But little of Action could be expected, while the weary *Flemmings* knowing the Passes of the Country and the Forces of the Floods, have kept their Winter Quarters, spending that Time at Ease, in preparing the Things necessary for a more seasonable Campaign, which they have now begun.

In this the *Spanish* Policy deserveth Commendation who would not expose the Health and Lives of their Soldiers to unnecessary Rigours, but waited till the Sun had well dried up the unwholsome Damps of the Earth and shedding his benigner Influence through the Air, invited them forth into the Field. But when I thus approve the Wisdom of the *Spaniards*, think not that I condemn the sprightly Genius of the *French*, who seem to approach nearest the Bravery of the *Mussulman* Armies.

The Action of a *French* Officer was worthy of Remark, who being sent from the Camp with Letters to the King and Queen, arrived at the Court the 24th Day of the second Moon, whilst the Ground was yet frozen hard. After he had delivered his Message, the Chamberlain of the Royal Household appointed him a Lord.

ing for that Night in the King's Palace, he being to return to *Flanders* the next Day. But he generously refused it, saying, *It became him not to lie in a Bed of Down, when his General, with the whole Army, were forced to sleep on the frozen Earth.* Therefore, causing some Straw to be brought out of the Stables, he took his Repose thereon in the open Air. The young King, extremely pleased with his Gallantry, ordered him a hundred Pieces of Gold, and recommended him to the Duke of *Orleans*, as one of the bravest Men in his Army.

I swear by the whistling of the Winds, and the rustling of the Leaves, that I honour such Virtue, even in an Infidel.

Paris, 20th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1646

LETTER V.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

THY Letter is come to my Hands, with the Present of Kopha, which is so much the more acceptable, because thou broughtest it thyself from the Valley of *Moim*, the Place of my Nativity. It is an evident Sign that thou hast not forgot thy Countryman, in that thou descendest to oblige him in so peculiar a manner. The Place where we drew our first Breath, is always dear to Mortals; and the Remembrance of that delicious Vale, affects Mahmut with singular Delight. 'Tis indeed, I was brought from thence before I could distinguish one Place from another; but I have visited that Region since, and have Reason to pronounce it the most delectable Part of *Arabia*. Had the *Grecian* Poets known that Paradise, they would not have so extolled the celebrated Fields of *Tempe* in *Thessaly*. This happy Vale the *Elizium* of the World, blessed with an eternal Spring. Thou art highly obliged to the Sultan for the Liberty he hath given thee to visit the Place of thy Cradle,

and to sojourn so long among thy Kindred. Thy Father was famous in that Country for hunting of Lions, and other Beasts of Prey. I have heard some of our Tribe praise his Valour and Dexterity, in the Chase of those fierce Animals. They told me, that in the Space of two Years, he had presented the Beglerbeg with twenty Lions Heads, killed by his own Hand: That he had three tame ones in his House, which he had taken when Whelps, from a Lioness of prodigious Bulk. That the Walks of his House were hung with the Skins of Tygers, Panthers and Lions, the Trophies of his indefatigable Diligence, Skill and Courage, in Pursuit of wild Beasts. In a Word, they said, He was the most successful Hunter in all *Arabia*. If thou inheriteth his Inclinations as well as his Blood, (for they commonly go together) thou hath had a fair Time to range the Forests, and purge the Defart of those ravenous Creatures. Were it not for the Enmity of the Gnats, the East would be over run with these Savages. They say, This little despicable Insect destroy more Lions than all the Huntsmen in *Asia*. For swarming about them in the Heat of Summer, they chiefly fasten on their Eye-lids, which they sting so vehemently, that the Lions thinking to ease themselves by scratching, often tear their own Eyes out, and so are famished.

To understand well the different Natures of Beasts, is a Study fit for Kings. 'Twas the Glory of *Solomon* to be accurate in this Knowledge: And *Alexander the Great* had such an Esteem for it, that he bestowed on *Aristotle* the Philosopher eight hundred Talents, only for writing a Treatise of Animals. Our holy Prophet was eminent above all other Mortals, for his Familiarity with the brutal Generation, understanding their Qualities and Language, and often discoursing with them. When he lived in the Defart, a *Libbard* continually waited at the Door of his Cave and did all the Offices of a kind and faithful Servant. Such Grace is given but to few.

But I forget my own Opportunity, of venting my Affections to my Country and my Friends. I forget that I am writing to one who is newly come from *Arabia*. Would to God I could see thee, were it but for an Hour. I have a thousand Questions to ask about my Relations,

tations, and what Changes have happened since I was there.

But I must sacrifice these natural Fondnesses to the Will of Destiny. I am a double Exile : And since it is for the Service of the Grand Signior, I am resigned.

Adieu, happy Minister ; and if Mahmut may be admitted sometimes to mingle with the Train of thy better Thoughts, he shall count himself happy where-ever he is.

Paris, 2d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER VI.

To Hussein Bassa.

THE taking of *Retimo* in *Candy*, has filled the *Nazarenes* with apprehensions of greater Calamities.

The first fortunate Strokes in a War, make deep Impressions on the Enemy ; the Vulgar looking on them as the Index of their future Destiny. But repeated Successes chill their Vitals, bereave them of Courage and Hope, leaving them nothing but ominous Portents, and superstitious Presages of their approaching Ruin. So hard a thing it is to judge of Human Events, without being carried into Extremes. They already give over the whole Island for lost. I wish and believe it may prove true. Yet at the same time I know the Fortune of War is uncertain, and another Campaign may repair or revenge the Damage they have sustained in this and the former.

The *Venetians* lost five thousand Men before the Walls of that Town among whom was General *Cornaro*, the Viceroy of the Island, slain in the first Onset, besides what were killed by our Soldiers when they entered with the retreating *Candiots*, and sacrificed all to the Heat of Martial Passion.

But that which appeared most ominous to their Cause, no the present Damage were less, was the falling out of the Supraveditor, and the Provveditor of the Isle : Who

not agreeing about the Extent of their different Commissions, form'd two Parties; between whom there happened a furious Encounter, in which four hundred were slain on both Sides.

These sinister Events occasioned the Republick to make fresh Applications to the Court of *France*; and an Ambassador is sent from this Crown to *Constantinople*, in order to mediate a Peace. They call him *Monsieur de Varannes*, a Man of a presumptuous Disposition, and who delights to attempt difficult Things. When there could not be found a Person, willing to undertake a Negotiation, which carries so little Probability of succeeding, this Gentleman, in a Bravado, offered himself; telling the Queen that he made no doubt of so representing Matters to the Grand Signior, as would infallibly produce a Peace.

It had been easy for Cardinal *Mazarini* (whose Counsel the Queen follows in all Things) to have hindred this Man's Voyage. But those who are acquainted with the Pique that is between them, conclude, That the Cardinal consented to his Commission, on purpose to lay a Train for his future Disgrace; as knowing the Boldness of his Temper, was far from being seconded with equal Wisdom and Conduct; and that though he was prone to undertake great and hazardous Actions, yet he never had the good Fortune to accomplish any thing of Moment.

They that know this Gentleman's Character, say, That any Example will encourage him to rush into Labyrinths and Perils. And where Examples are wanting, he is ambitious to be made one himself. He fears not to tread in the Footsteps of such as have miscarried in the most desperate Enterprizes; but promises himself Success, where a Thousand have failed. In fine, he is esteemed the rashest Man living.

I send thee this Description of the *French* Ambassador that thou mayest communicate it to the Sovereign Divan. It will be no small Advantage, to know the Temper and Qualifications of foreign Ministers, residing at the august Port: Especially at this Juncture, whereon the Fate of Christendom depends. Besides, there cannot be too great Caution used, to obviate the subtle Trains of Cardinal

Mazarini,

Mazarini, who, I fear, is contriving no kind Offices to the *Ottoman* Empire.

I kiss the Hem of thy Vest, illustrious Bassa, and bid thee adieu.

Paris, 2d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER VII.

To the same.

THE Captain Bassa has the Reputation of a good Seaman among the *French*. They highly applaud his expeditious Relief of *Canea*, and no less commend the Secrecy with which he landed his Army, and took the town of *Retimo*. The *French* are generally great Criticks in Military Affairs, and are not so partial to the Honour of the Christians, as to deny the Praises that are due to an expert Leader among the *Mussulmans*. Yet they are inconstant, and seldom retain the same Sentiments long. Every Circulation of their Blood, begets new Friendships, new Opinions, new Censures. In this they seem to inherit the Vices of the ancient *Gauls*, as well as their Country.

A *Roman* Emperor, who made War in this Nation, hath left excellent Memoirs behind him; wherein among other Things, he describes the Nature of the *Gauls*, their Dispositions, and genial Inclinations. He that shall read his Writings which were penned above sixteen hundred Years ago, and shall converse with the present *French*, will easily conclude, That the latter are a living Transcript of the former; and that their Humour and Actions are exactly copied from his Words. Yet in nothing does the Character of the primitive *Gauls*, suit more truly to the present Inhabitants, than in their furious Onsets in a Battle, and their equal Readiness to Flight. Their first Assault

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seems to speak 'em more than Men, their second, less than Women; and they seldom venture on a third.

Wilt thou know then, how they obtain so many signal Victories? It is by Stratagem and Money. Where they cannot circumvent their Enemies, they corrupt a Party of 'em with Bribes and Pensions. Thus they purchase their Conquests, with a more powerful Metal than Steel. The Force of Gold to which all Things yield, lays Cities and Provinces at the Feet of this invincible Monarch.

But, I pray Heaven, so to prosper the Armies of the Empire founded on Virtue, that this Infidel Prince, and all the *Nazarenes*, may experience their Gold to be as ineffectual as their Swords, against the Valour and just Revenge of the true Believers.

Paris, 2d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER VIII.

*To the Venerable Mufti, Sovereign Guide of
the true Believers.*

THOU who art all Goodness, the Arch-Type of Clemency and Virtue, wilt not number me among the importunate, for so often troubling thee with Disputes of our holy Law. I ask thee no common Questions, neither am I captious, seeking Occasions to darken what is apparent, or invalidate the Testimony of him who touched the Hand of God. I revere the holy Oracles, and the Book not dictated on Earth. Every Chapter I read in the Alcoran, makes me bless the Angel who took so many Flights, to bring down the sacred Pages from Heaven. And my Reverence is encreased towards that Volume of Glory, when I consider it was not hastily composed; every Versicle being the Product of Divine Premeditation. Doubtless it excels all the

Writings

Writings in the World. No Scripture, before or since, hath approached to the mysterious Elegance of those Cœlestial Lines. Yet methinks I find a great Profundity of Wisdom in the Treatises of the Antients.

Thou wilt say, my Station requires me to read Men more than Books being not sent hither to contemplate, but to act for the Interest of my Master and the *Ottoman* Empire. 'Tis true my Business is now to unravel the Designs of the Infidels; but bear with me, if I tell thee, that in order to this I took no wrong Course, when in my younger Years I applied myself to Books which are but Men turned inside out, or metamorphosed into Letters; against, whom, thus surviving themselves the Stroke of Death cannot prevail.

Those who have erected Statues of Gold, Silver, Brasses, or Marble, to the Memory of departed Heroes, can but transmit the Effigies of their Bodies to Posterity; which, thou knowest, is the ignobler Part of Man. And herein they come short of the *Egyptians*, who have the Art of preserving the Bodies themselves incorruptible for a thousand Generations. But they who left their Writings to Posterity, have obliged the World with an immortal and lively Image of their Mind: This is properly the Man, and lives for ever; when the Body is consumed in the Grave, and the Statue perhaps is eat up by Time, or demolished by Envy.

Pardon this Digression, oraculous and unerring Mouth of God. I have a great deal to say, and cannot comprehend it in few Words. It has been enjoined by our holy Doctors, That a Mussulman should not read the Books of prophane Infidels. But tell me, thou who art the Resolver of Doubts, whether this Precept is extended to all, without Exception; or, whether a Dispensation may not be allowed to such as read those Books with one Eye, whilst the other is fixed on the Law, which balances the Mind with Truth? The Alcoran tells us, that the Devil has inserted some Falsities in the best Writings: But, is it not possible for a Man to separate the Good from the Bad? I read in the Book of Glory, many remarkable Things concerning *Alexander the Great*: But is it unlawful also to peruse what hath been writ by others, of the Life of that

famous Warrior, and holy Prophet ? Both *Grecian* and *Roman* Historians have related his Adventures in *Asia*, his Battles with *Darius* the *Persian* Monarch, and *Porus* the *Indian*. They praise his Continnence and modest Regard to *Syfgambis* and her Daughters, when they were his Captives ; his inviolable Friendship to *Ephestion*, whilst living, and the affectionate Tears he shed for him after his Death. Yet they condemn him of cruel Ingratitude, for sacrificing *Clitus* to his Choler, and the Fumes of Wine, who was a faithful Friend, a valiant Soldier, and once had saved his Life in a Battle. They cannot pass over the Burning of *Persepolis*, without some Reflections on the unmanly Softness of this Warrior ; who to please his Concubine, gave Orders that the fairest and most magnificent City in *Asia* should be set on Fire. The *Persians* boast, that that City was built all of Cedar ; that *Cyrus* had only displanted not only Mount *Libanus*, but the choicest Nurseries of that fragrant Wood, through all *Asia*, to build this glorious City, in Emulation of *Solomon* King of the *Jews*, who was by other Princes thought to value himself too high, for building the Temple of *Jerusalem* of the same Materials. They add, That *Alexander* found in this City ninety Millions of Caracks of Gold ; that after the Debauch was over, and the Flames had consumed to Ashes this Phoenix of *Asia*, the Conqueror wept, and commanded the Money he had found there should be expended in raising another in its room, more glorious than the former : But that *Thais*, who had persuaded him to ruin it, was the only Obstacle to its Re-edification. For such was her Empire over this Monarch, that he could deny her nothing.

What I have said of *Persepolis*, is recorded by *Persian* Historians ; other Writers make some mention of it, but not so particularly. There are some also who mention his demolishing of *Tyrus*, a City so antient, that it is said to be first built by one of the Grand Children to *Noah*, of whom, thou knowest, the *Alcoran* speaks often. They tax him also with Cruelty, in causing two thousand of the chief *Tyrians* to be crucified, as a Sacrifice to *Hercules*. Thou art best able to judge, whether this be agreeable

able to Truth ; for what Mussulman will believe, that the victorious Prophet was guilty of so barbarous an Idolatry ?

The Method he took to subdue this impregnable City, is an Argument of his invincible Courage ; and that there is nothing impracticable, to a Mind armed with Resolution and Perseverance.

Tyrus was situated above half a Mile in the Sea, when the *Macedonian* demanded a Surrender. The Citizens trusting to the Strength and Height of the Rock whereon they lived, (for it was a perfect Island) and to their Distance from the Shore of the Continent, bid Defiance to him, whom God had ordained to subdue all Nations, between the Extremities of *India* and the Pillars of *Hercules*. The Conqueror, enflamed at their Refusal of offered Peace, prepares for an Assault. He attempted, without the Miracles of *Moses*, to make a Path for his Army through the Sea. He followed the Steps of the *Babylonian* Monarch, who not three Ages before, had joined the proud Nest of Merchants to the firm Land. Twice his industrious Soldiers raised a Causeway above the Waves to the very Walls of *Tyrus* ; and as often was their Labour defeated, by the watchful *Tyrians*. When the third time he proved successful ; and in spite of all their Resistance by Fire and Sword, after a Siege of six Months, he scaled the Walls of that Queen of Maritime Cities ; and convinced the World, that no human Force could put a Stop to his Conquests, whom Destiny had appointed to chastise the Nations of the Earth.

The Chapter in the Alcoran, which speaks of this renowned Worthy, tells us, *That he marched so far Eastward 'till he came to a Country where the Sun rises*. This Passage the Christians ridicule, saying, that the Sun rises and sets in all Countries, and that there is no stated Point of East and West, in the Fabrick of the World ; since the same Place which is East of one Country, is West of another. Thus the Despisers of our holy Law cavil at the Alcoran, and say, 'tis composed of *old Wives Tales* ; a rude indigested Collection of Eastern Romances, and superstitious Fables, calculated for the Meridian of Ignorance, first promulged in the savage and unpolished Deserts of

Arabia, and afterwards propagated by the Sword through those Countries; whose Vices had banished their Learning, and rendered them flexible to a Religion, whose highest Pretensions consisted in gratifying the Senses.

These Criticks consider not at the same time, that they argue against the Old and New Testament, (which is esteemed the Alcoran of the Christians) wherein there is often mention made of the rising and going down of the Sun; of East and West, as proper Points or Marks, from which to take the Situation of Countries. Assuredly in this they are captious: for though there be no stated Point of East or West in the Globe, yet *India* being the nearest Region of this Continent, to that Part of the Horizon where the Sun daily first appears, it hath not without Reason, gained the additional Epithet of East. And 'twas here the *Macedonian* Hero wept, because he could conquer no farther, unless he would have begun a War with the Fish of the Sea.

There are many other Passages related of *Alexander's* Temperance, Moderation, Justice, Fortitude, and such like Virtues; and something of his Vices. But I will not fire thee with all that is said of this invincible Monarch; nor trace him in all his Marches through *Asia*. I will not trouble thee with what they say of his Journey into *Egypt*, and aspiring to be called the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*; his being poisoned at *Babylon*, in the height of all his Triumphs; and the cantonizing his Empire, among his chief Captains. Whatsoever in those Histories is agreeable to the holy Alcoran, I acquiesce to; what is repugnant to that Summary of Truth, I reject as a Fable.

Tell me, thou sovereign Resolver of Doubts, whether on these Terms I may not read the Writings of Infidels? Books are a Relief to the Mind oppressed with Melancholy, and especially Histories, which also bring Profit, by rightly informing us of the Transactions of past Ages: So that things, which were done thousands of Years ago, are made present to us. Where then is the Crime in reading these Memoirs of the Ancients? Is it not consistent with the Faith of a Mussulman to read these Histories, because they were penned by Heathens? Must we reject all that the Pagans did or said? Why then are the Works

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of *Plutarch* had in such Veneration by the Princes of our Law? I tell thee, I not only read *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Xenophon*, *Polybius*, with many other Historians that were Pagans, but I improve by their Writings. Such rare Examples of Virtue, such illustrious Patterns of Justice, such solid Precepts of Morality as these Authors abound with, cannot in my Opinion, hurt any Man, who desires to square his Life by the best Rules.

I read also the Poets, whose Fables and Parables, seem to me but to veil many excellent and profitable Maxims of human Life.

The Story of the Birth of *Typhon*, his warring with *Jupiter*, and his final Overthrow, denotes the monstrous Rise of Factions in a State, and their Ruin.

The *Cyclops* being employed by *Jupiter* in making Thunderbolts, and killing *Æsculapius*, for which they themselves were afterwards slain by *Apollo*, intimates the Use which Sovereign Princes make of cruel, covetous and unjust Officers; who when they have fulfilled the Pleasure of their Masters, are abandoned by them to the Revenge of the oppressed Subjects. This is commonly experienced in all Monarchies, and especially in the mighty Empire in the *Ottomans*; where the *Bassas*, though the Grand Signior, for the Ends of State, connives a while at their unjust Oppression of the Mussulmans under their Government, yet in due time, to shew his Abhorrence of their Villanies, consigns 'em over to the Executioner, Thou knowest to whom the Bow-string was sent last; I wish his Successor may not equally merit it.

Aæon's being devoured by his Dogs, only for seeing *Diana* in a Bath, might have served as a Warning to *Useph* the Black Eunuch, who could not restrain his Tongue from babbling out the private Amours of Sultan *Ibrahim*. It was Danger enough to know the Secret; but to divulge it, was a sure Way to incur the Revenge of the Prince.

Not much unlike was his Error, who though he did not report it to others, yet had the Presumption to check his Sovereign to his Face, and reproach him with Luxury. Had he been acquainted with the Fable of *Endymion* and the Moon, it would perhaps have taught him, that it is not the Part of a Favourite to take Notice of his

Master's

Master's stolen Pleasures, but rather to invite him sometimes from the Toils of State, and unbend his Mind with Recreations.

There are many other profitable Remarks hidden under the Fictions of the Poets; which, tho' they may seem mysterious at first View, yet being examined with a little Attention, prove as easy to be understood, as the Hieroglyphicks were of old by the *Egyptians*, who knew no other Letters.

God, the first Intellect, who imprinted his Mind on Tablets of Marble, in Letters of *Arabick*, and writ the Decalogue with a Beam of his Glory; having also inspired all Nations with the Knowledge of Letters, grant, That whilst I read the Records of the *Gentiles*, I may not forget the Precepts of the *Alcoran*.

Paris, 23^d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER IX.

To Muret Bassa.

A Courier came to this City last Night, bringing News of the taking of *Courtray* by the *French* Army. There is a considerable Town in *Flanders*, and commands a great part of the Country. The Duke of *Orleans* invested it on the ninth of the last Moon, and on the eighteenth lay down before it with the whole Army. The *Spanish* Generals hastened to its Relief, and brought thirty thousand Men of six Nations, to combat with the *French*. But they quarrelled about Precedency of Post. High Words passed between the Duke of *Lorraine* and General *Lamboy*. Thus, while they spent their Time in needless Contests, the *French* took the Town: and having left a strong Garrison there, part of the Army commanded by the *Mareschal de Grammont*, is marched to join the *Hollanders*, with design to attack *Antwerp*; and the rest follow the Duke of *Orleans*, who, they

they say, intends to besiege *Mardike*. This is a Sea Town that has nothing in it considerable enough to tempt a Conqueror, save the Haven, which is of great Importance in those Seas.

We have had no Rains here these three Moons, which makes the People fear a Famine. Provisions of all Sorts are very dear; and those who have great Quantities of Corn will not bring it to the Markets. The Fruits are all blasted, and a Distemper rages in the City, which fills all Places with Death and Mourning. The Cattle drop down dead in the Fields, and the Rivers are almost dried up. Men languish and wither, as if parched up by some inward Fire. Fearful Apparitions are seen in the Air; each Night brings forth new Prodigies. The People lament the present, and presage greater Calamities to come. While *Mahmut* perseveres unmoved, and neither molests himself nor others, about the inevitable Decrees of Destiny. I keep in the Path of my Duty, without turning to the Right Hand or to the Left. I serve the Grand Signior faithfully: I pray for his Health, and for the Welfare of the Empire. I neither give Alms to the Infidels, nor do them any Injuries. In fine, if I cannot reap any Profit from other Mens Virtues, I take Care their Vices shall do me no Harm.

It is said there will be a Procession here shortly, whereas the King, the Queen Regent, and the whole Court will assist bare Foot, for an Example to others. The Body of a certain Female Saint, whom they esteem the Patroness of this City, will be taken out of the Church where it lies, and will be carried with the other Reliques of Saints through the Streets of *Paris*, to atone the Wrath of Heaven, which seems to be kindled against them.

In the mean Time I pray Heaven to send down its Blessings on the *Ottoman* Empire, and preserve the true Faithful from the three Scourges of God.

Paris, 23d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER X.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

I Perceive thou hast followed the Advice I formerly gave thee, to read Histories, wherein thy Letter speaks thee very conversant. Thou wilt have no Reason to repent of a Labour that affords so agreeable a Diversion, especially to a Soldier and a Statesman. Thy open the Graves, and call forth the dead, without disturbing their Repose; and present to us those Heroes living, talking and acting great Things, whose Bodies have lain buried in Silence and Obscurity many Ages. They introduce us into the Closets of Princes, revealing their most secret Counsels. They make us familiar with the Intrigues of Politicians, and the Stratagems of Warriors. In fine, there is nothing publick or private, in the Courts or Camps of the greatest Monarchs, to which an Historian is a Stranger.

I applaud the Choice thou hast made of Grecian Histories, and others of the East, yet I counsel thee, not to neglect those of the West. The ancient Roman Writers are full of rare Examples; and modern France which emulates all great and glorious Undertakings, takes equal Care to commit to Posterity, the Lives of illustrious Persons. I say not this, in Contempt of other Countries in Europe. The Christians of these Parts in general are accurate Historians. They are universally Learned, in regard there is no Kingdom in Europe, where they have not Schools and Academies, where all Languages and Sciences are taught. The Plough-men in the Fields speak Latin and Greek; which thou knowest are now grown obsolete, and no where to be learned but in Books. The Mechanics are Philosophers; and every Man sets up for an Historian, or an Antiquary. It was not so in former Times, when the Ecclesiasticks had engrossed all manner of Learning to themselves, except some few of the Nobility and Gentry, who had the Advantage of Patrimonial Libraries, and Leisure to apply themselves to Study. For then it was

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difficult to purchase Books; there being but few; and for those, they were obliged to the Labour of the Scribe. Hence it came to pass, that only such as had Plenty of Money, and a strong Inclination to Knowledge, monopolized the choicest Manuscripts into their Hands, and bequeathed them as a Legacy to their Offspring. But, since the Invention of Printing, Books are infinitely multiplied, grown cheap and common: And those Histories and Sciences, which before were shut up in the *Latin*, *Greek*, or some other of the *Oriental* Languages, are now translated into the vulgar Speech of every Nation; whereby the lowest Sort of People who can but read, have the Privilege to become as knowing as their Superiors, and the Slave may vie for Learning with his Sovereign. This makes the *Nazarenes* upbraid the true Faithful with Ignorance and Barbarism, because Printing is not suffered throughout the *Mussulman* Empire. They consider not the bad Consequences of this Art, as well as the good: And that the Liberty of the Press has filled the World with Errors and Lies: Besides, they are Strangers to the Education of the *Mussulmans*, who are generally taught the *Arabick* and *Persian* Tongues from their Childhood: In which two Languages, how many famous Histories have been writ? There is no Point of useful Wisdom, which is not comprized in the Writings of the Eastern Sages. And as for unprofitable Treaties and Pamphlets, with which the *Europeans* abound, they are superfluous and burdensome, bringing a double Loss both to Writer and Reader; while they rob them of their Time and Money, and commit a Rape on their Understandings. Add to this, the fatal Effects which this depraved Indulgence of Printing has produced in Christendom. What Sacrileges, Massacres, Rebellions, and Impieties, have overflowed most Parts of the West in this licentious Age? What Hatred among Christians, what Seditions among Subjects, Diversities in Religion, Contempts of all Law, both Divine, Natural, and those of Nations? The Vices, at which former Times would have blushed; nay, at the very naming of which our Fathers would have started, as at a Prodigy, are in these Days committed openly, without Shame, without Contradiction; whilst there
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are Authors who dare publickly assert the Cause of Impiety, and patronize all manner of Prophanations.

But thou, who hast the Honour to guard the incorruptible Seat of Justice and Virtue, the bright Throne of the *Osman* Emperors, who are the Shadows of God on Earth, hast made such a Choice of Books, as commend thy Wisdom, and the Sincerity of thy Morals. Thou wilt not suffer thy Imagination to be tainted, with those enchanting Ideas of Evil, which are drawn by the Pens of some elegant Writers. All that thou seest in Books, is to inform thy Understanding, rectify thy Judgment, and enflame thy Affections with the Love of Virtue. To this End served the divine Precepts of our holy Doctors, and other learned Sages; the Writings of Philosophers, and the Examples of renowned Heroes. From these thou gatherest Strength, to practise the four maternal Virtues, and all the good Qualities that spring from those Roots.

Go on, and increase in the Graces and Accomplishments, which shall render thee worthy to be made the Subject of a particular History; while the old shall recommend, and the young shall covet, nothing more passionately, than to read the Life of *Cassim Hali*, Janiziar Aga.

Mahmut saluteth thee with a Kiss of Affection. Reverence thy self, and all Men will honour thee. So taught *Pythagoras*.

Paris, 17th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XI.

To the same.

I Had forgot to perform in my other Letter, what thou commandedst me. Yet knowing the Esteem thou hast for Women of Virtue and rare Endowments, and with what Pleasure thou readest their Stories, I should never
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send any Dispatch to thee, wherein there is not a Relation of some Heroine. I will be more diligent hereafter to observe the Disposition of my Superiors, and will endeavour to procure a Collection of the Lives and Characters of all the famous Women, that have been recorded in History. In the mean while, hear what the French say, of *Christina* Queen of *Swedeland*, of whom thou requirest a Description.

She is the only Daughter of *Gustavus Adolphus*, the most victorious Prince that ever govern'd that Nation, and one of the most successful Warriors in the World. As his whole Life was led in the Field, so there he received an honourable Death, being slain in the Battle of *Lutzen*: Some say by the Treachery of Duke *Albert*, who had in Appearance deserted the Emperor, and offered himself a Voluntier to *Gustavus Adolphus*. I formerly mentioned this Duke, and that he was killed by a *Swedish* Lady. If the Suspicion of the *Swedes* be well grounded, and that Duke *Albert* was really guilty of the Murder of *Gustavus*, it may be this was the Motive which brought those Amazons into the Field, to revenge the Death of their Prince. But it is impossible to be assured of the Truth, among so many different Opinions.

When the French speak of *Gustavus Adolphus*, they cannot restrain their Words on this Side a Panegyrick. They say, he was a Prince above all Praise. It is certain, his very Enemies admired his unimitable Courage, and matchless Fortune. I have sent thee the true Effigies of his Face, wherein thou wilt see a most agreeable Mixture of Majesty and Benignity, creating Respect and Love at the same Time in the Beholders. He was so familiar with every one, as if he had forgot himself, as well as he was a Stranger to Pride. He was a great Student in his Youth, and made himself Master of *Latin*, *French*, and *Italian*; being also perfectly skilled in Ancient and Modern Histories. He had a wonderful Faculty in discovering Impostors; a dextrous Wit in Time of Danger and Difficulty, being ready at Counsel, and swift in Execution; and as cunning at a Stratagem, as he was bold at an Onset. He was liberal to his Officers, and to all Men of Merit; but a severe Punisher of Disorders in his Army.

And

And that which crowned all the rest of his Virtues, his Piety to God was singular, and worthy of Remark. The *French* relate a memorable Saying of this King, when he was once in his Camp before *Werben*. He had been solitary in the Cabinet of his Pavilion some Hours together, and none of his Attendants durst interrupt him; till at length a Favourite of his having some important Matter to tell him, came softly to the Door, and looking in, beheld the King very devoutly on his Knees at Prayer. Fearing to molest him in that sacred Exercise, he was about to withdraw his Head, when the King spied him, and bid him come in; saying unto him, *Thou wonderest to see me in this Posture, since I have so many thousand of Subjects to pray for me. But I tell thee, that no Man has more need to pray for himself, than he, who being to render an Account of his Actions to none but GOD, is for that Reason more closely assaulted by the Devil, than all other Men beside.*

Gustavus was born in the Year 1594, at which Time, they say, a Comet was seen in the Form of a Sword, with its Point directed toward *Germany*; which the Astrologers of those Times interpreted as a Presage of that King's warlike Genius, and of his future Conquests in the Empire. He came to the Government before he had seen full seventeen Winters, and was cut off in the eight and thirtieth Year of his Age.

It is said, That a few Days before his Death, when his Soldiers received him with infinite Acclamations and all the Marks of an unusual and intemperate Joy, he seemed to be troubled at it, saying, *That he took that excessive Demonstration of his Soldiers Love, for an Omen of some approaching Disaster: And that he was assured GOD would, by taking him away, teach them, that there is no Confidence to be reposed in any Mortal.*

After the Death of *Gustavus*, the States of the Kingdom assembling, proclaimed *Christina* Queen; and, during her Minority, committed her to the Tutelage of five principal Officers of the Kingdom, who also took on them the whole Care of the Commonwealth.

She is perfect in seven Languages; well versed in Ancient and Modern Philosophy; and a complete Historian.

In fine, she has acquired the Title of the most learned Princess of her Time.

She is of a graceful and majestic Aspect; has a piercing Eye; wears Part of her Hair loose about her Temples, and flowing down in Curls to her Shoulders; the rest braided up behind, in Form of a Wreath. Thus is she represented by her Picture, which I have seen in a Gallery of Cardinal *Mazarini's* Palace, who professes a great Veneration for this Queen. Could I have purchased her Portraiture, as I did her Father's, I would have sent it thee: But all the Pencils in *Paris* are hardly sufficient to supply the Closets and Galleries of the Nobles, with this admired Figure. She is become the Idol of the *French*.

Many great Matches have been offered her, but she refuses all, either for Reasons of State, or Dislike of the Persons, or an Aversion she has for a married Life; or through Opposition of her Nobles, who seem to covet to be govern'd by a Maiden Queen. Soon after her Father's Death, the King of *Denmark* attempted to make her his Wife; but his Address was abruptly rejected.

No better Encouragement did the King of *Poland* lately meet with, who twice solicited the same thing for himself, and was as often repulsed. But this, it is thought, proceeded from some politick Reasons, he being descended of *Sigismund*, a former abdicated King of *Sweden*; all whose Posterity are for ever excluded from enjoying the *Swedish* Crown by a Law.

The *English* also gloried in a Virgin Queen the last Age: Her Name was *Elizabeth*, whom thou can'st not but have heard of. She was the Daughter of *Henry VIII.* King of that Nation. She was a Princess of an extraordinary Genius, remarkable for her Wit and Learning. It was one of her Subjects, who the first of all Mortals, sailed round the Globe: And, by his fortunate Service, she vanquished the reputed invincible Armada of *Spain*. She governed her Kingdom with such exquisite Conduct as made the greatest Potentates revere her Wisdom. It is to her Bounty the *United Provinces* owe the Rise of their present Grandeur and Riches; when they addressed this potent Queen in Form of humble Suppliants, entitling themselves, *The Poor Distressed States*. But now they are
High

High and Mighty, pushing for an Equality with Sovereign Princes.

I cannot comprize in a Letter all that may be said of this great Queen. Besides Historians vary in her Character. Those that speak most impartially, say, That she had extraordinary Virtues, yet was not free from great Vices. We must not expect in any Mortal, a Temper exempt from the common Malediction; much less in this Sex, whose natural Weakness claimeth our Indulgence and Excuse. It is admirable to see or hear of a Female, whose active Soul can disengage it self from the common Frailties of Women, and perform Things scarce below the Power of Masculine Virtue.

If thou thinkest my Letter too tedious, accuse thy self for commanding me to write of Persons whose uncommon Gifts and transcendent Virtues, the most accurate Historians can but render in Epitome; and the most durable Records of Fame will injure, in not being capable to transmit them to Eternity.

We ought not to contemn the Excellencies of the *Nazarenes*; who, though they are unhappy in not knowing the Alcoran, yet they have a Law engraven on their Hearts; which if they observe, they shall be in the Number of the Blessed.

I am no Stranger to thy Moderation and Justice, being fully satisfied that thou honourest Virtue, even in the most prejudiced Enemy of our holy Profession. Let the Furioso's among the Mussulmans or Christians say their Pleasure, thou and I shall be conformable to our holy Law giver, in believing, *That the innocent and good of all Religions shall have no Reason to tremble at the second Sound of the Trumpet.*

Paris, 17th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XII.

to the Selictar Aga, or Sword-Bearer to the
Grand Signior.

THE Duke of Orleans is newly returned from the Campaign in *Flanders*. He seems to be either tired with his Fatigues of War, or at least to be satisfied with his Exploits this Summer.

After the Conquest of *Courtray*, of which thou hast heard in the Divan, this Prince marched directly to *Mergues*, which he took, after a Siege of six Days. Then being joined by the Duke of *Enguien's* Forces, he lay down before *Mardike*. This Town had been in the *Spaniards* Possession ever since last Winter. Now it held out to a Miracle; but, after a stout Resistance, was at last forced to surrender. There were slain before it many of the chief Nobility of *France*. The *French* entered it, on the four and twentieth of the last Moon.

The Churches here are hung with Mourning, and the Escutcheons of the Heroes, who lost their Lives in the Field of Honour. The Bullets which know no Difference between the noble and the vulgar, seem in this Battle to have been directed by Art or Envy: As if the Flower of the Army had been culled out for Marks.

In a Letter to *Murat Bassa*, I gave an Account of a grievous Drought and Mortality in these Parts. Now Heaven seems to be pacified, and the Angel of Death has put up his Sword. Yet the Scarcity of Corn, and other Necessaries, continue still; only there is Plenty of Wine, which the Poor, who have most Need of it, abstain from, lest it should enrage their Appetites, already sharpened with Hunger, whilst they have little or nothing to eat.

Thou wilt wonder at the Diet of these miserable Wretches, whom Oppression and Poverty has forced to feed on Frogs and other Vermin; yet they extol it for aainty Dish. Both Poor and Rich reckon it a Feast, when

when they can make an Addition of a few Mushromes, which they commonly gather themselves. This is a Vegetable, of which the *Italian* Proverb says, *Mushromes well pickled with Spices, may do no Harm, but can do no Good.*

God, who has commanded us to separate the clean from the impure, and has taught us what we may eat without Pollution, grant, that we may not, either through Necessity, or to indulge our Appetites, taste of any thing, which has in it the least of the seven Maledictions.

Paris 14th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XIII.

To Abubechir Hali, Merchant in Aleppo.

THOU telleth me a tragical Story of one of thy Wives, that she is become a Fugitive, and gone away with thy Slave *Lorenzo*, whom I remember to have seen at thy House at *Constantinople*. Either thou wert too unkind to them both, or gavest them both too much Liberty: Whichsoever of these Ways thou hast exceeded, thou art in the Fault. Too great an Indulgence, either too a Wife or a Servant, makes them presumptuous: And too great Severity hardens them to Despair. However, since it is so, I advise thee to comfort thyself with this Thought, that thou art rid of two Evils. Had they proved faithful, they would not have merited that Title; but now they are neither worthy of thy Grief, nor of thy Revenge.

But if thou art resolved to pursue them, ask not my Counsel or Assistance in this Place, where I should have as much Reason to apprehend Danger as they. It is true, I know thy Slave; but were I to meet him in the Streets of this City, I should be very unwilling, by discovering him, to be made known my self. Besides, thy

Passion

passion has made thee forget, that the *Nazarenes* would commend his Wit, and rejoice in his Fortune, who being a Slave to one whom they esteem an Infidel, as now, by his wise Conduct, purchased both his liberty, and a beautiful Mate, with no small Treasure.

I rather advise thee, to apply thy self to *Jasmir Scire Rugiel*, the little Astrologer in *Aleppo*, who perhaps may tell thee some News of them. There is not a Star in the eighth Sphere can stir, without his being privy to it. And he pretends to behold in their Motions, whatever is done on Earth.

But to be serious, thy Slave was an ungrateful Fellow, thus to abuse all thy Favours. Thou hadst made him in a Manner Master of all thy Riches, only reserving thy Wives to thy self. And if the Desire of liberty tempted him to escape, he ought in Justice to have sacrificed his Lust to the Regards he owed thee. But every Slave is not a *Joseph*. *Lorenzo's* Villainy putteth me in mind of the Continnence of an *Italian* Marquis.

This young Lord fell in Love with a Dutchess of singular Beauty, but knew not how to make her sensible of it. At Length Fortune favoured him with an opportunity beyond his Expectation. One Evening, as he returned from hawking, he passed through the Fields of that Dutchess, bordering on the Palace. The Duke and his Wife, and she, were walking together, as the young Lord came by. The Duke seeing his Train, and that Game they had been at, asked him some Questions concerning their Sport, and being of an hospitable disposition, invited him into his Palace to take a Collation. Nothing could be more agreeable to the young Lover. He accepted the Offer, and here commenced an acquaintance, which made way in Time for an Affignation between the Dutchess and him. He was let into the Gardens one Night, and so conducted privately to her Chamber, where she lay ready in Bed to receive him. After some Compliments, the Dutchess said, *My Lord, you are obliged to my Husband for this Favour; who, soon as you were gone from our House, the first time we*

saw

saw you, gave you such Commendation, as made me conceive an immediate Passion for you. Is it true, Madam? (replied the young Lover already half undressed;) Then far be it from me, to be so ungrateful to my Friend. With that he put on his Garments again, and took his Leave.

But it cannot be expected that so much Virtue should be found in a Slave. I would not have thee vex thyself, for what cannot be recovered. Adieu.

Paris, 14th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XIV.

To Solyman his Cousin.

I Cannot approve thy Singularity, in prescribing to thyself a Rule of Life, different from that wherein thou wert educated, and from the laudable Manners of all true Believers. Thou hast not done well in deserting the publick Congregations of the Faithful, to follow the Superstitions of new upstart Sects; who, whilst they profess greater Purity than others, do secretly undermine the Credit of our holy Lawgiver, reproach all the Mussulmans throughout the World, and introduce Libertinism, and a Contempt of the Majesty which cannot behold Uncleaness.

Are they wiser than their Fathers, who for so many Ages have obeyed the sacred Traditions? Or, will they pretend to correct the Messenger of God? He commanded us to observe the Purifications taught by the Angel: Whence do these Innovators derive their new founded Authority, of dispensing with the positive Injunctions of Heaven? Will they enter into the Blasphemy of the Infidels? And say, the Prophet was a Seducer, and the Alcoran is but a Collection of Fables? If they believe the Pages replenished with Truth and Reason, why do they seek to retrench the divine Commandments, and traverse the

the Law transported from Heaven? Is it an Argument of their Piety, that they carve out to themselves such a Religion, as suits with their licentious Spirits? And, that they pick and chuse such Precepts, as indulge them most in a careless Life? Is this to be *Mussulmans*, that is, resigned, when they will not obey the sovereign Lawgiver of Heaven and Earth, but upon their own Conditions? Cousin, I counsel thee, to beware of these Schismatics; who by breaking the Unity of the true Believers, secretly oppose the eternal Unity it self, on which our mighty Empire is founded, and rests.

I am obliged to the Post, who waits at my Door, till I have finished my Dispatches. Therefore I cannot now answer thy Letter at large: Another Time expect a more ample Expostulation. Mean while, I advise thee, to return to the Practice from which thou art fallen: Go to the Assemblies of those, who pour out devout Oraisons; keep a clean Skin, and a pure Heart, and make not thy self a Companion of Swine.

Paris, 24th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XV.

To Hasnadar Bassy, Chief Treasurer to the
Grand Signior.

THIS Day *Paris* makes a Figure like ancient *Rome*; when that Mistress of the World honoured her Generals with publick Triumphs at their Return from the conquered Nations. The Streets are hung with Tapestry, and strewed with Laurels: The Shops are shut up. The young Men and Virgins are cloathed in their best Array. They walk up and down in Consorts, singing the Duke of *Enguien's* Praise; whilst the old and decrepid sit at their Doors to see the Hero make his Entry, and rehearse the Memoirs of their former Years. With Tears

of Joy they heap Blessings on the victorious Youth, as he rides along: And throwing their Age and Crutches by for a while, they consecrate the rest of the Day to the publick Jubilee.

Wouldst thou know the Occasion of all this Joy: It is to welcome this Prince home from the successful Toils of War. For let his Courage and Conduct be what it will, if he had made a fruitless Campaign, his Entertainment had been different. But Fortune has been propitious to him; and the happy Event of his Arms, crowns him with Glory.

After the Departure of the Duke of Orleans from the Camp, the Command of the whole Army devolved on this General, whose fiery Genius would not let him rest, till he had done something worthy of the Character he aimed at.

His first Attempt was on a Place of no great Strength, called *Furnes*, which he took with Ease. Then he marched to *Dunkirk*, one of the strongest Towns in *Europe*. There was in it at that Time, a Garrison of twenty five hundred Foot, and three hundred Horse, commanded by a Nobleman of great Valour. I think they call him the Marquis *de Leide*. This Governor did so many brave Things in Defence of this Place, as even surpassed his own Fame, and the Expectations of others, though both were very great. Yet at length he was forced to yield to the Courage and Fortune of the young Duke; and that at a Time when the other *Spanish* Generals were coming to his Relief. The Town was surrendered on the 7th of this Moon. And the Duke having left the necessary Commands to the Mareschals his Lieutenants, is come home to receive the Acclamations of the People, the Honour of a publick Triumph, and the particular Caresses of the King, and the whole Court. Amidst all this Applause and Glory, he must be content to stand the Shock of Envy, which always endeavours to lessen the Reputation of the brave and heroick.

As for *Mahmut*, he neither envies nor admires the fading Honours of Mortality: Knowing, That when a Man is on the highest Pinnacle of human Glory, he stands uneasy;

uneasy; nor can he descend from thence, but by a Precipice.

Paris, 24th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XVI.

To Ibrahim Haly Cheik, a Man of the
Law.

IF it be a Sign of a flourishing State, when Vices are suppressed, one would presage, That *Paris* is in a thriving Condition. The Governor of this City has newly published an Edict, forbidding all Stews and Brothel-Houses, under severe Penalties; banishing all Harlots, and such as by the Toleration of the Government have hitherto made a Profession of Whoredom, getting a Livelihood by debauching the Youth of the City. This appears a great Novelty to the *French*, who in this Matter have been permitted all along to live in an unbridled Licentiousness. The lewder Sort exclaim with open Mouth against this unseasonable Rigour, (as they call it) and those who are ashamed to appear publick Advocates for Harlots, yet privately murmur against their Superiors, for retrenching a Liberty, without which, they say, their Lives would be uncomfortable.

They give a very favourable Character of a Whore; calling her, *A certain kind Creature, born to mitigate the Labours, and soften the Cares of human Life.* They plead, That such Women are necessary Members of a Commonwealth; whilst with their Caresses, they restrain libidinous Youth from falling into greater Enormities: That the State receives no small Profit from the Tribute which is levied on these Houses of Pleasure; and that therefore they have been, and are permitted in all Countries. That the holy Father himself tolerates an infinite Number of them in *Rome*, which nevertheless has acquired the Title of the Holy City. That all the Princes in

Italy have followed his Example, there being no other Way to prevent Adulteries, Incests, and the Vice which ought not to be named. That the State regarded not the Morality or Immorality of Mens Actions, any farther than they tended to the publick Welfare: And in fine, that so vast a Number of Priests, and Religious, served for no other End, but to atone by their Sacrifices, Prayers, Alms, and Fastings, for the Sins of the People.

These are the Discourses of such as patronize the Corruption of Government; and are unwilling to be weaned from a Wickedness, established by immemorable Custom in the City. But those who cherish an Esteem for Virtue, and an incorrupt Life, applaud the Wisdom and Resolution of the Magistrate, saying, That he deserves a Statue to be erected to his Memory, who first had the Courage to check this popular Evil, and introduce an Integrity of Manners.

I, who was bred in the Profession of Purity, and the Law which admits no Pollution, cannot but acquiesce to the Sentiments of the latter; our holy Law-giver having expressly forbidden the Practice of Uncleanness and Fornication with Strangers, and Women that prostitute themselves to all Lovers. It being sufficient, That to gratify human Passion, and to sweeten the Toils of Life, he has indulged us the Use of four Wives, and as many other Females as we can purchase, either by the Sword, or Money.

Adieu, sage Cheick; and, if I have interrupted thy more important Studies with so trivial a Subject, believe, That it is for want of a proper Occasion to signify to thee, how much thou art in my Thoughts, and that I would not have our Friendship die, through too long Silence.

Paris, 24 of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XVII.

To Mustapha, *Bassa* of Silistria.

THE Fortune of War has ravished *Asac* from the Grand Signior, but has not robbed thee of the Glory thou acquiredst three Years ago in the Conquest of that City, nor sullied thy present Arms with any Marks of Disgrace, that were of late so vigorously employed to relieve it. Had the *Muscovites* performed the same Part, when thou didst encircle that Nest of Pyrates with the *Ottoman* Forces as they have now done, the *Cossacks* would not then so tamely have abandoned their native Seat, and left the Characters of their Despair, imprinted in the Ruins of their Habitations. The Protection of that potent Crown, has given them new Vigour; and it is to the Valour of those *Northern* Salvages, they owe the Liberty they now enjoy, to sit by their own Fires.

The *Muscovites* are a fierce and warlike Nation, inured to Hardships from the Womb. The Midwives plunge the new-born Infants in cold Water; and if they out-live not that Trial, the Mother thinks her Child not worth a Tear. The Women have no partial Tenderesses for their Babes, but cherish all for the Service of their Country. They teach them, when young, to roll in Snow, and bathe themselves in Ice dissolved to Water. They make them familiar with the Extremities of Heat and Cold, Hunger, Thirst and Labour, that when they come of Age, and can bear Arms, they may go boldly to the Wars, and bravely throw their Lives away to serve the publick Good. In this they seem to revive the Wisdom of the ancient *Spartans*, who gloried in nothing so much as in educating their Youth hardily, and free from the effeminate Softnesses of other Nations. They esteemed Infancy and Youth the Spring-time of good Manners, when Virtue is in the Blossom: If that be nipped or blasted, the Fruit must prove abortive, and unprofitable.

Therefore they took Care to season their early Years with wholesome Instructions, and masculine Exercifes.

Who, among the warlike *Osmans*, does not laugh at the unmanly Education of the *Persian* Sophis, who being for so many Years confined to the Company and Discipline of Females, seem fitter to be made Overseers of a Nursery, than to ascend a Throne?

But thou wilt say, I take large Leaps from the North of *Europe*, to one of the most Southern Tracts in *Asia*. I was discoursing of the *Muscovites*, and the Assistance they afforded the *Cossacks* in recovering *Asac*. I passed from thence to the Manner of their Education. Permit me now to divert thee with something peculiar and uncommon, in the Character of the *Russian* Women. I am acquainted with a Gentleman in this City, who has travelled through all that Part of *Europe*, and resided some Years at *Moscow*. He says, the *Russian* Wives think themselves not beloved by their Husbands, unless they beat them every Day. They take his Correction as a Mark of his Favour and Esteem. If these silly Females are angry or peevish, he has no other Way to court them into a better Humour, but by Stripes. This is the only convincing Argument of his Sovereignty over them, the Demonstration of his Manhood, the Charm which fastens both their Love and Obedience.

He highly applauds the absolute Resignation which this People shew to their great Duke, in that they pretend not to possess their Estates and Lives, but through his Favour, and during his Pleasure. He says, the Succession of the Czars, or great Dukes of *Russia*, was in former Times determined after this Manner. A great Stone was placed in a large Field, belonging to the City of *Moscow*: When any Czar died, his Sons, or the next of Kin, were conducted into this Field, and placed all at an equal Distance from the Stone. Then, at a certain Signal given, they all ran together toward it; and he that first reached it, so as to stand on the Top of it, was established in the Throne.

The Reverence which these People pay to their Prince, may, in Part, be ascribed to his seldom appearing

pearing in Person to them, and then surrounded with his Boyars or Nobles, in the most magnificent Equipage that can be supposed proper, to strike a Terror and Awe into his Subjects, and cause them to honour him, as little less than a God. The Eyes of the Vulgar are dazzled with so many Splendors, of Silver, Gold and Jewels; and when the great Duke makes his solemn Appearance, or Cavalcade, they are almost ready to think, that Heaven has descended to Earth, to do them the Honour of a Visit. These are the Arts of *Russian* Policy, by which such an infinite Number of People are charmed into an Obedience to the Sovereign. Doubtless the Majesty of a King, receives no small Lustre from external Ornaments; the Multitude being captivated with whatsoever is gay and glittering. Yet our glorious Sultans scorn to borrow Advantage from, or owe their Grandeur to, any Thing but their exalted Blood, and sublime, innate Virtues.

But every Nation have their peculiar Customs, and distinct Reasons of State. The Constitution of all Governments is not alike. The Model of *Lacedæmonian* Policy, would suit ill with *Athens*.

Thou, whose Education was in the Royal Seraglio of the *Osman* Emperors; who hast been instructed to imitate the Bee, which sucks Honey from every Flower: Thou, that knowest how to make a Choice of good Examples, and to reject the ill; practise the Valour of one Nation, the Prudence of another, the Frugality of a third; so shalt thou be consummate in Virtue, and acquire thy self a good General.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XVIII.

To Solyman Kyzlar Aga, Chief of the Black Eunuchs.

I Am just now returned to my Chamber, from the Palace of the King. As I passed along the Streets, I saw in every Face the Signatures of a profound Sorrow, which seems to have diffused itself over their whole Bodies; for both the Court and City have put on Mourning, for the Death of *Henry Bourbon*, late Prince of *Conde*.

He was not full sixty Years of Age, when he left this visible World, to be new-born in a Region utterly unknown to Mortals. The *French*, not without Reason, lament the Loss of a Man, who to speak the least of him, buoyed up the domestick Interest of this Kingdom, which seemed otherwise inclined to totter. He was the Balance which poised the different Passions of the Court and City, by his Prudence and Justice, calming both into a peaceable Mediocrity.

He was born some Moons after his Father's Death, whom the most execrable Method of murdering would not suffer to spin out those Years which Nature would have indulged him, being snatched away by Poison.

Henry IV. so long as he remained without Issue fixed his Eyes on this posthumous young Prince, and gave him an Education suitable to one whom Fate had designed to be the Heir of the Crown. Yet afterwards Jealousy cooled his Affection, when the Prince had married *Charlotte* the Duke of *Montmorency's* Daughter, whom *Henry IV.* loved to a Degree of Passion.

It is dangerous to have a sovereign Prince one's Rival in Love. That Match had well nigh ruined the young Prince of *Conde*. He was forced to fly into *Holland* with his Princess, and make that Province the Sanctuary of her Honour. From thence he travelled through *Germany*, and

re-

returned not to *France*, till after the Murder of *Henry IV.*

During the Minority of *Lewis XIII.* he headed the Factions, affecting to become popular. Were it not for his Ambition, his Life had been without Blemish, and he might have blown out *Diogenes* his Mid-day Candle. But no Man is free from Fault. All the Difference between the virtuous and vicious, consists in this, That one commits fewer Crimes than the others, and those not by Intention or Habit, but through the insuperable Proclivity of Nature. Every Man has his genial Vices, his constitutional Errors; and though he may appear a Saint in all Things else, yet in these he will still be a Sinner.

He suffered five Years Imprisonment in the Bastille, which is a Place put to the same Use, as the Castle of the Seven Towers in *Constantinople*. The Princess his Wife was his Companion all the Time, and shared in his Misfortunes, as well as his Prosperity.

During that tedious Confinement, he became Father of a Daughter, who was afterwards married to the Duke of *Longueville*. And when he was set at Liberty, he begged the Duke of *Enguien*, now Prince of *Conde*, and the Prince of *Conti*.

The *French* speak well of the departed Prince. He was of a lively Spirit, chearful and affable in Conversation, mixing daily Recreations with his severer Business, regularly observing Order in all his Affairs. Yet they say he was covetous, having heaped up great Treasures by a Parsimony, which none of that Blood ever had before practised.

On his Death-bed he recommended two Things to the Practice of his Son, the Duke of *Enguien*; *Never to revenge a private Injury*; and, *Freely to hazard his Life, for the publick Good*.

I chose to transmit to thee the News of this Prince's Death, with this brief Account of his Life, and Character of his Disposition, in Regard thou hast seen him in *Germany*, and I remember to have heard thee speak in his Praise.

Continue to love *Mahmut*, who is never forgetful to oblige his Friends.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Posts from *Catalonia* came in last Night, laden with ill News from the Army, which has been forced to decamp from before *Lerida*, leaving the greatest Part of their Artillery to the *Spaniards*. That Place was always fatal to the *French*. Yet the Passion of the Court vents its self on the Count *d' Harcourt*, because he could not reverse the Decrees of Destiny. All his former meritorious Actions seem now to be cancelled by this one Disgrace, though it was unavoidable: So peevish are Princes, when their Expectations are crossed. Some suspect him guilty of private Correspondence; others tax him with Cowardice. All this is during the Heat of their Resentments: The same Persons, it may be, will change their Censure, when they consider, That he had lain before it seven Moons, even until the Trenches of his Camp were filled with Snow, and that his Soldiers died of Famine and Cold: For the Winter began to be insupportable, and the Country was barren of all Things necessary to sustain such an Army. I cannot see wherein this General deserves a Reproach; unless it be a Crime to be a Man, and to have the Command of such as are made of Flesh and Blood, as well as he.

In *Italy*, the *French* have taken *Piombino* and *Porto Longone*. This latter is the most important Town in the Isle of *Elbe*, yet was not able to sustain above nineteen Days Siege.

They say, There is a Fountain in this Island, whose Waters flow at the Sun-rising, but in the Evening are dried up. The Superstitious have odd Conceits of this Fountain,

Fountain, relishing of the ancient Pagan Vanities; but the Learned attribute it to Natural Causes. So the *Jews* tell of a River in the East, that stands still on the Seventh Day of the Week. This they adduce as a Confirmation of their Law, which commands them to rest from Labours on the Seventh Day, because on that Day God rested from forming the Creatures of the World. They say also, That the Satyrs, and other Monsters of the Desert, shun the Light of the Sun that Day, hiding themselves in Caverns of the Earth, and cursing the Sabbath because it surprized God before he had quite finished their Forms; for which Reason they are imperfect and monstrous to this Day.

The Divine Unity, who is the Root of all Numbers, and has consecrated the Number Seven to many mysterious Ends, grant, That neither thou, nor I, may forget the Answers we must give to the Seven Questions of the Porter of Paradise.

Paris, 7th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XX.

To Bajazet, Bassa of Greece.

IT appears to me, by evident Symptoms that there is some deep Design a-foot in this Court. The Grandees assemble often, and sit late. Extraordinary Couriers are sent out, and come in, at all Hours of the Night. Strange Reports are industriously spread about the City. Trading is at a Stand, the Banquiers reserved, and little Money stirring, which makes the Populace murmur. They complain of the Times, as is usual in publick Discontents: The old discourage and incense the young, by making Comparisons of this Age and Reign, with the happy Days of *Henry the Great*. They fill their Ears with golden Stories of former Times, and inspiring into them a Love of the past, they equally introduce a Hatred of the present Government. These are the common Artifices of Faction;
and

and though none appears yet under any distinct Name or Title, yet it is easy to prognosticate, from these Preludes, that e're long the Mask will be taken off, and Sedition will shew her self barefaced.

The other Day a Fellow run crying through the Streets, *God save the King, but the Devil take the Italian*. He was followed by a few, and those of the most contemptible. Yet no Officer or Magistrate in this City would cause him to be apprehended; or attempt to suppress the Mutiny he was raising. The Citizens smiled at his Boldness, and Money was brought him from unknown Hands: The Women blessed him as a Prophet, and the Virgins fell down before the Altars on his Behalf: The Temples were crowded with Votaries, or rather with the Fautors of this new Sedition; as if they strove to draw their Gods into the Cabal, and would make Heaven itself abet their Tumults. His Train increased as he measured the Streets; till at length he was seized by the Royal Guards, the Rabble dispersed, and all Things restored to Quiet. That Night a double Watch was kept throughout the City; the Fellow was strictly examined, and put to the Rack; yet no Confession could be extorted from him, save, *That the Publick Good induced him to take this Course: That the Tyranny and Oppression which Cardinal Mazarini exercised, were insupportable: And, That he was ready to sacrifice his Life for the Welfare of his Country*. He is condemned to the Gallies, during his Life. And great Endeavours are used to find out the Authors of this Novelty: For he is looked on but as an Instrument, set at work by some Malecontents of higher Quality, and the Fore-runner of some more formidable Insurrection.

Proclamations are issued out, to forbid all Discourse of State Matters: But the People spare not to whisper their Sentiments.

The young King is taken ill, which augments the publick Jealousy: Men shake their Heads, and look dejected, as they walk along the Streets. Some menace Revenge with their furrowed Brows; others speak openly, *That the Kingdom is sold to Strangers*. A general Consternation and Disorder has seized all, while their Fears prompt them daily to expect a Change. To obviate the
Mischief

Mischiefs which those popular Passions threaten, Soldiers are drawn from divers Parts of the Country by *Mazarini's* Order, and by insensible Companies quartered up and down *Paris*. Between these and the Citizens there happened divers Quarrels. frequent Murders are committed : While the Night, which covers all Things with Darkness, serves to shroud their mutual Outrages, and private Revenges. Thus the publick Calamities are cherished : What will be the Issue, Time will evince.

In the mean while, the Affairs of *Germany* and *Swedenland*, seem to be in a fair Way of Composure. Divers Treaties are on Foot, in order to a general Peace in Christendom. The Embassadors and Deputies of the several contesting Crowns, have frequent Conferences. But each Party insists so vehemently on Circumstantial, that nothing but fruitless Demurs conclude their Meetings, *France* hath a great Stroke in all these Affairs : And 'tis grown to a Proverb, *That Cardinal Mazarini carries all the Courts of Europe in his Bosom*.

The *Swedes* treat like Victors ; and the *Germans* tho' much enfeebled, yet cannot forget the Majesty of the Imperial Scepter. The *Danes* have an Interest to prosecute, and the *Poles* are not without their Pretensions. National Pride and Honour have a great Influence on these Crowns. But the *Hollanders*, like Merchants, act according to the Rules of Profit. They stand on no Punctilio's, but such as advance their Traffick, knowing that Money is the Nerves of War. In this they are to be esteemed wise, their Commonwealth being as yet but in her Nonage : her Strength not knit, nor she in a Capacity to wrestle with her potent Neighbours.

England finds Business enough at home, to employ both her Money, Wit, and Arms. Nor can she be at Leisure to attend to foreign Transactions.

Spain ever follows the Interests of the *German* Court, it being the unalterable Maxim of the House of *Austria* to remain united, and aggrandize itself.

Italy has various Interest ; and *Venice* in particular is in strict Friendship with this Court.

Portugal

Portugal is still upon her Guard, against the restless *Spaniards*: And *Don Juan de Braganza*, makes foreign Alliances.

The supreme Monarch of the visible and invisible Worlds, who sits on the Throne of Adamant under the Covers of the eternal Tree grant, That the Distractions of these Infidel Princes and States may continue, till the Time appointed by Fate shall come, wherein the faithful *Osmons* shall possess the Red Apple.

Paris, 25th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXI.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother.

I Thought myself forgotten by the Son of my Mother, who hath suffered so many Decads of Moons to measure out the Term of his unkind Silence, and of my Melancholy. It is now three Years since I heard from thee: But I will not complain of a Fault so ingenuously expiated, though late. Thou hath made me ample Amends, in sending me such an elaborate and succinct History of thy Travels: In reading of which, I know not whether my Pleasure or Profit is greater. Thou hath so interwoven delightful Adventures of thy own, and pleasant Passages of others, with curious and solid Observations, that a Man improves himself insensibly, whilst the charming Language and Miscellany, serve as a Spur at once to rouse and fasten his Attention to Points of most useful Knowledge.

The Christians are apt to despise the true Believers as a Company of ignorant People, unacquainted with the World, unpolished both in their Understandings and Manners, not versed in the liberal Sciences, nor addicted to the Study of any thing but Riches and Honour, and how to augment the Musulman Empire. They consider not at the same Time that God has made us rational

Creatures

Creatures as well as them; has endued us with the same natural Faculties; and that in all Nations he hath inspired some with a Thirst of Knowledge, furnishing them also with the Abilities and Means to attain it. They consider not, That if Printing be prohibited among us, it is to suppress the Multitude of unprofitable Books, with which *Europe* too much abounds: And that in their stead we have many Thousand of industrious Scribes, whose whole Employment is to translate the most excellent and learned Treatises of the Ancients. And, that consequently a studious Mahometan cannot be destitute of such Books as may instruct him in true Philosophy, sound Morals, and History of the most memorable Transactions in the World. Assuredly, our *Arabia* may boast of her *Avicens*, *Mesues*, *Averroes*, *Halis*, and *Albumazars*; and that she hath brought forth many others who need not in any Point of Human or Divine Learning, yield the Palm to the most eminent Doctors, Philosophers, Orators, and Poets, among the Christians.

Add to this the equal Benefit some of our Belief reap, by travelling into foreign Countries, which crowns all their Studies with experimental Knowledge and Wisdom; rendering them as familiar with the different Natures of Men, and the various Constitutions of Government, as before they were with Books.

This appears evident in thy Letter, which is replenished with so many solid Remarks and sage Comments, on the Laws and Customs of the Religious through which thou hath passed, their Religions, Strength, and Riches, and whatever else was worthy a Traveller's Notice; that were this Narrative published in Christendom, the *Nazarenes* would forbear to speak so contemptibly of the true Believers.

But they flatter themselves with a false Notion, that the *Ottomans* never travel beyond the Limits of their own Empire, except the publick Chiauses, who are sent by the Grand Signior. They are ignorant, that the August Port maintains private Agents in all Nations, and that there is hardly any Prince's Court in Christendom without a Mussulman in it one Time or other. It is true, we appear not in the Garb peculiar to the East. Our Mission requires a Conformity to the Fashions of the People where

we

we reside. But we still retain the interior Vestment of Mahometan Purity, being in a double Sense circumcised. Thus we become Masters of the Christians Secrets, whilst they account us stupid, ignorant, and Men void of common Sense.

Besides, had we not this Advantage in these Western Parts, yet the universal Privilege of travelling, and maintaining free Commerce over all the East, must needs afford great Opportunities of Accomplishment, to some among the Caravans, of so many Thousands, as visit *Persia, India, China, Tartary*, and all Places where the Faith of the Missioner of God is professed.

I am extremely pleased with thy fortunate Escape from Robbers on the Road, whose Malice rarely extends further than to deprive a Man of those outward Goods, which, if he be wise, he will not call his own. Much more am I delighted with thy Deliverance from those Female Thieves, who steal from Men their Hearts and Reason, which last is our noblest, and only proper Inheritance. All *Persia* and the *Indies* abound with Courtizans; and he had need of *Osman's* Chastity, who would withstand so many and strong Temptations.

Thou needest not wonder at the Effeminacy of the present *Mogul*, who suffers himself and his State to be governed by Women. That subtle and aspiring Sex, have always sought to undermine or over reach our Race. They keep behind the Scenes, yet act their Parts in all the Tragedies and Revolutions of the World. The Father of the present *Indian* King made an absolute Resignation of his Sovereignty to his Queen, for four and twenty Hours. This Prince, by a strange Affectation, called himself *King of the World*: His Wife was the Daughter of an *Arabian* Captain, who had served him in the Wars: But having forfeited his Head by some notorious Treason, his Daughter went and threw herself at the *Mogul's* Feet to beg his Life. He fell passionately in Love with her, (for she had not her Equal for Beauty in all the East) granted her Petition, and married her. Afterwards she got such an Empire over him, that he would do nothing without her Advice and Consent. At her Instigation he made War or Peace: And to please

please her cruel Humour, he put out the Eyes of his eldest Son. But not satisfied with these Discoveries of his Love, and resolving to make herself famous by some extraordinary Action, she never ceased soliciting the King, with all the Arts of Female Policy, till she had prevailed on him to surrender up his Authority to her for the Space of a Day. In which Time (having prepared all Things beforehand ready for her Purpose) she caused two Millions of Roupies, in Silver and Gold, to be coined and stamped with the twelve Signs of the Zodiack, contrary to the fundamental Laws of the Empire, the express Prohibition of our holy Prophet, and the universal Practice of the Mussulmans throughout the World, who admit not the Representations of any Creatures that have Life. This Relation I had from my Uncle *Useph*, who resided in the *Indian* Court eleven Years. He added moreover, That during this short Female Reign, she cut off the Heads of seven *Grandeess*, the most zealous for the Mussulman Faith among all the *Indian* Princes, and established as many Idolaters in their Places: And that, if her Orders had been fully executed, she had quite changed the Government, consecrated the most beautiful Mosques to the Service of Idols, exterminated the true Faithful, and restored the antient Abominations of the Infidels; which thou wilt not think impracticable, when thou considerest, That the Number of the Uncircumcised in the *Indies*, far exceeds that of the Mussulmans, there being ten Thousand of those, to an hundred of such as profess the Unity of the divine Nature. But however, there was Loyalty found even among those Pagans; and they would not suffer a blind Zeal for the Worship of their Gods, to supplant the Duty they owed their King.

The Description thou hath made of *Candabar* and the Method thou had projected to take that impregnable City, discover at once thy Conduct and Diligence, in procuring Liberty to survey so narrowly, the most important Place of the *Indies*; and thy Skill in Fortifications, with the Quickness of thy Invention, which hath suggested to thee that which all the Engineers of *Asia* have never so much as dreamt of. This is the right Use of Travelling,
when

when a Man returns from foreign Nations, cultivated with experimental Knowledge, and stocked with Improvements, that may render him serviceable to his Country.

Thou condemneth the Injustice and Avarice of the *Indian Moguls*; who, as soon as any of the *Omrabs*, or *great Men* die, cause all his Estates and Goods to be seized to their own proper Use. Whereby it comes to pass, that the Widow and Children of the Deceased are reduced to the lowest Condition of Poverty, being many Times forced to beg for Subsistence. 'Tis true, this is an Oppression not to be justified, especially in those who profess to believe in one God, Creator of all Things, the incorrupt Judge of the Universe. But what thinketh thou then of our Sultans, who not having Patience to wait till a natural Death shall make them Heirs to the Wealth of a *Bassa*, generally secure their Title, and hasten their Possession of a Bow-string? These are Royal Violences: Though the Resignation of Subjects must not tax them with any Crime, who are accountable to none but God.

It was however a notable Piece of Raillery with which the Widow of a rich Merchant reproved this unreasonable Custom in the present Mogul. Her Husband was an Idolater, who had heaped together an infinite Treasure by Trading and Usury; and when he died, left her worth Two hundred thousand Roupies. Her Son, some Years after coming of Age, demanded of her a Stock to set up with as a Merchant. Which she, either out of Avarice, or for other Ends refused him; furnishing him only with such small Sams, as served to nourish his Discontent, and tempt him to a lewd, careless Life. But at length not being able to prevail on his Mother to part with so much as would answer his Expectations, he complained to the Mogul, disclosing also what Estate his Father had left. The Mogul being informed of so much Riches, sent for the young Man's Mother, and commanded her to send him half her Money; ordering, That the other half should be divided between herself and her Son. The Widow not being at all surprized, or cast down at this unjust Proposal, made the Mogul this short Reply:

Reply: O King, may the Gods make thee happy. My Son has some Reason to require his Share of his Father's Estate, having his Blood running in his Veins; but I desire to know, what Relation thou art to my Husband or me, that thou claimest a Share in his Inheritance. The Prince abashed at so smart and bold an Address, commanded her to give half her Estate to her Son, and so dismissed her.

I have heard some of our Chiaufes praise the Magnificence of the Mogul's Court, the infinite Number of his Attendants; But above all, they extol the inimitable Grandeur of his Throne, which is adorned with so many Topazies, Rubies, Emeralds; Pearls, and Diamonds, as amount to thirty Millions of Roupies. But were it not much better, if instead of all this needless Glory, he could boast, That his Empire is founded in the Hearts of his Subjects: He doth not consider, That such prodigious Heaps of envied Treasure are but so many glittering Snakes, golden Manacles, which serve for no other Use, but to chain him up from that Freedom, and those more innocent Delights, than the meanest of his Subjects enjoy.

Thou hath, I perceive, discoursed with the Indian Bramins: Doth thou not discover, even in those Idolators a Contempt of Riches? What mean Thoughts have they of the Splendor and Gayeties of the Court? What low esteem of the long and proud Series of Titles, with which the Moguls endeavour to exalt themselves? Whilst they are called the Lights of the World, and Companions of the Sun; these poor Philosophers know, That in a little Time they shall be laid in Darkness, and have no better Society than that of Worms. What signifies their Pedigree, or, That the present Mogul is but the tenth Descendant from the mighty Temurlen, who made all Asia tremble, if he has lost the Virtue of his glorious Ancestor? It is that alone, makes all Men truly noble.

Thou telleth me, that the Empire of the Mogul affords him more Revenues than the Dominions of any two the most potent Monarchs on Earth. I have heard as much from others, which convinces me, that thou hath informed thyself rightly of the present State of the Indies. But doth thou therefore esteem this Monarch the richer? Consider the vast Extent of his Dominions, which are
said

said to contain more than six hundred Leagues in length, and thou wilt find, that to maintain so great a Tract of Ground, both against his foreign and domestick Enemies he is obliged to keep in constant Pay, some Millions of his Subjects and Strangers : For he is in the midst of Enemies, even among his own Subjects. There are above an hundred Sovereigns in his Empire, who perpetually by Turns molest his Government, refusing to pay Tribute, and raising Armies against him : Whereby it comes to pass, that he is at an infinite Expence to defend himself, and carry on those endless Wars ; thou thy self having observed, that once in two Moons there is an indispensable Necessity of paying these prodigious Armies : Not a Soldier throughout his Empire having any Thing to live on, save the Wages he receives of the King.

Consider also, that this Monarch always keeps some thousands of the finest Horses in the World near his Person, such as cost him thousands of Roupies a piece ; besides a thousand Elephants ; with an incredible Number of Mules, Camels and other Beasts of Burthen, to carry his Wives, his Goods and Provisions, when he takes the Field : That whole Cities, even as large as *Constantinople*, are obliged to follow the King's Camp for Subsistence, their Livelihood altogether depending on the Army. Add to this, the immense Charges of his Seraglio, his Castles and Sea-Port Towns, with all the other necessary Expences of the State, and thou wilt conclude, that when this Potentate comes to cast up his Accounts, he will find himself a poor Man.

But I shall cloy thee with a Rehearsal of such Things, as thou canst not be a Stranger to.

Only tell me, Whether one of the Raias or Princes subjects to the Mogul, be the real Descendant of *Porus*, the ancient King of *India*, in the Time of *Alexander the Great* ? I have been told by several Travellers, That there is such an one, that his Name is *Rana*, and that an hundred of the Idolatrous Princes pay Homage to him, as to their natural Sovereign.

Thou confirmeth the Truth of what has been so often reported in these Parts, That the Prince of *Java* has six Fingers on each Hand, and as many Toes on his Feet.

But that seems very strange which thou relateth, of a certain Language among the *Indians*, which is not vulgarly spoken ; but that all their Books of Theology, the Pandects of their Laws, the Records of their Nation, and the Treatises of human Arts and Sciences are written in it. And that this Language is taught in their Schools, Colleges, and Academies, even as *Latin* is among the Christians. I cannot enough admire at this ; for, where and when was this Language spoken ? How came it to be misused ? There seems to be a Mystery in it, that none of their Brachmans can give any other Account of this, save, That it is the Language wherein God gave to the first Creature he made, the four Books of the Law ; which, according to their Chronology, was above thirty Millions of Years ago, I tell thee, my dear Brother, this News hath started some odd Notions in my Mind : For when I consider, That this Language as thou sayeth, hath nothing in it common with the *Indian* that is now spoken, nor with any other Language of *Asia*, or of the World ; and yet, that is as copious and regular Language learned by Grammar, like the other maternal Languages ; and that in this obsolete Language, Books are written, wherein it is asserted, that the World is so many Millions of Years old ; I could almost turn *Pythagorean*, and believe, The World to be within a Minute of Eternal. And, where would be the Absurdity ? Since God had equally the same infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness, from all Eternity, as he had five or six Thousand Years ago. What should hinder him then from exerting these divine Attributes sooner ? What should retard him from drawing forth this glorious Fabrick earlier, from the Womb of Nothing ? Suffer thy Imagination to start backwards as far as thou canst, even to Millions of Ages, and yet thou canst not conceive a Time, wherein this fair unmeasurable Expanse was not stretched out. As if Nature herself had engraven on our Intellects, this Record of the World's untraceable Antiquity, in that our strongest, swiftest Thoughts, are far too weak and slow, to follow Time back to its endless Origin.

The

The Revolution in *China*, surpasses the common Changes in Kingdoms and Empires. There is something excessively tragical, in the Catastrophe of that Royal House.

Brother, in beholding that, thou hast seen human Nature in a Trance: And thou art so thy self, if after this, thou canst be fond of any Thing on Earth. Traveller, Adieu.

Paris, 25th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXII.

To Afis Bassa.

Several Dispatches have been lately sent between this Court, and that of *Swedeland*, containing rather Matter of Compliment, than any Thing of great Importance. Queen *Christina* has been very ill, which has occasioned Letters of Condolence from the Queen Regent of *France*.

Those which come from that Part, say, That General *Torsten*son is made a Count, and the Dignity entailed to his Posterity, in Recompence of his eminent Services to the *Swedish* Crown.

These Letters add, That there have passed some high Words between Monsieur *Chanut*, and the *Swedish* Secretary of State. And, that the latter, in going out of the Chamber where they discoursed, laid his Hand upon his Sword, with these Words: Monsieur *Chanut*, were it not for the Fence which the Law of Nations has raised about your Person, I would answer you in another Language. To which Monsieur *Chanut* replied, That he wore a Sword to defend himself and his private Honour, as well as any *Swede* in the Kingdom.

The Occasion of this Quarrel was, the great Resentment of Roman Catholick Strangers to Monsieur *Chanut's* Chapel, which gave Disgust to the *Swedes*, who allow not the Exercise of the Roman Religion within their Territories.

ries. They castrate all the Priests of that Communion whom they find, and prosecute the Laity with rigorous Penalties. But Monsieur Chanut pleaded the Law of Nations; And when the Secretary told him, That the Queen permitted him and his Family the Liberty of their Religion, but desired him not to admit any other Persons of what Nation soever: This Minister replied, *That he could not receive as a Favour or Permission from her Majesty, the Liberty of exercising his Religion, since he held it only of his Master the King of France, who had sent him thither, and that he would not shut the Door of his Chapel against any that would come in: That their Law, which, according to their own Calcule, was made about two thousand Years after the Foundation of their Estate, could not abrogate the Law of Nations, which is eternal: That this perpetual Law gave particular Privileges to certain Persons, and especially to the Ministers of Foreign Princes: That their new Law, such as it was, being only made to maintain the publick Worship, respected not what was done in the House of a Foreign Minister, by a special Privilege, it being of no Consequence to the State, whether such Foreigners served God or not, or whether they worshipped him in a right or wrong Way: That no Swede came to his Chapel, but only some French, who were Sojourners in the Land: That they did not use the Swedish Ambassadors so in France, who admitted whom they pleased into their Chapels: That the House where he now dwelt, was the House of the King of France; and that therefore he could not by Consequence refuse any Catholicks an Entrance into it, especially such as were born Subjects of his Master: And in fine, That it was very rude to oblige him to be the Executioner of this severe Law, in requiring him to shut his Doors upon his Countrymen, against the common Laws of Hospitality, the Honour of a publick Minister, and the Pleasure of the King his Sovereign.*

To this the Secretary made something too tart a Reply. Whereupon Words increasing between them, and the French Ambassador being resolute to assert his Privilege, the Secretary broke out into a Passion, as I have before mentioned, laying his Hands upon his Sword, as he was leaving the Room.

The

The *Swedes* are naturally a rugged, surly People, as are all the Northern *Europeans*. They are Strangers to Civility, and the gentle Address of the *French*. Yet the Queen, when she heard of this Passage, was angry with her Minister, and excusing his Rudeness to Monsieur *Chanut*; telling him, *That the Secretary was a faithful Servant, but had been educated among the Bears of the Forest.*

This puts me in Mind of a Story, which the French tell of another Ambassador, whom *Lewis XIII.* sent to the Court of *Spain*. The *Spaniards* are of a haughty Temper, expecting more than ordinary Submissions, from those who approach the King's Presence. This Ambassador, on the same Ground, was required to do some Homage, which would not consist with the Instructions of his Master, and therefore he refused to comply. The King of *Spain* thinking to put him out of Countenance, said aloud, *What! has the King of France no other Men in his Court, that he sends to me such a Fool as this?* To which the Ambassador replied; *My Master has many wiser Men than myself about him; but in such a King, such an Ambassador.*

Thou wilt not perhaps approve such Raillery as this to crowned Heads, who ought to be treated with Reverence and Gravity. Yet, I believe, thou wilt condemn the Cruelty of a Duke of *Muscovy*, who caused the Hat of a *French* Ambassador to be nailed to his Head, for sitting covered before him. This is contrary to the Genius of the East, who abhor to see a Man bare-headed.

But every Nation has its Mode: And I, according to the Fashion of my Country, kiss the Border of thy Vell, in Token of my Submission and Respect.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Mufti, most Venerable, and Worthy of
all Honour.

THE Criticks, who spend their Time, and manifest their Wit, in descanting on the Court and the Grandees, find perpetual Matter of Discourse concerning Cardinal *Mazarini*. His daily Actions furnish them with new Themes, and sometimes they rehearse the old. They compare him with his Predecessor *Richlieu*, and with Cardinal *Ximenes*, a Spanish Minister. They term these three, the Trinity of Christian Statesmen; thus distinguishing their personal Characters. *Richlieu*, they say, was crafty, covetous, and revengeful; *Ximenes* was politick, severe, and valiant; *Mazarini* is wise, merciful, and liberal.

The first made good his Character, they say, in heaping up such prodigious Treasures; in raising all those of his Family or Dependance, to the highest Honours; in occasioning the voluntary Banishment of the Queen-Mother; in ruining whomsoever he suspected; and finally, in making himself so much the Master of all Secrets, that the King, however disgusted and averse from him, yet could never sit safe on his Throne without him, when living, nor venture the Management of the Publick to any but his Creatures, when dead. Thus speak they of that great Minister.

As to Cardinal *Ximenes*, they say, he discovered the Qualities which they ascribe to him, in the Method he took to raise himself to that envied Greatness; which was, by seeming to shun the Honours at which he secretly aimed. For being a devoted Dervise, or religious Friar, he appeared to be the most mortified Man of the whole Order; which being taken Notice of, he was made Provincial; from which Dignity, he made but one Step more to the Purple! And, growing eminent for his Abilities, he was made the first Minister in the Court of Spain.

Vol. III.

H

His

He levied sixteen thousand Men at his own Cost, invaded *Barbary*, stormed their strongest Cities, and reduced the whole Kingdom of *Tripoli* and *Algiers* to his Master's Obedience,

Whilst he was at the Head of his Army, one Day there happened a Mutiny among his Soldiers. A certain Fellow, running up and down between the Ranks, and exciting them to chuse a new General, saying, *It was a Shame to serve a poor spirited Friar*: The Cardinal perceiving this, stepped to the Fellow, and with one Blow severed his Head from his Body. This struck such a Terror into all, that from that Time, there was not the least Tumult or Disorder in his Army.

They say, he was in the End poisoned by eating of a Fish, of which a Friend of his received Intimation on the Road, as he was riding to the Place where the Cardinal was at Dinner. But he came too late to prevent the Effects of the Poison: For though the Cardinal was but just risen from the Table, yet he began to void Blood by his Ears, and the Extremities of his Fingers; and in a few Days drew his last Breath. He was tall, and well limbed: His two Fore Teeth of the upper Jaw grew so far out of his Mouth, that he was called *The Ecclesiastical Elephant*. The Sutures of his Skull were so closely indented, that there was no more Room for Transpiration of the grosser Vapours, than through the most solid Part of the Bone. On this Account he was ever troubled with the Head-ach, contrary to Cardinal *Richlieu*, who never felt any Pain in that Part, because he had two little Holes in his Crown, through which the Fumes exhaled.

These are the Remarks which are made on Cardinal *Ximenes*. As to *Mazarini*, they say, he surpasses both these Ministers, in the exquisite Moderation of his Temper, and comes short of neither, in the Contrivance or Success of his Affairs, being solid in his Counsels, secret and swift in their Execution. He has this also peculiar in his Conduct, that none are more sure of his Favour, than those who have done him Injuries. He is magnifick in his Expences; building Palaces that may vie with the most celebrated Structures of the ancient *Romans*: A curious Col-

lector of choice Paintings and Sculptures, furnishing his Houses with Utensils of Cedar, Ebony, Silver, Gold, and other Ornaments, besitting the Palace of a King. Liberal beyond the Expectation of his Friends and Servants, yet not to Profuseness. He has a wonderful Sagacity in discovering Cheats and Impostors; and no less Dexterity in discerning Men of Merit, though never so much obscured by Misfortune.

Not long ago he caught a Gentleman in a Crime, which exposed him to the Laughter and Contempt of the whole Court, but not to the Cardinal's Hatred. He had been recommended to this Minister by a Lady of the Court, for whom he had a great Esteem. On which Account he had free Access to the Cardinal's Presence, and would always mix with his Retinue.

But his curious Patron had observed something in his Carriage, which gave him Ground of Mistrust. For he would always place himself as near as he could to a certain Table in the Chamber, where the Cardinal gives Audience. There is a Drawer under this Table, which commonly stands half open, it being the Place where all Petitioners throw in their Bribes or Presents; it not being seemly for a Prince of the Church to take Money himself. The Cardinal observed that this Spark always had his Eye glancing on that Drawer, as if he coveted what was there contained. However, he took no Notice, but gave him all the Opportunities imaginable to do his Pleasure; yet still one Accident or other hindered the Gentleman from executing his Design, which was, to borrow some of the Gold that lay in that Drawer. At length it happened, that the Cardinal having appointed some curious Pageants to be made in Honour of the King's Birth-day, he with several of the Courtiers stood looking out of the Windows to see these triumphant Shows pass by. The Gentleman, taking this Opportunity, whilst he thought all Eyes were intent on the Gayeties without, slips to the Table, and takes out of the Drawer a Bag of Gold, putting it up in his Pocket, and retiring to the Window again. He imagined that no Body had seen him, and therefore hugged himself in the Thoughts of his Booty. When the Show was over,

and the Company withdrew from the Windows; after a while, they all took their Leave and departed: And, among the rest, this Gentleman Thief was going out. But the Cardinal desired him to tarry, in that he had something to say to him. The Gentleman, stung with the Guilt of what he had done, fell a trembling, and was ready to drop down at the Cardinal's Feet. But he bid him be of good Comfort, saying thus to him; *My Friend, what thou hast done is not hid from me. If thou hast not Gold enough, I will double thy Sum.* Therewith he gave him another Bag of equal Value; saying withal, *Go thy way, and see my Face no more. I pardon, but cannot trust thee.*

Wouldst thou know by what Means the Cardinal discovered this Theft? He always wears on his Finger a Ring, in which is set a Jewel of inestimable Value; it being a natural Mirror, and discovering all Things that are done in the Room, though behind a Man's Back. It was on this Stone the Cardinal cast his Eye, when the Gentleman thought he was looking out of the Window. Therein he beheld him go to the Table, take out the Money, and put it in his Pocket. Thou seest how curious this Minister is, to stock himself with useful Rarities.

May that great Chancellor of Heaven, the Angel who beholds in the Divine Essence, as in a Mirror, whatsoever is done on Earth, and records all human Actions in the Book of Judgments, never discern any Thing in *Mahmut*, which may render him worthy to be excluded the Presence of God.

Paris, 12th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXIV.

To Denecmar Kefrou, Kadilifquer of Romania.

THOU, that art Principal among the Judges of high Dignity, the illustrious Ornament of three Empires, the strong Support of Equity, who preservest Reason, and correctest Vice, I congratulate thy deserved Honour: And in doing so, I wish Increase of Joy to all the faithful *Osman*s.

The Knowledge which thou hast acquired in the Law of Nations, and in the most perfect Sanctions of our August Monarchy, has made thee famous through the seven Precincts of the Earth; and has vested thee with the Robe of sublime Honour, the Gift of the Lieutenant of God.

I made Choice of this Occasion at once to perform my Duty, and to acquaint thee with a National Villainy, such a Violation of the publick Faith of a Kingdom, as it will be difficult to parallel.

The Civil Wars of *England* are known throughout the World: And thou art no Stranger to the particular Intelligences I have sent to the sublime Port, concerning that Nation.

Since that Time the Rebels have by Degrees gained Ground of their unhappy King, chasing him from one Place to another: Till at length finding, that neither by Arms nor Treaties he could reduce them to any Terms of Reconciliation, and being besieged in one of his Cities, which was not in a Condition to hold out long, this unfortunate Monarch was forced to disguise himself, and escape by Night; wandering through unfrequented Ways, and enduring much Hardship. He at length threw himself upon the Faith of the *Scots*, who had solemnly engaged themselves upon Oath to defend him against all his Enemies whatsoever.

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The *Scottish* Army was then in *England*, being hired to assist the Rebels. Whence some take Occasion to accuse this Prince of Rashness, and too much Credulity, in seeking Protection from those who first began the Rebellion, and who had stained the Records of *Scotland* with the Blood of many of their Kings. But Innocency is void of Suspicion; and therefore, because his own Intentions were sincere, he knew not how to be jealous of others.

However, the *Scots* at first seemed to act the Parts of loyal Men. And when they were threatened by the *English* Rebels, and their Pay was stopped, with Declarations also issued out against their Proceedings, they continued to assert the Justice of their Deportment, in receiving and defending their injured King, who had fled to them for Succour.

They detained him thus from the 4th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1646, to the 30th Day of the 1st Moon of this present Year. At which Time, having agreed with the *English* Parliament for the Sum of 400000 Sequins, as the Price of their Sovereign, they delivered him up to the *English* Commissioners, deputed by the Rebels for that Purpose.

The *French* Ambassador was at that Time in the *Scottish* Army; who having been a Witness of their detestable Perjury, took his Leave; and being attended with a Guard of Light Horse to the Sea-Port, at parting he pulled out a Piece of *English* Money, valued at Half a Crown; and asking the Captain of the Guards into how many Pieces of coined Silver that Half Crown might be divided, he answered, into thirty. For so much (replied the Ambassador) did Judas betray his Master.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Force of this Repartee, when thou considerest, that according to the Christian's Belief, this Judas was a Slave of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*; and that for thirty Pieces of Silver he betrayed that Prophet to the *Jews*.

But these Infidels have found out Ways to elude all Engagements and Promises. They couch their Oaths in Words more ambiguous than the Oracles of *Delphos*; as if they thought, not only to circumvent Men by their

their Equivocations, but also to deceive *him* who formed the Tongue and Ear, even God, who is perfect in Knowledge.

Such a Story I have read of one *Hatto* a German Bishop, whose Perjury is recorded. This Prelate had a Cousin, who was accused of Treason against the Emperor. On which Account he was closely besieged by the Imperial Forces, in a Castle seated on the Top of an impregnable Rock. So that the Emperor despairing to take him by Force, had withdrawn his Army; when this Bishop came to him, and for a Sum of Money promised to betray his Kinsman into the Emperor's Hands.

The Bargain being concluded, the Bishop went to visit his Cousin at the Castle, persuading him to go and humble himself to the Emperor, and he would engage to procure his Pardon; binding himself with a solemn Oath, That if he would rely on him, as he carried him safe out of the Castle, so he would bring him back alive and safe again.

His Kinsman, deluded by these fair Pretences, and secured by the Sanction of an Oath, trusts himself to the Conduct and Fidelity of the Prelate.

When they had rode about half a League from the Castle, the Bishop pretending he had forgot some Papers of Moment, which he had left behind him in his Chamber, they returned back to the Castle; and when they had found the Papers, they set forward again towards the Emperor's Camp. Being arrived there, the impious Wretch delivered his Kinsman to the Emperor, who condemned him to die. He sending for the Bishop, reproaches him with the Violation of his Oath. But the perfidious Bishop sought to acquit himself, by saying, *He had performed his Promise, in carrying him back safe to the Castle, when he returned to seek his Papers*. Thus was his Kinsman betrayed by a Quibble, and lost his Head; the Bishop acquiring, for that impious Deed, the odious Title of *Hatti the Traytor*. And the Germans report, that he was afterwards carried away by Devils, and thrown alive into the Hollow of Mount *Ætna*; a Voice being heard at the same Instant in the Air, saying, *This is the Reward of Perjury*.

The *Nazarenes* believe this flaming Mountain to be one of the Mouths of Hell: The same Opinion they have

of *Strombolo* and *Vesuvius*. I am not curious to pry into the Truth of so costly a Secret, but leave the Experiment to the forsworn treacherous *Scots*, who, by this barbarous Action, deserve to follow the Fate of *Hatto*.

Much greater was the Integrity and Virtue of the ancient *Romans*, whom these Infidels number among the Damned. They esteemed nothing more sacred than the publick Faith; building Temples to its Honour, and stamping their Money with the Figure of two Hands joined together, having this Motto, THE FAITH OF THE ROMANS. But the *Scots* shew themselves to be of *Lyfander's* Mind, who used to say, *Children must be circumvented with good Words, and Men with Oaths*.

This Monarch is now led in Triumph, like a Captive, by his rebellious Subjects, who have confined him to one of his Country Palaces, suffering none of his Friends or faithful Servants to come near him, but in all Things endeavouring to render his Restraint insupportable.

Thou who art accurate in interpreting the Laws of Justice, wilt condemn these Infidels of horrid Treason, yet canst not acquit the *Mussulmans*, who have often deposed our most august Emperors.

I divide my Intelligence among the Ministers of the sublime *Port*, and the other Grandees of the State, praying God to guard the Sultan from secret Machinations, and open Enemies; and to grant, that an Excess of Good-nature may not betray him to such Misfortunes as have befallen this imprisoned Monarch.

Paris, 21st of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXV.

To Ragel Hamet, *Antiquary to the Sultan*.

THIS City is pestered with an innumerable Multitude of Bats and a kind of Serpents, which they call Lizards or Newts. They breed in the Walls of their Houses,

Houses, and molest the Inhabitants Night and Day, swarming more than ordinary every ninth Year.

The *Parisians* give an odd Reason for this Plague. They say, that in former Ages a certain Magician had undertaken to free this City from all venomous Creatures; and that, accordingly, he had made several Images of those Animals, annexing to them Enchantments, and hiding them in obscure Places under the Earth; promising also, that so long as those Images remained untouched, *Paris* should not be molested with any hurtful Thing. This succeeded according to his Words; till at a certain Time, as they were digging up the Foundation of an old Temple, the Workmen found several brazen Images, some representing a Bat, some a Lizard. They making small Account of these magical Relicks, sold them to the next Brazier for a Piece of Money; who being ignorant also of the hidden Force of these Images, melted them down for his own Use. And ever since that Time, the City hath been over-run with Bats and Lizards.

I relate this to thee, in Regard I have often heard thee speak of the ancient Statues that were in the *Atmidan* at *Constantinople*, and in other Parts of the City; particularly of that Pillar, which had three brazen Serpents winding about it, which when *Mahomet the Great* beheld, the Conqueror struck one of them with a Battle-Axe, and smote off the lower Jaw. Upon which a Multitude of Serpents infested the City, but were soon exterminated, in Regard the Sultan, being warned by the Citizens, forbore to do any farther Injury to those Images, which were the Guardians of the City.

The Annals of the *Mussulman* Empire make mention of these Statues, as also of a Horse of Brass, and a Bull of the same Metal; the one erected as a Charm against the Pestilence; the other, as an oracular Sign, that the Enemies of the *Grecian* Monarchy should in that Place be repulsed, and driven out of the City. Yet it proved otherwise: For the victorious *Mussulmans*, against whom the Enchantments of the Infidels could not prevail, entered the Market-Place, where this Image stood, and drove from thence the timorous *Grecians*, cutting in Pieces all that

made Resistance, and rendering themselves Lords of *Constantinople*, at that Time the richest City in the World.

The *Romans* were extremely addicted to these superstitious Vanities, believing the Safety of their City and Empire consisted in the Preservation of the Palladium, an Image which they thought fell down from *Jupiter*, and was transported from *Troy* to *Italy* by *Aeneas*, being afterwards repositied in the Temple of *Vesta*, but burned in that dreadful Conflagration which happened in the Reign of *Nero*.

They had in no less Veneration the Buckler, which they were taught dropped down from Heaven, into the Hands of *Numa Pompilius*, whereon the Fate of *Rome* was engraven, in Characters which none could read. Fearing lest this sacred Shield might be stolen, they caused eleven others of the same Figure to be made, and all to be hung up together in the Temple of *Mars*.

And, to the End the Guardian Genius of the City should not be enticed from them by the Enchantments of their Enemies, the true Name of the City of *Rome* was kept secret, even from its own Inhabitants; insomuch, that *Valerius Soranus* was put to Death for publishing it to one of his Friends. Many have guessed at this hidden Name; some saying it was *Valencia*; others, that it was *Velia*; a third sort call it *Anthusa*. But there is no Certainty in their Conjectures. For the *Pagans* were, above all Things, careful to conceal the Names of their Cities and Patron Gods; knowing, that those Spirits would not forsake them, till they were called forth by their proper Names.

They used also to chain the Images of their Gods to the Altars, lest they should depart from them by Stealth. Thus the *Tyrians*, when *Alexander* besieged their City, and they understood from the Priests that *Apollo*, the Guardian of *Tyre*, was displeased with them, they fastened his Image with strong Fetters of Iron. So dealt the *Spartans* with the Image of *Mars*. And this was the common Practice among those idolatrous Nations.

As for us, who have received the Law clear and intelligible, and believe in the Unity of the Divine Essence, we use no Charms ourselves, neither do we fear the Magick of
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the uncircumcised. All our Confidence is in God, and the Protection of his Prophet: We go boldly to the Wars, whilst we fight in Defence neither of Statues nor fictitious Relicks, but of the Volume replenished with Truth and Light, the Book brought down from Heaven by an Angel.

Paris, 17th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Vizir Azem.

I Am now returned from *Orleans*; whither I went in Obedience to thy Appointments; and not without Abundance of Pleasure to myself; it being the Time of Year when all Things conspire to make a Traveller pass his Time away with Delight.

Yet my Return was melancholy, in Regard I could not accomplish what I aimed at, nor be in a Capacity to render thee that Satisfaction thou requirest, either in buying the Jewels, or in establishing any Correspondence. Those who informed thee of the *Germans* inhabiting that City, were mistaken in their Character, they being only a Society or Corporation of Students, and no ways concerned in Traffick or Merchandize.

They told thee right in saying, there are a great Number of Strangers in *Orleans*: I think the Imperial City, which commands the World, cannot boast a greater Diversity of Languages, than are spoken daily in the Streets and Houses of *Orleans*. There are some, almost of all Nations, residing in that City.

Wouldst thou know the real Occasion of this mighty Conflux of Foreigners? It is, that they may study that which the *Nazarenes* call the Civil Law, which is there professed as in an Academy, erected for that Purpose by *Philip the Fair*, one of the Kings of *France*.

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If thou knowest not the Meaning of the Civil Law, it is, a Collection of the ancient *Roman* Laws, drawn from above two thousand Books of their Scribes, by the Command of the Emperor *Justinian*, for a Standard of Equity in those corrupt Times, in that universal Relaxation and Decline of good Government.

This is the Attractive, which draws so many Strangers from all Parts of *Europe* to that pleasant City : Where, besides the Opportunity of improving themselves in the most honourable Profession among the *Nazarenes*, next to that of the Priesthood, they enjoy a pure and serene Heaven, a fruitful and delicious Part of the Earth, and the Company of the most obliging and courteous People in all *France*.

It is for this Reason the *Germans*, among other Nations, flock to *Orleans* ; and, through the Favour of the *French* Kings, have obtained a Privilege beyond other Nations, that is, to incorporate themselves into a Society of Students. Neither is there any such Thing as Merchandize known among them.

If I have not answered thy Expectation, supreme Prince of the *Bassas*, blame not *Mahmut*, but accuse the *Germans* of *Orleans*, for not exchanging their Studies for Traffick, or rather blame those who presumed to tell thee this far-fetched Fable. In finishing this Letter, I bow my Head to the Floor of my Chamber, and kiss the Paper which shall have the Honour to be touched by thy illustrious Hands.

Paris, 1st of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Aga of the Janisaries.

THOU hast heard of the *Affyrian*, *Scythian*, and *Roman* Heroines. These were all valiant Leaders of Armies, Women of Honour and Renown. Now I will

will inform thee of a Female which *France* has brought upon the Stage of War.

According to the Orders which I received from the Vizir *Azem*, I took a Journey to *Orleans* last Moon; where, on the third Day after my Arrival, beholding a solemn Procession in the Streets of that populous City, attended with some uncommon Ceremonies and Rejoicings, my Curiosity prompted me to enquire the Occasion of it. Thou mayest imagine, I did not apply myself for Information to the Multitude, who take up Things on the common Credit of Fame, which does not always deliver the Truth. I address'd myself to those that were acquainted with the Records of the Town, who told me, that this Solemnity was yearly observed on the Eighth Day of the fifth Moon, in Memory of their Deliverance from the *English*, who besieged this City, and were beaten from before it by *Joan d'Arc*, a Maid of *Lorraine*, in the Reign of *Charles I.* This Virago seem'd to be the tutelar Angel of *France*; for to her Valour and Conduct that Monarch owed the Recovery of his Kingdom, almost lost to the King of *England*, this being the last Place of Importance which had not received *English* Garrisons. After she had rais'd the Siege, she pursued the Enemy, gave them several Battles, defeated them, took the Generals Captive, reduced all their Cities to their former Obedience, and never sheathed her Sword, till she saw her Master solemnly crowned at *Rheims*. Yet at length she herself was made a Prisoner by the *English*, and was publicly burned for a Witch at *Rouen*.

The Inhabitants of *Orleans* have erected brazen Statues in her Honour. They celebrate her Praises, and esteem her a Woman divinely inspired to save her Country. Yet the more intelligent sort say, that she was neither Witch nor Prophetess, but only a Maid of good Wit and Courage, whom some of the Princes of the Blood Royal had instructed to act the Part of a Missionary from Heaven; that so by pretending Visions and Revelations, she might raise the Courage of the *French*, now almost dispirited by their many Losses, and whom nothing less than a Miracle could persuade to abide the Field against the victorious *English*. This is certain, that

that she distinguished the King, though disguised like a Peasant, and in a Crowd of People: She went boldly up to him, and saluted him by his Title, to the Astonishment of those that stood by. She sent a Messenger to bring her a Sword of antique Workmanship, that lay hid in a Tomb in one of their famous Mosques; (for the *Nazarenes* of the West bury the Dead in their Temples.) This Action extremely enhanced her Reputation, in Regard none knew of this Sword but the King himself. She was therefore looked upon as an extraordinary Person, and the People could hardly be restrained from paying her divine Honours.

When they were encamped on a certain Plain of a vast Extent, where there was no Water to be found, so that the Army was ready to perish through Thirst; the King came to the Tent of this Prophetess, to consult her as an Oracle in the general Distress. She bid him be of good Courage, and follow her. They went out together to the Door of her Tent, where at a little Distance there grew a Knot of Flowers. The admirable Maid struck her Spear into the Ground amidst the Flowers, and instantaneously there sprung forth a Fountain of Water, to which the whole Army repaired to allay their Thirst. They say the Place is shewn to this Day, with an Image of this Maid standing in an Oratory close by it; a Place of Refreshment and Devotion for Travellers that pass over those barren Plains.

However, whether it were Artifice, or that she was endued with some supernatural Gift, it had a marvellous Influence on the Soldiers, who began to re-assume Courage, and feared nothing under the Conduct of such a General.

It was Revenge without doubt rather than Justice, that extorted that cruel Sentence from the *English*, which put a Period to the heroick Actions of this illustrious Maid, whose Fame will live for ever.

It is recorded, that whilst she was bound fast to the Stake with strong Cords, they would have kindled the Fire upon her before she had spoke to the Spectators; but that she suddenly became loosened, and snatching a Lance from one of the Soldiers, she drove the Guards before

before her: Then returning of her own Accord to the Stake, she made her last dying Speech, foretelling many Things to come, which afterwards proved true. And having made an End of speaking, she bid the Executioner set Fire to the Wood, which he did accordingly, and she was burned to Ashes.

Certainly every Nation may boast of some female Warrior, that at one Time or other has done remarkable Service to her Country, And thou art not a Stranger to the History of the *Amazons*, who excluded Men from their Society, yet became formidable to all the Regions round about them.

Adieu, brave Commander of the *Mussulman* Forces, and let the Memory of these valiant Females inspire thee with fresh Ardours, when the *Ottoman* Empire is in Danger.

Paris, 1st of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1627.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU art the Man that must participate in all my Adventures. And I should be a Churl, in not letting thee share with me, the Pleasure I found in a late Journey to *Orleans*, one of the presidary Towns of France. It was by the Order of the Vizir *Azem*, I undertook that Journey. Somebody had informed him, that this Town was full of Merchant-Travellers of several Nations, but especially of *Germany*, who brought the choicest Jewels of the East to vend in this Place at ordinary Rates. That Minister gave me Commands to buy certain Stones, with Instructions to treat of another Affair, which it is not necessary for thee to know. I accordingly set out from *Paris* the third Day of the fifth Moon; and *Eliachim* the Jew (of whom thou hast heard) bore me Company.

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I need not describe to thee the Country through which we passed; it exactly resembles the Plains of *S. Isidore*, not far from *Palermo* in Sicily. Thou and I have Reason to remember that Place of our Captivity, carrying the Marks of our Master's cruel Anger yet in our Bodies. Those Plains, thou knowest, afford a very agreeable Prospect, especially at this Time of the Year, when the Verdure of the Trees, mixed with the Brightness of the Corn-Fields, and the Party-coloured Meadows, tempt the Eye into a Controversy of Pleasure, a Man neither knowing well how to take it off, nor yet where to fix it, in such an orderly Confusion and Medley of charming Objects.

Such is the Province between *Paris* and *Orleans*, which has this Advantage of those *Sicilian* Plains, that here all the Way one rides, innumerable magnificent and beautiful Palaces appear, shooting up their glittering Turrets above the lofty Groves, which environ those Seats of Pleasure. Indeed this is one of the purest Airs, and the most fertile Soil in all the Kingdom, which invites the Nobles and Gentry to reside here during the Summer, and occasions much travelling on this Road.

About Mid-day, we came to a Town called *Chastre*, where we alighted to refresh ourselves. Travellers in these Western Parts, are better accommodated with Provisions than they can be in *Asia*, where they must carry their own Beds with them, and dress their own Victuals, or lie on the naked Floor fasting. This makes the *Nazarenes* call the East inhospitable. They consider not at the same Time, that it is the Niceness and Delicacy of the *Mahometans* which occasions this Custom. For the Eastern People are fearful of defiling themselves, by eating Meat prepared by other Hands than their own, or those of their Servants: As also to lie on a Bed common to all Passengers.

But these Infidels are like the Swine, to whom all Meat is welcome, and every Ditch an acceptable Bed. Here are Inns all along the Road, whereinto when you enter, the Host provides you both Bed, and all other Necessaries. A Man must venture to sleep on the same Pillow where perhaps a Leper has lain the Night before, or

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Some Person infected with a worse Disease. The Host examineth none, but harbours all alike, provided they have Money to pay him. And as for Victuals, it is the Custom for all Travellers to eat together at one common Table, where several Dishes of Meat are served up, and every Man is free to eat what and how much he pleaseth, paying a stated Price for his Dinner.

Thus no sooner were we come into our Inn at *Chastres*, but the Host saluting us after the Manner of the Country, invited us to sit down at the Ordinary (for so they call their publick Dinner in an Inn). We were not so scrupulous as to refuse his Offer, but followed him into the Chamber, where the Dinner was prepared. There were many Guests at the Table, and all busy in feeding themselves. We took such Seats as we found vacant, and without much Ceremony fell to eating. The Jew trusted to the Indulgence of *Moses*, and I to that of *Mahomet*, for eating with the uncircumcised, whose Meat is seldom free from the Pollutions of Blood. We knew, that neither God, nor his Prophets, required us to starve.

There was Plenty of Wine, and that so delicious, as would have tempted an Hogia to taste it, without the Musti's Dispensation. To avoid Singularity, I made a Shew of eating, as the rest; but the greatest Part of my Repast consisted in Bread and some Fruits, with that exhilarating Juice of the Grape.

The honest Jew swore it was a Banquet prepared by *Cupid*, to render him the most miserable of all Men. For, just in the Midst of our Mirth, came in a French Gentleman with a Lady in his Hand, who placed themselves at the Table exactly opposite to us. I perceived evident Symptoms of some Disorder in *Eliachim*, who seemed to read his Fate in that fair Creature's Face; yet had not Power to check his wandering Eyes, or guard them from inevitable Wounds. He had almost acted over the Story of the Egyptian Wives, whom *Joseph's* Mistress had invited to behold his Beauty, they cut their Fingers for their Meat, whilst gazing on the charming Youth: So poor *Eliachim* was all Confusion, turned to a Statue, whilst he looked on this enchanting Gorgon. He had forgot to eat or drink, till I began to rouse him from his Dream.

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I told him softly in the Ear, That this Lady was but the younger Sister of *Ixion's* Mistress. This brought him to his Sense again, but could not restore his Peace. Prudence taught him to dissemble the violent Emotion of his Soul, and not to expose himself in such a Company; but nothing could expel the fatal Poison from his Breast.

When we had sufficiently repos'd our selves, we bid adieu to the Inn, all joining Company, and setting forward to *Orleans*. On the Road, both *Eliachim* and I had many Opportunities of conversing with this young Lady; such Familiarity with Women, being allowed in *France*. We found her Wit as surprizing as her Beauty; and her Mien and Conduct, such as gave Advantage to them both. In a Word, *Eliachim* was lost amidst so many Perfections.

When we came to our Inn at Night, and were in our Chamber together, he vented his Passion in these Words: *Mahmut, I have passed these Years hitherto, without any other Sentiments of Love, save those which in general I owe to all our Race, and some more particular Regards of Friendship and Duty. But, since I saw this lovely Creature, methinks my Friends, and all that ought to be beloved on Earth, is now contracted into her. It is not her snowy Skin or matchless Features, are of Force to move me; though they are such, thy self being Judge, as would have foiled Apelles's Art to imitate; but it is a Lustre which I cannot express! Surely it was Lightning darted from her Eyes, those fair Avenues of her brighter Soul! The subtle Flame glanced through my Breast, and in a Moment scorched my Reason up! The lovely Basilisk shot Deaths at every Look! Thou sawest how I sate as one transformed; so lifeless, and without Motion was I, whilst gazing on my Ruin! And to this Hour a fatal Numbness spreads through all my Veins, as if I had touched some dire Torpedo.*

Thus went he raving on, till I interrupted him with Laughter and Raillery, endeavouring to cure him of his Love-sick Humour by ridiculing it. I told him my own Experience of this foolish Passion, rehearsed my former Adventures with *Daria*, and how at length I got the Vic-

story of this vain Fondness by Absence, and the Exercise of my Reason. But all that I could say, made no Impression on the stupid Lover. He grew but worse, and so I left him to seek Repose from Sleep.

We came not to *Orleans* till the next Day, where we tarried not long, having no other Business as it happened, but to see the Rarities of the Town, and inform ourselves of those Things it is convenient for Travellers to know. After which we returned to *Paris*: I with the same Sentiments I had at my first setting out from thence; but it seems the World was metamorphosed in poor *Eliachim's* Opinion. To him the Trees had now lost all their Greeness; the Flowers, and Grass, and Corn, looked withered; the Birds sung mournful Notes; the Winds blew hoarse, unwelcome Sounds; and every Thing in Nature seemed to him to droop, because *Falante* was not there (so was the fair one called, as *Eliachim* had learned her) when we parted from *Orleans*.

In this melancholy Condition, the poor Brain-sick *Jew* has continued ever since. When his Cure will commence, I know not.

If thou yet retainest thy native Liberty, and hast not sacrificed it to unhappy Love, learn by his Misfortune to watch thy Senses, which are the first Traytors to the Soul. Adieu.

Paris, 1st of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Captain Bassa.

THOU that hast had thy Education in Arsenals, and hast led the rest of thy Life in Ships of War, wilt be best able to judge of the Proposal, which a certain bold Sea Captain made to Cardinal *Maxarini* not long ago,

It

It being the general Discourse of this City, with what Insult and Defiance Admiral *Morofini*, with about thirty Men of War, entered the *Hellepont*, and braved the *Dardanelis*: This Officer told the Cardinal, That if he would furnish him with half that Number of Ships, he would engage to drive the Sultan out of his Seraglio, lay that Palace in the Dust, and beat down the Towers of all the Mosques in *Constantinople*, or lose his Life in the Attempt. To which the Cardinal replied, *Monfieur*, I believe it is possible, if you could finish your Work, before they would board your Men of War with an hundred Gallies and Saigues full of armed Men.

It is said, That Cardinal *Richlieu* had such a Project once, which made him propose the Building of prodigious high Ships, whose Out-sides should be stuck all over with sharp Spikes, that should render it impossible for Gallies to board them.

By this thou mayest know, that such an Attempt is not thought impracticable by the Christians. I wish it be not put in effectual Execution by them, when the Port may least dream of it.

Christina, Queen of *Swedeland*, has caused a most magnificent Vessel to be built, with a Design to present it to Cardinal *Mazarini*. The inner Work of the Cabbin is of Cedar, curiously overlaid with Flowers, and other Imagery of Gold. The Extremity of the Stern, adorned with Windows, Statues and Galleries; the wooden Work all overlaid with the same Metal. The Roof of the Cabbin represents the Story of *Jafon's* Expedition to get the Golden Fleece, painted by the best Masters in *Swedeland*. All the Furniture speaks the Royal Bounty of her that gives it. The Cannon are of the purest Brass. The rest of the Tackle such as are fittest to weather the Winds and Waves; from which neither this Queen's Sovereignty in *Swedeland*, nor the Cardinal's Grandeur in *France*, could exempt either of them, were they exposed to Sea.

There are those who whisper on this Occasion, That the Queen of *Swedeland* has some Inclinations to the *Roman Catholick* Religion; that she has had several Conferences with *Monfieur Chanut*, on that Subject, as also with

with his Priests; that her Resident in *Portugal* has openly embraced that Faith, not without the Queen's private Consent and Approbation. It is not material to us, what Religion the Infidels profess, whilst they assert Doctrines repugnant to the Divine Unity, and the Truth of the Sent of God. I behold, at this Time, an evident Sign of his Unity in the Heavens; it is the New Moon, just rising from the lower Hemisphere. At the Sight of this Planet, the Messenger of God has commanded me to fall on my Face, and adore the Eternal.

Wherefore praying, That her Influences may prove propitious to thee, whilst thou art on the Ocean, I bid thee adieu..

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

The End of the Second Book.





LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Bedredin, *Superior of the Convent of*
Dervises, at Cogni in Natolia.

NOT more welcome are the rich Perfumes of *Arabia*, to a Soul almost expiring through Grief and Melancholy, than is thy Letter to *Mabmut*, wherein is contained the Certificate of thy being yet on this Side the State of Invisibles. Me thinks all Nature flourishes, while thou art alive. And I feel a Spirit within me, prompts me to presage, That thy Death, like the Fall of Leaves in Autumn, will prove the Harbinger of the World's last Winter. Whilst thou livest thy Prayers and Merits, support the drooping Elements which are now almost ready to fall, into their primitive Chaos and Inactivity. The Angel of the Trumpet, in Contemplation of thy Virtue delays to sound the grand tremendous Blast; which, at an Instant, shall puff out the Light of Sun, Moon and Stars, and blow the Breath out of the Nostrils of all the living Generations. The

Day shall be a Day of Darkness, Horror and Silence, until the Hour of Transmigration comes: When at the second Blast the Firmament shall be rent asunder, like the Opening of Curtains; this old World shall fly away like a Shadow, to the Right Hand and to the Left. Then shall naked Souls hang hovering in the empty Space, betwixt Paradise and Hell. The Throne shall be placed, Judgment shall be given: And, to wind up the Mysteries of Fate, a new and immortal World shall at a Moment spring forth from the Womb of Eternity, and possess the Place of the former.

I write not this to instruct thee, venerable *Bedredin*, who art a Mine of Knowledge: But to satisfy thee, that though I live amongst Infidels, yet I conserve inviolate the Faith of my Fathers, believing the Book brought down from the eternal Archives. Thou fearest that I shall turn Christian, being accused of some, of Levity in my Opinions; by others of Prophaneness and Atheism; by all, of discovering too favourable an Inclination to the *Nazarenes*.

Suffer me, O holy President of the Servants of God, to purge my self of these false Imputations, the Product of Envy and Malice. Permit me to lay at thy sacred Feet, a modest Apology for my Faith.

Let not that Description of the Christians *Messias*, which I sent thee in my last Letter, create in thee an Opinion to my Disadvantage; nor prevail on thee to think, I can ever swerve from the profound Attach I owe to the Sent of God. I honour *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*; and so I do all his Brethren, the Prophets in Paradise: This I am taught in the Alcoran. Where then is my Crime? If I give Virtue its due Praise, even in the Infidels, am I therefore a *Nazarene*? If I speak with Reverence and Modesty of Christian Princes, am not I therefore a *Mussulman*? Or, doth the Book of Glory teach us Arrogance? Surely my Traducers will blush, when they shall consider, that our august Emperors themselves, (who are Sovereigns of all the Kings on Earth,) when they vouchsafe to write to Christian Princes, they dictate their Letters in a Style full of Affection and Regard. They give them magnificent

Titles

Titles at the Beginning; and at the Conclusion they wish them Increase of Felicity, both here, and in Paradise. And would it become a Slave, to treat crowned Heads with less Respect, than does the Master of the Universe? If I have contracted Friendship with some of the Christian Dervises, it was to serve the Ends of the sublime Port, and perform the Rites of Gratitude. I thought it no Crime, to receive a Kindness from any Man; or to return it, without examining his Religion. But perhaps they suspect the Intimacies I had with Cardinal *Richlieu*, and still have with his Successor *Mazarini*. Rest assured, O holy Dervise, that my Access to these Princes of the Roman Church, is so far from being criminal, that without it I never had been capable of penetrating into the Counsels of the Infidels, nor of doing any effectual Service to the Grand Signior. The Countenance which my Familiarity with these two great Ministers affordeth me, hath all along facilitated my Designs: And, whilst under their Umbrage, I am taken for a zealous Christian; I secretly lay a Foundation, whereon, in due Time, shall be built, even in the Heart of Christendom, triumphal Arches, for the victorious *Mussulmans*. It is strange, methinks, that after all this, I should be suspected! That notwithstanding I have patiently endured nine Years Confinement, to an obscure and private Life; a melancholy Banishment to a strange Country; yea, to a City for which I have a natural Averfion; a City, the most unclean, noisy, and vain, in the whole Earth; to be shut up, for the Sake of avoiding Discovery, in a Chamber so narrow, that Suspicion it self, nay even Thought, the Mother of that little Passion, would sweat and be stifled, when once circumscribed within these Walls; and after all this, to be made a Prisoner of State, on Jealousy of being a *Mahometan*: To abide that Punishment so many Moons unmoved, uncorrupted, and at length to be released, to the Advantage of the *Ottoman* Interest, and yet to be traduced at home, for a Traytor to God, his Prophet, and my Sovereign, has surely something in it inconsistent.

What is then my Crime? Or, why am I thus aspersed? Let my Slanderers hereafter be silent, Unless they will lay it to my Charge, That in some of my Letters

have

have discovered a Mind free from Superstition; that I put a high Value on Reason, and have no low Esteem for some of the ancient Philosophers; that I endeavour to guard my Sense, and will not suffer it to be muzzled with the Impositions of Ignorance and Prejudice; that I do not think it a necessary Qualification of a Mussulman, to pursue with inexorable Hatred, all Men that differ from me in Opinion. In fine, That in all my Conversation, I strive to comport myself, as one who asserts the Unity of the Divine Essence, the Plurality of his Prophets, the determinate Number of the Elect; and who is resolved and prepared, rather to die a thousand Deaths, than voluntarily to commit any Impiety against these Principles, or the Interest of the Grand Signior, who has a Right to command all Mankind. If these be Crimes, I must own myself culpable: If not, let my Accusers lay their Hand upon their Mouth. And continue thou, sage Doctor of our holy Law, to instruct me with thy Counsels, to assist me with thy Prayers, and to protect me with thy Friendship. Then shall Mahmut persevere a true Believer, a faithful Slave to the *Osman* Emperor, and a devout Admirer of thy Longevity and Virtue.

I should fear this might be the last Letter I should have the Honour to send thee, were I not convinced by some near Examples, that old Age was not restrain'd to the Times before the Flood. Though thou hast far out-passed the ordinary Years of Men, yet there is at this Time, not far from *Paris*, a Man who has near doubled thy Age. He is an Hermit, living on a Hill, where all Things necessary for human Sustenance seem to be wanting. The Walls of his House are built of Mud, with his own Hands (a weak Defence against Wind and Rains.) His Bed is composed of Leaves of Trees. A Stone serves him for his Pillow. His Diet consists of such Herbs and Fruits, as that Mountain affords him. A neighbouring Well allays his Thirst. He hath dwelt in this Place, and in this manner, eighty three Years, after he had travelled most Parts of *Europe* and *Asia*. Ask him by what Means he preserved his Life so long, he answers, By living free from Care, and by being indifferent to all Things. He foretels Things to come with marvellous Success; as has

often been observed; which makes the People esteem him a Prophet.

The French tell me of another who lived longer than he, being three hundred sixty and one Years old when he died: He was call'd *John of the Times*, in regard he liv'd from the Reign of *Charles the Great*, to that of the Emperor *Conrade*. And being ask'd what Diet he used, his Answer was, Honey within, and Oil without.

This comforts me with the Hopes of seeing thee on Earth, tho' many Years hence: Since no Man can exceed thee in Abstinence, Sobriety, and the Calmness of thy Mind.

The great Author of Life so grant, That if I may not enjoy this Felicity here, yet I may not, by any enormous Crimes merit to be excluded thy Society in Paradise.

Paris 14th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER II.

To Muret Bassa.

THE French are puffed up with the late Defeat they gave the Spanish Fleet in Sight of *Naples*. Their Joy would know no Bounds, were it not curbed by the Loss of the Duke of *Breze*, who was slain by a Cannon Bullet in this naval Combat.

The young Prince of *Conde* has been also forced to withdraw his Army from before *Lerida*, that Place being ever fatal to the French. This has lessened the Disgrace which the Count of *Harcourt* received the last Campaign, in not being able to carry that Town, after six Moons Siege.

But the News from the *Levant*, has elated all the Franks beyond Measure. Yet, I hope, the Relations that are scattered abroad on that Subject, are rather an Effect of

their Wishes, than of any real Success against the invincible *Osmons*.

It is reported, That there have been two Sea Fights between our Fleets and the *Venetians*; that in the former, we lost two thousand Men, seven Gallies, and a Bassa; that in the latter, the *Venetians* took forty Gallies, six Caramusels, and fifty Saïques, laden with Men and Ammunition for the Relief of our Army in *Candy*.

The Honour of this last Victory is ascribed to the Valour and conduct of *Bernard Morosini*, and General *Grimani*; *Bernard* succeeded his Brother *Thomas Morosini* who was killed, as they say, in the first Battle.

The Christians every where express great Joy for these Victories. The open Streets are filled with Tables, covered with all manner of Dainties, at the publick Cost. They feast and revel Night and Day. The Bells ring continually, and Bonfires are made, to celebrate the Triumph of the *Nazarenes*. They presage to themselves the Conquest of the *Ottoman Empire*, and eternal Victories.

From *Dalmatia*, the Posts bring daily News of our Losses and Disgraces. It is known here, That the Castles of *Xemonido*, *Novigrade*, *Nadin*, *Carin*, and all the Places of Strength which we had in our Possession, except *Clissa*, are taken by the *Venetians*.

They laugh at our Siege of *Sebenico*, where we lost two thousand Men, and at length were forced to leave our Camp to the Christians, our General being frightened away by a few Women.

It seems strange and ominous to me, That those Arms which have formerly crushed the greatest Monarchies to Pieces, and have changed the Face of the whole Earth, should now be foiled by a few Desperado's! I dare be thus far a Prophet; that either the Soldiers are disgusted, which will produce a Revolution, or the mighty Empire of the *Osmons* is in its Decline, which God avert.

The Christians, (who are not ignorant of our Affairs, nor of the very Secrets of the Seraglio) by an odd kind of Charity, pray for the long Life of Sultan *Ibrahim*: For, they say, our Armies must needs miscarry during his Reign; most of the Officers, being offended at his

licentious Life, and cruel Actions. Besides, they tax him with Profusenefs, in that he hath not spared the private Treasury of Gold, which, by the Frugality of his Predecessors, had been heaped together; and, which it was not counted lawful for them to touch, unless in the utmost Peril of the Empire. They say, That by the Additions which Sultan *Amurat* had made, this Treasure was augmented to above thirty Millions of Sequins: But that our present Emperor hath squandered most of it away on his Pleasure. They compare him to *Heliogabalus*, the most effeminate Prince that ever reigned; praising, at the same Time, the Magnanimity and Valour of Sultan *Amurat*; who, they say, was the stoutest Man on Earth. They highly applaud his Bravery at the Siege of *Babylon*, when he accepted the Challenge of the *Persian* Soldier; and entering into a single Combat with the unhappy *Redhead*, at one Blow, with his Sabre, cleft him (though in Armour) to the middle. In Memorial whereof, thou knowest that Armour hangs to this Day in the Hazoda. In fine, they extol his Justice: Whereof he gave a remarkable Instance, in punishing a certain *Hogia*, who had cheated a Pilgrim of his Jewels: Thou rememberefst that Passage. And the Stone Mortar, wherein that miserable Wretch was pounded alive by his own Sentence, is yet to be seen at the Gate of the Divan, a Monument of his Villany, and the Sultan's Justice.

These things are not unknown to the West; for the *Nazarenes* have their Intelligencers in the Imperial City. Hence they derive Occasions to censure or praise the Actions of our august Emperors, who are Companions of the Sun, and Brothers of the Stars.

What I have said, I trust to thy Integrity: Whereof I have had Experience. Those who degenerate from that Virtue, may their Souls find no more Rest in the other World, than a *French-Man's* Hat has in this, which is always in Motion. Adieu.

Paris, 15th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER III.

To Mahumet Techli, Bassa of Bosnia, at his
Camp in Dalmatia.

THOU art a fit Man to lead the Mussulman Armies, who durst not hold up thy Head against a few Women: Perhaps thy Mother's Milk hangs yet on thy Chin, thou art not wean'd from the Discipline of the Nursery. Was the strong Fortrefs of *Sebenico* of so small a Price, that thou shouldst basely decamp from before it, because a few Females appeared on the Walls; Is this the way to aggrandize thy Master? What will the Christians say to this Cowardice? Nay, what do they not say already? The News of that Siege had reached all Parts of *Europe*; the *Nazarenes* were big with Expectation of the Event. Now they know it, they laugh both at thee, and at all the Mussulmans. Thou hast brought a Disgrace on the most exalted Empire in the World.

What if thou didst lose two thousand Men before the Walls of that Fort? Is that a sufficient Justification of thy raising the Siege? Our glorious Sultans do not use to win Cities and Castles without Blood. Neither do they spare to sacrifice the best Part of their Army to the Honour of their Arms, whilst our indefatigable Soldiers have mounted on Heaps of slaughtered Spahi's, and scaled the Battlements of their Enemies. Whereas thou wert afraid of a few Stones, that the Women hurl'd on thy Men from the Walls. Thou art more effeminate than a *Sardanapalus*! It were fitter for thee to handle the Distaff, and spin for thy Bread, than to draw a Sword in the Field of Honour. It is a Wonder thy own Soldiers do not abandon thee, being ashamed to serve under so weak a Commander.

I counsel thee, speedily to recover thy lost Reputation, by some notable Service. Let not Perils affright thee; but remember, that true Fortitude surmounts all Difficulties; and that thou canst not pass into the Temple of Honour,

nour, but through that of Virtue. It is not my part to project for thee: The whole Country is before thee: Thou knowest, or at least oughtest to know, the Motions and Strength of thy Enemies. Do something speedily that shall speak thee wise and valiant. Thou hadst better lose thy Life so, than by a Bow-String.

Take this Advice as a Mark of my Friendship, for Mahmut uses not so frankly to reprove those whom he esteems his Enemies. Adieu.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER IV.

To Achmet Bassa.

NOT long ago arrived here a Courier from *Swedeland*, bringing Letters from Queen *Christina* and Monsieur *Chanut*, the French Resident at *Stockholm*.

Among other Matters, they give an Account, That on the twenty seventh of the seventh Moon, that great Princess had like to have been stabbed in the midst of her Guards, surrounded with her Courtiers, before the Altar of her God; at an Hour, when all the Subjects of that Kingdom were on their Knees, to render Heaven propitious to her and the Publick.

That Day there was a Fast proclaimed through all *Swedeland*; and he was esteemed no good Subject, who did not repair to the publick Solemnities. The Queen, to give an Example, went at the third Hour of the Day to the Mosque of her Palace, attended by the great Officers of State, and a numerous Train of the Nobility. When the Preacher (as is the Custom) had made an End of speaking, all that were present fell on their Knees, to perform the appointed Devotions. But it being the Fashion of the *Nazarenes* to utter some secret preparative Oraisons, the Men covered their Faces with their Hats, to be more recollected.

While

While all Eyes were thus veiled a certain Fellow snatching the Opportunity, steps from his Place, and, without making any great Noise, by large Strides, advances unseen to the Rails which enclose the Pavement next to the Altar; where the Queen was on her Knees. But in leaping over, he was perceived by a certain Nobleman, who immediately cried out to the Guards, to stop the Assassin. They crossed their Partisans, but the Villain hurled them one against another with so great Violence, that while they were striving to recover their entangled Weapons, he got quite through them. At which Time the Queen also raising herself up at the Noise, pushed the Captain of her Guards, who kneeled beside her. He starting from his Place, leaped between the Queen and the Murderer, who was now within two Paces of her. He seizes the Wretch; and upon immediate Search, they found two long sharp pointed Knives about him, without Sheaths; one in his Bosom, the other in his Pocket. The Prison being in the Castle or Palace of the Queen, under her very Apartment, she was not willing he should be carried thither, but ordered him to be re-conducted to his own Chamber, which was in the College of *Stockholm*, he being an Ecclesiastic of the said College; commanding also a good Guard to be set over him, which was performed accordingly.

As soon as the Wretch saw himself in his Chamber, he said aloud, That when he went out in the Morning he little thought of ever returning again, having undertaken an Action, in doing of which he expected to lose his Life.

They used all Diligence imaginable in discovering the Authors of this intended Murder; but could learn nothing more, than that this Fellow was a Lunatick, whom at certain Seasons an unaccountable Fury spurred on to many Extravagancies.

Yet some suspect, that he was hired by the *Lutheran* Clergy to give this execrable Blow; who were apprehensive, that the Queen hearkening too much to the Insinuations of her Tutor who was a *Calvinist*, would innovate the established Religion of the Country.

If this be a well grounded Suspicion, it follows at the best, that Religion which ought to correct the Morals of

Men, and have an Influence in restraining their exorbitant Passions, is become the Corrupter of their Manners, and the Fomenter of the most enormous Crimes. But this is common among the Christians, who being divided into innumerable Parties, distinguished by as many several Names; yet each Sect is so sure that their Way is the only right Path to Salvation, that they spare for neither Murders, Sacrileges, nor Treasons, to proselyte the rest to their Opinion, being unwilling that any should live, who are not of the same mind with them.

The King of *France*, and the Queen Regent, received the News of Queen *Christina's* Delivery from this designed Blow, with much Joy: the Interests of both Crowns being at this Time closely intermingled.

I can inform thee of nothing more remarkable at present, save, that certain Letters are intercepted, which the Duke of *Bavaria* had written to the Duke of *Wirtemberg*, and the Elector of *Cologne*: The Contents of which discover, that the Duke of *Bavaria* is not far from a Reconciliation with the Emperor; and that in the mean Time, he only waits the Event of Things, to direct him in the Choice of his Party.

God confirm thee in thy Integrity, that thou mayest never waver or swerve from the Service and Duty thou owest the Grand Signior.

Paris, 28th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER V.

To Cara Haly, a Physician at Constantinople.

THOU hast heaped many Favours on me; yet I have never had an Opportunity of making the least Acknowledgment. Accept now a small Present from Mahmut's Hands, who being not Master of Wealth, can make

no great ones. I send thee neither Silver, Gold, nor Jewels, which the insatiable Avarice of Mortals, has violently torn from the Bowels of their common Mother. Neither shalt thou receive from me any of the more familiar Products of the Earth, such as grow on her Surface. Expect no choice Fruits, or Wine, or Oil: nor any thing framed by the Art of Man, whether for Delight or Use. What I send thee is the Dew of Heaven, a certain Quintessence of the Elements, an Æthereal Spirit, first condensed into a Vapour, then into a more liquid Substance, and afterwards congealed into a Gum. It is the celebrated Manna of *Calabria*.

Adonai the *Jew* sent it to me out of *Italy* as a Rarity. I knew not whom so properly to oblige with this Present, as the studious of natural Things, *Hali* the sage Physician, and my Friend.

The Philosopher *Averroes*, our Countryman, has written much of this excellent Substance. He calls it, The Food of the Airy Angels; and says, The young Ravens crying in their Nests, are nourished by this heavenly Diet, when the old ones forsake them: And that the Chameleons seek no other Repast during their Lives, but the invisible Manna, that every where floats in the Morning Air. He holds it possible, That a Man, after he has passed his great Climacter, may live without any other Sustenance, save what he receives from this heavenly Distillation; that he may thus prolong his Life for the Space of seven Years, which will compleat the appointed Age of Mortals. Many of the sublimely instructed among the *Arabians* are of the same Opinion, so are not a few of the *Hebrew* Rabbi's: But the Christians, who are Gluttons, laugh at this Doctrine as ridiculous and impracticable; forgetting at the same Time what they read in their Bible, (which they pretend is the Rule of their Faith) that the *Israelites* had nothing else to feed on for a considerable Time in the Desert, when they were almost eight hundred thousand Souls, and the greatest Part of them in their full Strength, Men of Arms, and inured to the Toils of War.

Certainly it were a desirable Thing, that this divine Largess were distributed to all Regions on Earth. But God sends his Blessings to whom, and when he pleases.

It is he that directeth the Clouds when they move through the Air, and rest not till they arrive at barren and dry Places, where they pour forth their Water to refresh the Earth, and render it fruitful. God! There is but one God, Lord of the Worlds! These are Signs of his Unity to true Believers, but the Incredulous have hardened their Hearts.

It is recorded, That in former Times, the Ground whereon this Manna descended, belonged to a certain Nobleman of the Country, who, covetous of the unusual Blessing, undertook to enclose all that Land within a high Wall, to the End that so rare a Gift might not be made common to every one. But, as soon as the Workmen had begun to lay the Foundations of this Enclosure, the Manna ceased to fall, and so continued as long as they proceeded in that envious Work. Which when the Lord of the Ground was made sensible of, he commanded the Workmen to desist, saying withal, *The Almighty gives, and the Almighty takes away. Henceforward, I will not seek to restrain the free Gift of Heaven.* Upon which, the Manna descended daily as before, and so has continued to do ever since. Doubtless, this is a Sign of God's Omnipotence.

If thou wilt permit me to play the Philosopher, I will tell thee my Opinion, why this Manna is seen rather in the Kingdom of *Naples*, than in any other Region of the Earth.

It is well known, that the Earth of this Country abounds with Veins of Sulphur, which are diffused up and down through all Parts, and heat the Soil to an extraordinary Degree. Hence it followeth, that the lower Region of the Air, in this Country, must needs acquire a greater Degree of Heat and Dryness also, being perpetually rarified by the fiery Atoms, which every where transpire through the Pores of the Earth, as from a Furnace.

This being so, it is not hard to conceive, that the Vapours which are exhaled by the Sun into the upper Region, in the Heat of a Summer's Day, and there become impregnated by the Ætherial Spirit, (which remaineth pure and unclothed in those serener Tracts, and consequently, is apt to incorporate with any proper Vehicle) naturally descend

scend again in the Cool of the Night; but not meeting with a congenious Body of Vapours in the lower Region, that Air being over purified, and grown defecate, through the too near Neighbourhood of the burning Soil; so that they cannot diffuse themselves through the Air for Want of a fit Medium, they consisting of homogeneous Parts, and following the natural Position of the Element, and the Laws of Gravity; contract themselves into little globular Forms, the lower they descend; thus settling on the Leaves of Trees, on the Grass and Herbs, on Stones, and any Part of the Earth, appearing like Grains of transparent Gum.

Hence also I conceive, that the same Manna (which is nothing else but an Aetherial Spirit, embodied in light and dulcid Vapours) aboundeth in the Air of most Countries, but remaineth invisible, rarely so far condensed, as to settle in a gross Body on the Ground, because the Air of those Regions is not so rarified as is that of *Calabria*, having no such subterranean Fires to drink the Vapours up; but being moist and thick, the descending Manna, instead of contracting it self into globular Bodies, and through its Weight sinking to the Earth, dilates it self, and incorporates with the floating Vapours: Just as if you pour Drops of Water into a Vessel full of the same Element; those Drops do not sink to the Bottom, but finding an homogeneous Body, they mix with it, and are dispersed every Way; whereas, if there be nothing in the Way to stop them, they immediately fall to the Ground.

But I shall tire thee with my Philosophy, forgetting that I speak to a Man consummate in all Sciences. *Adonai* relates many remarkable Passages of this Country, too tedious for a Letter. I will only tell thee in short, that the Kingdom of *Naples* is esteemed one of the most delectable Regions on Earth, the Trees flourishing twice a Year, and the Soil abounding to Prodigality with Corn, Wine, Oil, and Fruits, and all Things necessary for the Life of Man. Yet the Inhabitants have this Proverb common among them; *The Kingdom of Naples is a Paradise of Delights, but it is inhabited with Devils*: So corrupted are the Manners of the People.

Adieu,

Adieu, dear *Hali*, and think not *Mahmut* tedious in his Letters, who has no other Way, at this Distance, to converse with his Friends.

Paris, 19th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER VI.

To Kerker Hassen, *Bassa*.

WHEN this Dispatch shall come to thy Hands, be assured, That *Mahmut*, thy Countryman, and Slave to the Slaves of the Grand Signior, wishes thee Multiplicity of Happiness. I have many Reasons to honour thee, besides the natural Affection, which is, or ought to be, between those who were born in the same Region. The many Favours thou hast done me, have far exceeded the Obligation which arises from the Vicinity of our Birth; though that was so near that a strong Man would have measured the Distance with one Flight of an Arrow.

The Present of Kopha, for which I returned thee Thanks in my last, has wrought wonderful Effects on me, being a perfect Cure of the Melancholy, to which I was before subject. It has freed me from many Distempers; and I owe the present Ease and Chearfulness I enjoy, to this generous Gift.

Methinks, while I am drinking this excellent Liquor, I am at *Constantinople*, conversing with my Friends. It revives in me the Genius of *Asia*; and so advantageously transforms the Ideas of Things which I see, that the Crosses on the Tops of the Christian Temples, appear to me as Half-moons; and my Imagination presents to me Turbants instead of Hats, as Men walk along the Streets of *Paris*.

Doubtless, great is the Force of what we eat or drink, which has occasioned all wise Law-givers, among other Sanctions, to prescribe certain Rules of Diet: And the
Care

Care of our holy Prophet has been exquisite in this Point, his Prohibitions extending to all unclean Meats and Drinks, since they deprave the Constitutions of Men, and encline them to Vice. But, by his own Example, he recommended to us the Use of this admirable Berry; imposing a new Name on the Tree that bears it, when he called it, the Tree of Purification. Hence it is, that all the *Mussulmans* affect to partake of the sanctified Benefit, it being the universal Beverage of the *Osman* Empire. Were the Virtues of it known in these Western Parts, it would match, if not supplant, the Credit of their Wines, since it equally refreshes the Spirits, without intoxicating the Brain.

I know not whether thou hast seen *Pesteli Hali*, my Brother, since thy Return from *Arabia*: Or, whether thou hast heard the News he brought with him out of the *East*. He has surveyed the *Indies*, *Tartary*, *China*, *Tonquin*, *Persia*, and other Regions, whose Names are hardly known in some Parts of the *Ottoman* Empire. Indeed, we have formerly had but an odd Idea of those remote Countries; but especially *China* has been hid from the greatest Part of the Earth.

In my earlier Years, I have heard Men of Gravity, who would be taken for knowing Persons, say, That *China* was but a tributary Province of the *Tartars*, a contemptible Corner of *Asia*, and so barren, as it could hardly afford Sustenance for its Inhabitants, which is a Sign it is well peopled. Assuredly, our Fathers were ignorant of this Country, which, after the perpetual Monarchy of the *Osmans*, may be esteemed the second Empire on Earth.

My Brother says, it contains sixteen Provinces, each as large as a Kingdom: And, that all together they fill up a Tract of Ground as big as *Europe*, which thou knowest, is one of the four Quarters of the World: And that this vast Dominion contains above a hundred Millions of Inhabitants.

The Emperor who reigned when *Pesteli Hali* was there, was called *Zunchin*, a young Prince, not above thirty Years of Age; in whose Veins ran the Blood of sixteen Emperors, his Progenitors.

In

In the Year 1640, two great Officers in his Army, having drawn to their Party an innumerable Company of the Soldiers, and being encouraged by some Grandees at the Court, made a Revolt. The Names of these Rebels were *Lycungz* and *Changien*. They soon became Masters of five Provinces: But, quarrelling about their Shares, *Lycungz* caused his Associate to be poisoned; and taking on himself the sole Command of the Rebels, was proclaimed by them Emperor of *China*. After which, he marched directly with his whole Forces against *Pekin*, a City where the Emperor kept his Court: Knowing that the Conquest of this Place would secure to him all the remaining Provinces of the Empire.

The *Chinese* are reputed a most ingenious People, excelling in all manner of mechanick Inventions, and the boldest Architects in the World. They build Bridges from one Mountain to another, to shorten the Travellers Journey over the Plain between them, and raise Towers almost up to the Clouds. Some of their Cities are said to be near thirty Leagues in Compass, having double Walls and Ditches. And, my Brother says, That *Pekin* wants not much of this Extent: And, that the Palace of the Emperor is near a League in Circuit, environed by three Walls, and as many Moats, besides Bulwarks, and other Fortifications. He adds, That this mighty City and Palace, is guarded by an hundred thousand Soldiers.

This impregnable Place the Rebels took by Stratagem, which was able to have resisted all the Force of *Asia*. *Lycungz* held a private Correspondence with several Grandees within the Town and Palace. By whose Conivance he sent great Numbers of the stoutest Men in his Army, disguised in the Habits of Merchants, who lodging themselves in divers Quarters of the City, on a Day appointed, suddenly appeared in Arms; and surprizing the Guards who defended the Gates, slew them all, and opened the Gates to the Rebels.

Who can express the Confusion and Slaughter that filled all Parts of the City with Mourning and Blood? The barbarous Conqueror sacrificed all the Loyal and the Brave to his unpardonable Ambition; disarmed those who escaped the first Massacre; and having made him-
self

self absolute Master of the City, lays a close Siege to the Imperial Palace.

The Emperor now finding that he was betrayed, and that it was too late to defend himself from the cruel Persecution and Insult of the Traytors, takes Advantage of the short Resistance which some of his faithful Servants made, to consult his own Honour, with that of the Empress and his Daughter. He had above three thousand Wives for whom he could not provide in that Flood of Calamities, all his Care being employed to prevent the last Triumph of his Enemies, in not suffering the Royal Blood to be shed by the prophane Hands of those Villains. He entered into the Gardens of the Palace, accompanied only by his Empress and Daughter, with three faithful Eunuchs. The young Princess, (who was a Lady educated in all the *Chinese* Learning) seeing the great Affliction of her Royal Parents, the inevitable Ruin of their Family, and the universal Desolation, fell on her Knees, and spoke to her Father as follows :

My Lord,

" SINCE it is the Will of the immortal God, thus to
 " S extinguish the Lustre and Majesty of our sublime
 " Race, let their Decrees be fulfilled. But let not me be
 " a Spectator of my Parents Fall, or survive a Tragedy, at
 " which the Earth itself must tremble. Have this Com-
 " passion on my tender Years, and let these Eyes be closed,
 " before Death seal up yours, from which mine bor-
 " rowed all their Light. Think not, because I am young,
 " I fear to die: I long to see our Kindred Gods, and re-
 " present the Fate of *China*, so as to provoke their speedy
 " Vengeance. Surely our deified Ancestors, at my Com-
 " plaint, would gather all the Thunder in the Heavens,
 " and shower it down upon these perjured and un-
 " grateful Traitors. Or else they would play the Chy-
 " mists, and extract the most envenomed Influence of the
 " Stars, and dart the heavenly Poison on the Rebels, as
 " they lie before these sacred Walls, and thus would put
 " a Period to their cursed Treason. Make no Delay,
 " my Royal Father, but try the Experiment; release me
 " from these Chains, which hinder my Escape to Para-
 " dise :

“dise: And let me be the Herald of such News, as
“never before surprized the Blessed above.

The Emperor, moved with this passionate Address of his Daughter, drew a Dagger from his Girdle, and there-
“with stabbed her to the Heart. And then, struck with Remorse at so unnatural a Deed, covered his Face with a Veil of Silk. Thus acting *Agamemnon's* Part, when to fulfil the Oracle, he sacrificed his Daughter *Iphigenia*.

After this, the Empress, overwhelmed with so many Sorrows, retired into a Grove, and hanged herself with a silken Cord on a Tree. The Emperor, seeing this mournful Spectacle, was resolved no longer to delay his own Death. Wherefore, following her Example, he dispatched himself likewise by a String. But he first bit a Vein, and with his Blood writ the following Words:

“What is there now desirable on Earth, after I am
“thus betrayed by my own Subjects? I accuse not the inferior People: They are innocent! It is to the Mandarins I owe my sudden Fall, with the Ruin of this
“mighty Empire. Behold in me, the royal Line extinct,
“I am the last of sixteen Emperors. I, that was Lord
“of so many spacious Regions, Guardian of the Bed-
“chamber of the Sun, sole Monarch of the Orient, Lieutenant to the Gods of the Mines, Possessor of infinite
“Treasures, at whose Name a hundred Millions of my
“Subjects touched the Ground with their Foreheads, am
“now ready to be trampled under Foot by the basest of
“my Slaves. But I will prevent my own Disgrace, and
“carry this majestick Soul, inviolate to my renowned
“Fathers; whose Vengeance, joined with that of all
“the Gods, shall fall on the perfidious Mandarins, who
“have betrayed both me and this exalted State to Ruin.”

A Narrative of these mournful Passages was printed in the *Chinese* Language, supposed to be done by the Order of the Emperor's Attendants, who followed him into the Garden, and were Witnesses of what was said and done. A Copy of which my Brother procured to be translated into *Arabick*, by a Merchant of our Nation, who understood the *Chinese* Language, and resided in *Pekin*.

In fine, my Brother says, That when he departed from *China*, he left the Tyrant *Lycungx* in Possession of the Emperor's Palace, where he found an hundred Millions of Ingots in Gold and Silver, besides an inestimable Treasury of Pearls and precious Stones. All which Wealth had been heaped together by the Frugality of the *Chinese* Emperors.

By this thou mayest make an Estimate of the Grandeur and Strength of this formidable Monarchy, of which we have had such contemptible Notions. Neither shalt thou have Occasion to be surprized at the monstrous Rise and Fortune of this Rebel, who in so a short Time was lifted to the Height of human Sovereignty, when thou considerest, That all Things are subject to Vicissitude and Change.

That God, who establishes whom he pleases on the Thrones of the Earth, and, at the determinated Periods of Empires, deposes such as trust in their Strength and Riches, defend our Sovereign from Treasons, and from the Arrows that fly in Obscurity.

Paris, 13th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER VII.

To Darnish Mehemet, Bassa.

WHAT Obligation have I to be concerned for the Infidels? Or, what Interest in the Uncircumcised? Yet Nature hath tied all our Race in some common Bonds of Affection; and Humanity teaches us, to rejoice at the Deliverance of the Oppressed.

The Kingdom of *Naples* has long groaned under the Yoke of *Spanish* Tyranny. The Labour of the People sufficed not to pay the unreasonable Taxes that were imposed on them. They sweat Blood to become yet more miserable; whilst their cruel Masters having fleec'd them to Nakedness, would take Advantage of their Poverty,

to rivet their Chains yet deeper, and render their Servitude past Redemption.

The People were sensible of their Calamity, yet knew not how to shake off the Yoke. It had gall'd them to the Nerves and Sinews; their Strength was gone, Despair of Redress rendered them supine; and took from them the very Power of meditating their Recovery. But Heaven, which protects the Oppressed, has raised up a Youth from among the meanest of the People, to assert the publick Liberty. A Fisherman, who has not seen four and twenty Winters, has undertaken to restore the ancient Privileges of the *Neapolitans*. Who can penetrate into the Methods of eternal Destiny, which makes Use of so contemptible Instruments, to check the Power of the greatest Monarchs?

This bold Youth, inspired with a Zeal for the Publick, ran one Day into the Streets, crying with a loud Voice, Long live the King of *Spain*, but let the corrupt Officers perish. He had no other Weapon save a Reed in his Hand, but was soon followed by a Multitude of Boys and young Men, with Clubs and Staves, who went along the Streets of that populous City, repeating the Cry after him, Long live the King of *Spain*, but let the corrupt Officers perish. At first the Citizens laughed at the Infant Tumult; but in less than two Hours, this Fisherman (whose Name was *Massanello*) had enrolled above two thousand Boys.

The next Day his Numbers encreased, by the Accession of all sort of lewd and idle Persons, Male-Contents, Debtors, and such as were desirous of Novelty. Nay, some of the better sort of Citizens shut up their Shops, took Arms, and mingled with the popular Insurrection: So that, e're Mid-day, there were above ten thousand Men and Boys, marching along the Streets, and burning the Custom Houses, with all their Books of Accounts throughout the City.

When *Massanello* beheld himself at the Head of so vast a Multitude, he thought it Time to declare the Reason of his raising this Tumult. Wherefore getting on an eminent Place in one of the Markets, he spake to his Followers to this Effect:

• Rejoice,

: Rejoice, O ye faithful People, and send up Acclamations to the God of Heaven, who hath this Day put it into your Hearts and Hands, to be your own Redeemers. As for me my Spirit burneth within me, to see the publick Oppression; and I set no Value on my Life, when I first began this glorious Enterprize. One of the Princes threatened me with the Gallies, if I persisted: But here are thousands my Witnesses, That instead of fearing him, I smote him on the Breast, and sent him away, joyful that he escaped with his Life. O ye faithful People, trust not the Princes or Nobles: They are the Men who oppress you, and would enslave you. Trust in your Arms, and the Justice of your Cause. God has brought you together; let nothing separate you till you have freed your Country, yourselves, your Wives and Children, from perpetual Servitude. Chuse you a Leader, a Man of Courage and Resolution, who is willing to sacrifice his Life for the common Good. As for me, I have hitherto lived a Fisherman, and so I intend to die.

The People, exceedingly moved with this Speech, chose him with one Accord for their Leader, crying out with loud Acclamations, Long live *Massanello*, the Patron of the *Neapolitan* Liberties.

The first Thing he did after he was confirmed in this Authority, was to set open the Prisons, and list the Prisoners under the Banner of the People. Then he divided this confused Army into Regiments and Companies; and sent forth a Proclamation throughout *Naples*, commanding all to take Arms, on Pain of having their Houses burnt. So that in a little Time he had above fifty thousand armed Men at his Heels.

Thus accompanied; he marches directly toward the Viceroy's Palace, vested in Cloth of Silver, with a naked Sword in his Hand. He was accompanied by a Cardinal, who undertook to be a Mediator between the Viceroy and the People. His Presence restrained the Multitude within some Bounds of Moderation, for they revered him as the Father of the City. Yet they burnt above sixty Palaces of the Nobles to the Ground, with all their Furniture

Furniture and Goods ; and it was present Death for any one to rescue or purloin any Thing from the Flames ; so rigorously just was this new Law-giver, this *Moses* of the *Neapolitans*. It was in vain for the Viceroy to oppose Force against so formidable an Insurrection. He entertained the young Fisherman with Ceremonies due to a Prince : And having concluded a Truce, gave him the Title of Chief Tribune of the faithful People. This increased the Veneration the Citizens had already conceived for *Massanello* : So that in a Day or two more he saw himself at the Head of an hundred and fifty thousand armed Men. He gave out all Orders for the Republic, published new Edicts, and all Commissions were issued in his Name. He procured the Gabels to be forever abolished, restored the People to their ancient Liberty : And in-fine, was murdered by his own Followers.

Let me not seem an Advocate for Sedition, when I tell thee there was something brave and heroick in the Actions of this Youth. So strange a Revolution, in so short a Time, has scarce been heard of in the World : For a beardless Slave to raise himself in six Days to as absolute and uncontrollable a Sovereignty, as the greatest Monarch on Earth enjoys ; to be obeyed by an infinite Number of People, without the least Hesitation or Demur, were it for Life or Death : and all this, without any Motive of Ambition or Interest, but only to assert the publick Liberty, is a convincing Argument of his Virtues ; and shews, That Heaven approved his Enterprize. But then again, for him to lose all this Power in four Days more, to be murdered in cold Blood by his own Party, by the People whose Cause he had so successfully vindicated ; this shews the Instability of human Affairs, and that there is nothing permanent on this Side the Moon.

I pray God to inspire the Ministers of the sublime Port, to take such Measures as may preserve the Mussulman Peace. Adieu.

Paris, 13th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman his Cousin at Constantinople,

WHEN I closed up my last, the Hour of the Post was near expired, and the Messenger who carries my Letters to him, hastened my Dispatch, preventing what I had farther to say to thee.

I am solicitous for thy Welfare, both as thou art a Mussulman, and so near a Relation. Do not forfeit those Titles, by degenerating from thy Kindred, and from all the illuminated of God. Truth is comprized in a little Room, but Error is infinite. Thou makest a wrong Inference, from the Moderation and Charity of the true Believers, when thou concludest, That because they believe, it shall go well with all honest Men, let their Opinions and Ceremonies be what they will; therefore thou shalt be safe, in retrenching the endless and burthensome Washings, (as thou termest them) of the Mussulmans, so long as thou ledest a good moral Life.

Art thou such a Friend to Idleness and Impurity, that thou wilt by a most pitiful Sophistry, cheat thy self of Salvation, rather than to take the Pains to wash thy self after the Manner, and at the Times appointed by the Prophet of God, and practised by our Fathers, and all the Faithful throughout the World? if it be allowed, That such as either out of Ignorance, or hindered by some other invincible Cause, do not embrace our holy Law, are not circumcised, and repair not to the Assemblies of the Faithful, shall nevertheless enter into Paradise, provided they obey the Law of Nature, imprinted on their Hearts; does it follow therefore, That one who has been bred up in the undefiled Faith, who has been circumcised, and lifting up his Right Hand to Heaven, has pronounced the Seven mysterious Words, which cannot be repealed; does it follow, I say, That such an one shall be regarded by God or his Prophet, any otherwise than as a Heretick or an Infidel, if he live not up exactly to the Graces that have

have been given him? No, assure thyself, if thou art in the Number of these, thou art an Apostate; thy Virtues are Vices, and all thy good Works are an Abomination.

Remember the Piety and magnanimous Zeal of *Assan Hali* thy Grandfather; who, when he was taken Prisoner by the *Cossacks*, was entertained with extreme Rigour and Severity. Nevertheless, a certain Jew in the City who knew him, brought him every Day, by Permission of the Keeper, as much Water as would suffice to wash him, and to quench his Thirst. But one Day, as he went with his accustomed Load, and was entering the Gate of the Prison, the Keeper, either out of Malice or Wantonness, spilt most of the Water on the Ground, forbidding the Jew at the same Time, to bring any more that Day.

The honest *Hebrew* went in with the Remainder of the Water, and delivered it to the Prisoner; who presently prepared to wash himself, after the accustomed Manner of the *Mussulmans*. The Jew seeing that, told him, There was not Water enough to quench his Thirst. And therein related to him what the Keeper had done. *I see there is but a little* (replied the virtuous old Man) *but he that drinks, or eats, before he has washed himself, is guilty of defiling his Soul, and is not worthy to be numbered among the true Believers. Therefore it is better for me to die for Thirst, than violate the Law brought down from Heaven, and transgress the Traditions of my Fathers.* Having said this, he washed himself, being resigned to Providence.

Confin, deceive not thyself with vain Opinions, nor suffer Hypocrites to seduce thee. Imitate the Adder, and stop thy Ears against the crafty Insinuations of Hereticks. It is reported of of this little Serpent, that by natural Instinct, being sensible when a Magician is about to utter Words, which being heard will ensnare it, lays one Ear close to the Ground, and with its Tail stops the other, to the End the Enchantment may have no Effect.

Admit not any Man to thy Conversation, who shall attempt to warp thee from the Simplicity of the Faith and Obedience which thou owest to the Apostle of God. Without Water there is no Purity on this Side the Grave. That Element has a Force in it, of which thou art not aware.

aware. It is the third in the Rank of living Principles. It is the Tabernacle of the Winds; the Seraglio of the generative Spirit; the Stage of Wonders. In fine, it is the Purifier of every Thing that has Breath.

Thou knowest, that to serve the Necessities of the Prophet and his Army, Understanding and Speech was given to a Fountain in *Arabia*, which having promised to follow him to the Place of his Repose, made a Channel through the Desert, and kept Pace with the Troops of the Faithful, until they came to *Medina Talmabi*; that to the Submissive to the Will of Heaven, might not want that Element, without which Life itself would be a Burthen and a Curse.

And yet thou speakest contemptibly of Water, as a very indifferent Thing, whether we use it or not, any other ways than to quench our Thirst. Thus making no Difference between the many Advantages we reap from that Element, and that common Use to which the Beasts put it. In how many Places of the Alcoran does the Holy Prophet record the Mercy of God, in giving us Water that is fresh and not salt? How does he celebrate his Wisdom and Goodness, for directing the Clouds to barren and dry Places? Thou canst not be ignorant, that it is one of the Encomiums of Paradise, that there are Gardens wherein flow many Rivers: And after all this, wilt thou despise so holy and blessed a Gift, without which, Earth and Heaven, Men and Angels, could not be completely happy.

Go learn then of the *Indian* Idolaters, who have never heard of the Book of Glory: Go learn of these Barbarians, to prize their sanctified Creatures. They travel many hundreds of Leagues to bathe themselves in the Waters of *Ganges*. With those incorruptible and all-purging Streams, the *Brachmans* fill certain Vessels, and transport the invaluable Liquor, to the utmost Parts of that wide Empire. They travel on Foot, sometimes two thousand Miles together, each Man with his Load of that precious Water, to supply the Wants of those who live so remote from the River. So that a Bottle of it is many Times sold to the Princes and Nobles, for two hundred Sequins, or eight hundred Roupies. And yet, for all this, those

very

very Princes would not die with a safe Conscience, had they not at least once in their Lives made a Pilgrimage to this renowned River, and bathed themselves in the Waves which blot out Sins.

O Cousin, let the Example of these Infidels make thee blush at thy Impiety, and excite thee to a diligent and indispensable Practice of Cleanness: So shalt thou have a sound Mind in a healthy Body: And the Angel of thy Nativity will not shun thy Person. Adieu.

Paris, 7th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Defeat of the *Venetians* and *Morlacks* in *Bosnia*, has reached these Parts. That News is not unwelcome to *Mahmut*. But I could wish our General had used his Victory with more Moderation. The Christians term him Barbarian, Savage, Devil incarnate, and load him with Execrations: For, having taken Prisoner the Captain of the *Morlacks*, he caused him to be slayed alive, and afterwards to be impaled. This Captain was an Ecclesiastick, they call him *Stephani Sorich*; and in Honour of his Zeal and Fidelity, they entitle him, *The good Priest*. They applaud his Magnanimity and Courage in Battle; and no less do they extol his Constancy, during the Torments of so cruel and ignominious a Death. But I tremble to think of the Blasphemies and Curses they utter against our holy Prophet, and all the *Mussulmans*! For this cruel Execution hath scandalized the *Nazarenes*, and imbittered them even to Fury. Their Revenge is implacable: They would go to Hell themselves, provided the true Faithful might be damned for Company.

What will our Divine Law-giver say? Or, what Apology will our General make, when the Sent of God shall charge him, with driving so many thousand Souls into

an irreconcilable Hatred of the undefiled Faith? For, they look not on this as the Action of a private Man, but of one who represents the Person of our august Sovereign, the great Protector of the Law brought down from Heaven. They suppose him to be honoured with the particular Instructions of his Master; and therefore they say, the Sultan has authorised this unheard-of Cruelty, and that our Religion countenances Tyranny, and the most nefarious Method of shedding innocent Blood.

I am no Advocate for Infidels; yet suffer me to vindicate Nature, which is the common Parent of us all. Suffer me to be solicitous for the honour of our holy Profession, which is blemished by this inhuman Murder. What Offence had this unhappy Captain given, that he deserved so dire a Punishment? Was it because he fought valiantly, and performed Wonders in Defence of his Country? This is nothing but what becomes every honest Man to do. And, had our General been truly brave, he would have entertained his Prisoner with a Respect due to his Merit.

Who was a more inveterate Enemy of the *Mussulmans* than the renowned *Ischenderbeg*, Prince of *Albania*? Who more valiant or successful against the *Ottoman Armies*? It is recorded of him, that he never shunned a Battle, never fled from his Enemies, never shrunk from Perils, nor was ever wounded but once in all his Life. And yet he sustained a continual War, from two successive *Osman Emperors*; defeated seven Vizirs, with their Forces, took all their Ammunition and Baggage, and, in several Combats, slew with his own Hands above two thousand *Mahometans*,

Our Fathers did not basely revenge themselves for all this, but cherished a Veneration for this heroick Enemy, and honoured the very Dust of such an extraordinary Person. For, after his Death, having conquered *Albania*, they sought out his Tomb, where they performed their Devotions as at the Sepulchre of a Prophet. They opened the Dormitory of the defunct Warrior, and with religious Solemnity took up his Bones, sharing the honoured Relicks among them; and wrapping them in Silk, wore them continually at their Breasts, esteeming them as secret Amulets against Misfortunes.

Surely our General would blush at an Example of so great Virtue. But perhaps he was incensed, because this Captive was a Priest: Mistaken Zeal might prompt him to this horrid Butchery. Thou, who art Justice itself, wilt not approve this bloody Passion, when thou considerest, that the Priests of *Jesus* are Men as well as others; and if they live in Error, the Fault is in their Education. However, many of them are humble, chaste, sober, and Lovers of Virtue. If there be others, whose corrupt Lives have contradicted this Character, let the Crime and the Punishment rest on their Heads. It is not reasonable that the Innocent should suffer for the Faults of the Guilty. The Captain of the *Morlacks* had the Reputation of a devout and just Man, and a stout Champion for his Country: Had he been taken for a Spy or an Assassin, the Law of Arms would have adjudged him to Death. Yet such was the Clemency of *Porfenna*, King of the *Hetrurians*, that when *Mutius Scevola*, a valiant *Roman*, came into his Camp, with design to murder him, but by mistake stabbed one of the Captains, thinking it had been *Porfenna*; and to revenge that Miscarriage on himself, thrust his Hand into the Fire, till the Flesh was consumed to the Bones: The King, astonished at his undaunted Spirit, sent him away in Peace, raised the Siege of *Rome*, and entered into a strict Friendship with that Nation: Such Honour he bore to the Fortitude of his Enemy, and designed Murderer. But the Captain of the *Morlacks* was not taken under these Circumstances: He lost his Liberty in the Heat of Battle, bravely combatting at the Head of his Army.

Wouldest thou know the Grounds then of our General's Cruelty? It was purely for the Sake of a Jest. There went a Report, that when this Priest was born, his Body was all over raw, so that the Physicians were forced, by Art, to supply him with a Skin. Our cruel General, to sport himself in the poor Man's Misery, commanded him to be flead alive; uttering at the same Time this inhuman Sarcastism; *There was no Reason that he should carry a Skin out of the World, who brought none in.* This is attested by two Gentlemen who were made Prisoners

Prisoners with their Captain, heard these Words, saw him executed, and afterwards made their Escape.

The *Nazarenes* vow to revenge this unparalleled Cruelty on all the *Mussulmans* that fall into their Hands, if this Butcher (as they term him) be suffered to go unpunished. I tell thee, such barbarous Actions draw down the Vengeance of Heaven on those that commit them; and excite the very Beasts of the Earth to make Way and rid the World of such Monsters.

Thou knowest what Use to make of this Intelligence: I will not pretend to instruct the second Minister of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 7th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER X.

To the Mufti.

IF there be any Truth in what the Astrologers tell us, that the Stars have Influence on the Government of the Earth, one would think that Spain lies under some malignant Aspect.

The Fortune of that Kingdom has for a long Time run retrograde. They have had nothing but Losses by Sea and Land. The Revolution in *Portugal*, the Revolt of *Catalonia* and *Roussillon*, the Loss of *Ormuz* in *Persia*, and the Defection of *Goa*, with other rich Towns of Traffick in the *Indies*, came one upon the Back of another.

Since which there have been many Towns and Castles taken from the *Spaniards* in *Flanders*. The *French* made an Insurrection in *Palermo*, breaking open the Prisons, and releasing the Prisoners; and grew to such an Head, that the Viceroy, fearing they would revenge the Tragedy of the *Sicilian Vespers*, to pacify the Multitude, was forced to repeal the Edicts for Taxes, and disannul them for ever, and to pass an Act of general Indemnity, both to the Rabble and to the Prisoners whom they had freed.

This tumultuous Spirit passed from thence to the Kingdom of *Naples*, and there, like an Infection, soon spread itself through all Parts, both of City and Country.

Two hundred thousand Men took up Arms, to vindicate the Privileges of the *Neapolitans*, under the Conduct of a poor young Fisherman. I have already transmitted to the sublime *Port*, a Relation of this formidable Sedition, wherein it may be thought, I have discovered too much Tenderneſs to the Infidels, and ſeemed to favour the Violences of a Faction. But I hope thou wilt acquit me, when thou conſidereſt, That theſe Governments of the *Nazarenes* are not to be compared to the ſacred *Oſman* Empire, which is eſtabliſhed by a Divine Right, it having been determined by the Angel, that he who ſhould poſſeſs the glorious Dormitory of the Seat of God ſhould be entitled, The Sovereign of all the Kings upon Earth. Therefore it would be a Crime of the higheſt Nature, to raiſe a Tumult or Sedition within the Territories of our auguſt Emperor, whoſe Dominions is confirmed to him for ever by a Patent from Heaven. But the Caſe of the *Nazarene* Princes is different, who being profeſſed Enemies to the Meſſenger of God, have no other Right to any Thing, but what their Swords purchaſe. And therefore, when they prey upon others, and by Rapine and Spoil augment their Riches, it is no wonder if the great Avenger of Crimes ſtir up ſome undaunted Spirits to free their Country from Slavery and Ruin.

Thoſe who are curious, have remarked many obſervable Circumſtances in this Revolution at *Naples*; as that it was foretold by an Aſtrologer, a conſiderable Time before it happened, who pointed out the very Year wherein it ſhould come to paſs. The extraordinary Eruptions alſo of Mount *Veſuvius* ſome Years ago, were eſteemed as Preſages of ſome approaching Troubles in the State; for it rained Aſhes on the City of *Naples*. I ſpoke of this Mountain in one of my former Letters.

It is reported alſo, that about the ſame Hour wherein *Maſſanello*, the Ringleader of the Seditious was murdered, there was ſeen a Man hovering in the Air, over the principal Temple of *Naples*, with a Sword in his Hand, which he was putting up in his Scabbard; and that a Voice was at the ſame Time heard from on high to utter theſe Words, "His Labour is finiſhed, give him

"Reſt."

This

This is certain, that whilst he was at the Head of an hundred thousand Men, seven Assassins were hired by some of the Princes to shoot him; yet none of the Bullets could penetrate his Body, though unarmed, and only covered with his fishing Rags: And it was evident, that these Bullets smote him in divers Places, his Garments being marked with them, and he staggered with the Force of the Blows.

These are extraordinary Occurrences, and would tempt one to believe, that this young Fisherman was the Instrument of Providence, and that Heaven protected both him and his Cause.

It is true indeed, it seemed at last as if he were abandoned by that divine Power, which had carried him through so important an Enterprize, in that he was slain by his own Soldiers. But then it must be remembered, that this was not done till his Work was finished, and he went beyond his Commission. Want of Sleep, the Multitude of Affairs, and much Wine, had impaired his Reason, and rendered him frantick, so that his Actions were insupportable, and his own Admirers grew weary of him. After his Death his Head was cut off, and carried up and down the Streets on a Lance, and his Body was dragged through the Kennels. Yet the very next Day, the Multitude, to shew their own Fickleness, took the dead Body out of a Ditch, where they had laid it all Night: They washed and embalmed it, and having joined the Head to it, carried it with great Pomp and Solemnity to the principal Temple of *Naples*, attended with Drums and Trumpets, and above a thousand Priests, with Torches in their Hands; a Crown of Gold was put on his Head, and a Scepter in his Hand.

Thus the *Neapolitans* honoured that beardless Youth, who in ten Days Time had caused such a Revolution, as is scarce to be parallell'd; for he was an absolute Monarch, in effect, during that Time. And of him it may be said, as it was once of an Emperor, that during his whole Reign there was neither Spring, nor Autumn, nor Winter: For his Royalty begun and ended in the seventh Moon.

By Letters from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, at *Vienna*, I perceive he is molested with Scruples about his Religion, being desirous to build upon the surest Foundation. I sent him

him the best Advice I could, without making myself an Hypocrite, which thou knowest is more offensive to God than an open Sinner. I drew up an Abstract of the *Mussulman* Records, and presented him with the faithful Genealogy, from *Ismael*, the Son of the Patriarch *Ibrahim*, down to our Holy Prophet. This I did to rectify an old inherent Error of the *Jews*, who boast that only the Sons of *Isaac* were true Believers. I endeavoured not to proselyte him, by Sophistry and Artifice; but referred him, for better Satisfaction, to the Writings of the Ancients. I promised to furnish him with the Books of our Law, and the Comments of our holy Doctors. This is impossible for me to perform, whilst I am in this Place; unless thou, who art a Guide of those who seek the Truth, vouchsafest to second my Zeal. I address to thee, sovereign Prelate of the faithful, in Behalf of a Descendent from the younger Brother of *Ismael*, in Behalf of one circumcised, but not in the right Way. Favour him with thy divine Instructions, and supply him with Treatises of Light and Reason. A seasonable Application may bring this *Hebrew* into the Number of the *Mussulmans*, for he is already disgusted at the Synagogue.

But if I have presumed too far, in endeavouring to snatch a Soul from the Paws of *Tagot*, correct me in thy Wisdom, for I am but as an Infant before thee.

Paris, 15th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XI.

*The Beginning of this
Lecter is wanting in the
Italian Translation, the
original Paper being torn.*

* * All Mens Hearts are filled with Joy, for this prosperous News, whilst I mourn for the Dishonour of our Arms. Nothing but sad Tidings grate my Ears from those Parts, and more melancholy Presages possess my Soul. Methinks I see thick Clouds gathering over the Imperial City. My Sleep is disturbed with fearful Visions: I start in my Bed; and walking lay my Hand on my Sword, as if some Danger were at Hand: I dream of Tumults and Disorders,
neighing

neighing of Horses and clashing of Arms in the Streets of *Constantinople*. I pray God avert the Omen.

It is reported here, that *Ali*, the Sangiac Bey of *Lippa*, is taken Prisoner; and that his Son was tormented to Death before his Face, in a manner peculiar to the Invention of the most barbarous Tyrants: For they caused sharp Thorns to be thrust between his Nails and his Flesh, which creates an intolerable Anguish: They laid him on a Bed of Iron Spikes, and poured melted Lead, Drop by Drop, on all Parts of his Flesh. Then they made a small Fire, and roasted him slowly to Death. If he chanced to groan, or make the least Complaint, in the midst of those grievous Tortures, they bid him remember the good Priest *Sorech*, who set him an Example of Constancy and Courage, in that he never shed a Tear, or so much as sighed, when he was flayed alive.

Thou seest that Revenge is sweet, even to those who having received no Injury in their own Persons, yet are touched to the Quick, with the Violence that is done to another. This will appear in the Humour of the *Italians*, who prosecute their Enemies with irreconcilable Hatred and Malice, whole Families being often engaged in executing the Resentments of two single Persons, who first began the Quarrel: But much more forcible is this Passion in those, who have been notoriously hurt themselves. And the Revenge of a certain Captain was extravagant, who being informed that his General had debauched his Wife, took an Opportunity to single him out from all other Company, pretending to walk in the Fields. When he had him there alone, he clapped a Pistol to his Breast, threatening to kill him forthwith, if he moved Hand or Foot. Then he upbraided him with what he had done, in such Language, as convinced the General his Life was in extreme Danger. Wherefore he humbled himself, and confessed his Crime, begging of the Captain to spare his Life, and he would prefer him forthwith to the best Office in the Army next his own. But the furious *Italian* would not sell his Honour so cheap. He forced him to deny God, and utter many Blasphemies, in hopes of saving his Life; and when he had thus done,

the Captain said, *Now my Revenge is complete. since I shall send thee Body and Soul to the Devil.* With that he pistolled him.

But, leaving these Infidels to their diabolical Passions, I am concerned at the Captivity of thy Brother; if it be true which is related here. That he was taken in his Return from *Canæ* to *Constantinople*. It will cost the *Bassa* of *Algiers* a thousand Crowns to ransom him.

Adieu *Renarba*. And, if thou art desirous to raise thyself, take that Method which I have now proposed to thee. God be propitious to thy Endeavours.

Paris, 4th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XII.

To the Venerable Musti.

THOU wilt say, the *Neapolitans* are a restless People, when thou shalt know, that there have been no less than forty general Insurrections in this Kingdom, since its first Separation from the *Grecian* Empire, whereof it was formerly a Member; and that, in the Space of two Years, they have had five Kings, all of different Nations,

One would have thought, that after the Death of *Massanello*, the Ringleader of the late Innovation, the popular Heats would have slackened, and the People returned to their Duty; but the passionate Desire of Liberty caused them to continue in Arms, till the Confirmation of their Privileges should come from the King of *Spain*.

In the mean time, *Don John* of *Austria*, who lay before the City with a Fleet of fifty Galleons, played upon them incessantly with his Cannon by Sea, and the Castles battered them by Land.

Cardinal *Mazarini*, who has the earliest Intelligence of foreign Transactions, has had a principal Hand in fomenting this Flame. For as soon as the News of *Massanello's* Death arrived here, he dispatched away Couriers
to

to *Rome*, with Instructions to the *French* Embassador at that Court, requiring him to use all possible Means to cherish the Tumults in *Naples*, and not neglect so fair an Opportunity of reducing that Kingdom under the Protection of *France*.

It will not appear strange that this great Genius should aim at the Conquest of *Naples*, when we consider, that this Kingdom abounds in all manner of Riches, to which its fortunate Situation contributes not a little; for it lies in the most temperate Part of the World: And the Inhabitants are not second to any People of *Europe*, in martial Courage and Bravery. This is a Bait which tempts the Cardinal, who is not ignorant how valiantly the Ancestors of the present *Neapolitans* behaved themselves in the Wars of *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, and those between the *Romans* and *Carthaginians*. Nor are they less celebrated for the stout Resistance they made against the *Huns*, *Goths*, and *Vandals*. So that this Kingdom, were it once brought under the *French* Dominions, would prove a Nursery, from whence this Monarch might draw many thousands of excellent Soldiers, to serve him in his Wars.

Besides, it would be more commodious for him to make Incursions from hence into the Pope's Territories, if there should arise any Difference between the two Courts; as there often do about the Rights of the *Gallican* Church, the Franchises of the Embassadors of this Crown in *Rome*, and other Privileges to which they pretend.

Therefore the *French* Embassador according to the Instructions of *Mazarini*, sent Commissioners to treat privately with the People of *Naples*, offering them two Millions of Crowns, twenty Galleons, with fifty-eight Gallies, and other Vessels. They accepted the Proposal, being weary of the *Spanish* Government, and desirous of Novelty, encouraged also by what those Commissioners represented to them concerning the Success of the *English*, who by standing on their Guard, and using that Power which God and Nature had given them, for the Defence of their Lives and Liberties, were now, in a manner, become a free People, having abolished the Monarchy, and set up a Commonwealth: And

this, they told them, was also done by Cardinal *Ma-
zarini's* Counsels, and Assistance. Now all the Cry in
Naples was, *Let France and the People of England flou-
rish; and let the faithful Neapolitans assert their own
Liberty.* So blind were these People, as not to consider,
that in putting themselves under the Protection of
the *French*, they did but exchange one Bondage for an-
other, it being impossible for any foreign Prince to keep
this Kingdom, and pay all his Officers, Civil and Mili-
tary, together with those under their Commands, with
much less Charge than the Revenues amount to. And the
French are as good at inventing new Taxes, as any Court
in *Europe*.

However, the *Neapolitans* were enchanted with the
Thoughts of so much Gold, and other Assistance offer-
ed by the *French* Commissioners; and sweetened with
their fair Words, and glorious Promises. So that they
immediately sent Deputies to entreat the Duke of *Guise*,
who was then at *Rome*, to come and protect them,
in taking on him the chief Command of their
Arms.

This Prince thinking it a generous Action to relieve
the Oppressed; and that at the same time he should do a
considerable Service to the King of *France*, in rendering
him Master of this noble and opulent Kingdom, went
to *Naples*; where, at first, he was received with in-
finite Applause, was made their General, took an Oath
of Fidelity to the People, did many notable Servi-
ces, but was in the End betrayed, and sent Prisoner to
Spain.

If the Generosity and brave Resolution of this Prince
has acquired Commendation from some, in attempting
to rescue these People from the Tyranny of their Go-
vernors, yet his Conduct is called in Question by others,
who say, he discovered but little Prudence in trusting
himself to the *Neapolitans*, who had already sacrificed
two of their Generals. (For after the Death of *Mas-
sanello*, they chose another Captain, whom they called
the Prince of *Massa*: This Prince falling under their
Suspicion, was beheaded by the inconstant People.)

It is certain, that there is little Confidence to be put
in the Multitude, whose Passions ebb and flow, and
are

more tempestuous than the Sea. Yet a brave and generous Mind will shun no Dangers to serve his Prince and his Country, for whom it is a glorious Martyrdom to die. There is no great Undertaking without Hazards; and he that is afraid to venture his Liberty and Life in a good Cause, is not worthy to bear Arms. Had the Duke of *Guise* succeeded, his Conquest of *Naples* had made him Viceroy of one of the largest Kingdoms in *Europe*. It is said to be five hundred Leagues in Circuit, containing twelve ample Provinces; twenty Archbishopricks; Bishopricks; one hundred twenty seven; thirty Castles; Barons, one thousand four hundred; Earls, fifty three; forty Marquesses; thirty four Dukes; and twenty Princes. The Inhabitants of this Kingdom are said to be above two Millions. The ordinary Revenues of the King, amount to three Millions of Crowns yearly, besides the voluntary Donatives which have been given by the Subjects of this State to their Kings within the Space of forty Years, amounting to twenty eight Millions, and six hundred thousand Ducats. This Kingdom is watered by a hundred and fifty Rivers, besides ten Lakes stored with all manner of Fish; among which is one called *Averno*, over which, if any Birds fly, they immediately drop down dead. The ancient Pagans had strange Opinions of this Lake, it being the Place where they used to sacrifice Men to the infernal Gods. And, hard by, is the Cave of one of the Sibyls.

There are thirty high Mountains in this Country, of which *Adonai* relates many strange and delightful Passages, (for it is from him I received this Account of the Kingdom.) I will not trouble thee with a Repetition of all that this *Jew* tells me, only one Thing is worthy of Remark.

He says, That the Bodies of the three young *Hebrews*, who were put into the burning Oven by the *Babylonian* Monarch, because they would not adore his Idols, are preserved in a Mosque on one of these Mountains. And that on the said Hill, no Eggs, Flesh, or Milk, will endure an Hour without Putrefaction, but presently breed an infinite Number of Worms. He speaks in the Praise of these Mountains, which are cloathed with Vineyards, Gardens,

Gardens, and Woods, on the Top and Sides; and in their Bottoms have very rich Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Crystal, Alabaster, Adamant. In fine, *Adonai*, who has travelled over all this Kingdom, calls it the fertilest Region of all *Italy*, which is esteemed the Paradise of *Europe*.

Doſt thou not think now, venerable Guide of the Elect, that the Duke of *Guize* had Reason to prefer the Honour of conquering so renowned a Kingdom, to the Safety of his Person? Or wilt thou not rather conclude, that the Reduction of this happy State would be an Expedition worthy of the *Ottoman* Arms? It is certain, that the Riches and Plenty of this Region have tempted more Nations to invade it, than any other Kingdom on Earth, it having been the Prize at which no less than twenty-five several Nations have aimed.

Cardinal *Mazarini* is much troubled at the Duke of *Guize*'s Captivity, and has offered great Sums of Money for his Ransom; but the King of *Spain* rejects all Proposals of that Nature. So that it is thought, the Cardinal will contrive some Way for the Duke's Escape, either by bribing his Keepers, or by some secret Stratagem.

I am not much concerned for the Infidels; but it would be no small Joy to hear, that some Care were taken, for the Redemption of *Mahomet*, *Celebee*, who, thou knowest, has not deserved Ill of the sublime *Port*. Adieu, holy Patriarch, and forget not *Mahmut* in thy Addresses to Heaven.

Paris, 27th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XIII.

To Abdelmelec Muli Omar, Superintendent
of the College of Sciences at Fez.

THOU to whom the Issues of Paradise are revealed, and the Road of the Angels when they come down and go up through the Seven Heavens! Thou that canst marshal the Host of the Stars, and understandest the Discipline of the Armies living and strong, the Or-
ders

ders of the Potentates encamped in the Fields of Light, the domestick Guards of the Throne, blessed for ever; tell me the Age of the World, and declare the Beginning of Time. Resolve me, whether this mighty Fabrick be but of Yesterday, that is, of five or six thousand Years standing, as the *Jews* and *Christians* say; or, whether the Years of its Duration be not past a Calcule.

The Visions of thy Progenitor, the Lieutenant to the Sent of God, are extant in the *Arabick* Tongue. In them it is written, *My Soul on a sudden became as though it had Wings; a Spirit entered me, and a subtil Wind lifted me up to the Top of Mount Uriel, where I beheld marvellous Things. I looked behind me, and saw the Ages that were past; and lo, they were without Number or Beginning. I beheld the four Seasons of the Year, ever returning at their accustomed Time, and the Sun forsook not his Course, for a thousand thousand Generations. I counted a Million of Ages, and yet there appeared not an Hour wherein Darknes had possessed the Abyss of Matter, or wherein the endless Firmament was not illuminated by the Moon and Stars. Whilst I considered these Things, a Liquor was given me to drink by an unknown Hand; it was of the Colour of Amber; when I had tasted it, I felt a marvellous Force in my Body, and my Eyes were more piercing than an Eagle's. Another Wind, more powerful than the former, blew out of a Cloud, and carried me up to an exceeding high Place, far above the tallest Mountains. There I trod in the soft Air, as on a Pavement of Marble. I was ravished at these Things; and the Exaltation of my State made me forget my Mortality. I beheld the Earth at a vast Distance under my Feet, as one that did not belong to it; it looked like a shining Globe, not much unlike the Moon, but far bigger. All the living Generations which had successively inhabited the Earth from its Nativity, passed me by; and they appeared in various Forms. First came a Race of Centaurs, then of Satyrs, next of Angels, and last of Men. While I marvelled at these Things, a Voice reached my Ears, as from behind me, saying, these are the four Ages of the World, and the four Species of Beings, to whom I gave the Possession of the Earth; but, for the Impiety of the three former, I have exterminated them. And when Men shall have compleated the Measure of their Sins, I will cause the Trumpet to sound, and all Things shall retire*

tire into the Cave of Silence and Darkneſs. Having heard this, I found myſelf in a Moment on the Earth, which I had before ſeen aſar off; then I knew that I had been in a Trance, &c.

I do not rehearſe this Viſion to teach thee any new Thing, venerable Preſident of the Southern Sages, (for I know, the Archives of thy College are replenished with all Manner of excellent Treatiſes, and that thou art no Stranger to the Writings of the Prophets) but to crave thy Interpretation of ſo great a Myſtery, and to reaſon with thee about the World's Duration. My Satisfaction would be ſmall, in contemplating the various Beauties of the Univerſe, the Qualities of the Elements, the Natures of living Things, the Virtues of Plants and Minerals, with the Force of the Heavenly Bodies, were I aſſured that theſe Things were not always ſo. That Thought would damp my greateſt Enjoyments, if I were convinced, that ſo many Splendors, Riches and Pleaſures, as this viſible Frame affords, were not diſcloſed for Millions of Ages, but lay hid in the Boſom of Eternity. Methinks it is too low an Opinion of the omnipotent Goodneſs, and looks as if the Authors of it ſuſpected God of Envy; who, when he might have made infinite Myriads of Creatures happy, in theſe viſible Emanations of his Divinity, without either Beginning, or Ending of Time; yet, according to their Doctrines, contented himſelf, to let only a determinate Number taſte of his Munificence, for a few Centuries of Years. This is not ſuitable to the Character of that infinite Being, the eternal Source of all Perfections.

What then is meant by thoſe four Ages, and the four Species of Beings, which were ſhewed to the exalted of God in that holy Viſion? Tell me, great Light of *Africk*; is it repugnant to Reaſon or Faith, to believe, that the Earth has been inhabited from Eternity; ſince our holy Docters teach us, that it was peopled long before the Creation of *Adam*? No *Muſſulman*, that has ever gone the ſacred Pilgrimage, but has viſited *Mount Arafſa*, where *Adam* firſt ſaw *Eve* his Wiſe. Where he has been inſtructed in the Hiſtory of that firſt Father of Mankind; and how that before his Time the Earth was inhabited by Angels, who being commanded to adore *Adam*, re-
fused

fused it, and were turned to Devils, being expelled from the Earth. Thou knowest, moreover, that it is in the sacred Traditions, that God gave to *Adam* a Wife, whose Name was *Alileth*; but that she, being of the Race of these Devils, refused to obey *Adam*; whence it came to pass, that they lived in continual Quarrels and Enmity, for the Space of five hundred Years; till at length *Alileth* flew up into the Air, and abandoned her Husband. Of which, when *Adam* complained to God, he sent three mighty Angels in Pursuit of her, commanding them to tell her, that if she would return to her Husband, it should go well with her; but if she would not, a hundred of her Children should die every Day. The Angels followed her, and overtook her on the *Red Sea*; where they threatened to drown her, unless she would return to her Husband. But she made Excuses, and told them, *She was created to destroy young Children*. Then the Angels laid Hands on her; when she, to pacify them, swore by the Bottom of Hell, that whensoever the Names of them Three should be written on any Schedule, that she should have no Power to hurt the Infants, they dismissed her. After this, God compassionating *Adam's* Solitude, gave him another Wife called *Eve*.

This Tradition confirms the Vision of the Prophet; and we need not doubt, that the Earth was inhabited before *Adam's* Time; and if that be granted, why might it not be peopled for Millions of Ages, as well as for the smallest Term that Ignorance or Error may assign to its Duration?

I have discoursed with several of the *Jewish* Rabbies, and *Christian* Doctors, on this Subject, Men of abstruse Learning and sublime Thoughts; yet I can find but a few, who are emancipated from the Prejudices of a superstitious Education. They have been, from their Infancy, prepossessed with a false Notion of the Works of God, believing them to be Finite, both in Extent of Space and Time. They circumscribe this visible World, within I know not what flaming Circle, and believe the first Matter itself to be but five Days older than *Adam*, taking each of those Days for the Space of four and twenty Hours, wherein the Sun finishes his diurnal Circuit through the Heavens. They consider not that, according to their own Bible,

Bible, there was Light and Darkness, and consequently Day and Night, before the Sun was created. But how long those Days and Nights were, is not determined by *Moses*. Yet in another Part of their Bible, it is said, that a Day with God is a Thousand Years; and a Thousand Years is a Day. So that, according to this Interpretation, *Adam* was not created till above five thousand Years after the Beginning of the World: Yet when I bring this positive Place of their own Scripture against the *Nazarene* Sages, they shuffle it off with empty Evasions; and rather than believe the indefinite Antiquity of the World, they contradict their own Sense and Reason, invalidate the Testimony of a Prophet, deny their Faith, and appear unmasked Infidels.

Both they and the *Jews* have corrupted the Truth with many Errors; and we must seek farther, for the original Science of Nature. The Illuminated of God have always taught, That the Earth was inhabited long before the Appearance of *Adam*. And all the Eastern Sages believe a Series of Generations to have dwelt on this Globe for indeterminate Ages.

I have a Brother lately come from the *Indies*; he relates strange Things of certain Books, which are only in the Hands of the *Brachmans*. They are written in a Language which none understand but these Priests; yet a Language as copious as any other, and taught in their Colleges by Rule. These Books contain a History of the World, which they say is above thirty Millions of Years old. They divide the Term of its Duration into four Ages, three of which, they say, are already past, and a good Part of the fourth. Now I would fain know, who wrote these Books; and at what Time, and where this Language was spoken? They call it the *holy Language*, saying, that it was the first spoken on Earth. It is strange, that no History should mention so Divine a Speech. We have the Chronology of the *Latin* and *Greek*; and can give an Account when and where they were spoken, though they are now grown obsolete, and no otherwise to be learned but in the Schools and Academies. This argues the Antiquity of the *Bramin's* Language and Books, in regard they fall not within any other Record, save their own, which says, they are as old as the World. For if this Affertion

tion were false, the Imposture would have been discovered as soon as broached; and the learned Sages of the *East* would quickly have disproved so manifest a Lie. There seems to me something extraordinary in this Pretension of these *Indian* Philosophers, and I would gladly be convinced of the Truth. Methinks it is an illustrious Idea of the Divine Perfections, when one conceives all this vast and endless Concatination of Beings, to flow from the eternal Nature, as Rays from the Sun: And that they can no more be separated from it, than those Beams can from that visible Fountain of Light. It will not be difficult then to interpret the History of *Moses*, by this Register of the *Bramins*, and reconcile the six Days of the one, with the four Ages of the other; since a Day, in the Divine Sense, may amount to Millions of Years, as well as to a Thousand. And it will be more congruous and agreeable to believe, that after the Birth of the first Matter, there elapsed many Ages, before it was wrought into such an infinite Variety of Appearances, as we now behold; and that the five Days which *Moses* computes, before the Production of *Adam*, might be some Millions of Years, in which Time, the Divine Architect gradually drew from the Abyss of Matter, the Sun, Moon, Stars, Plants and Animals, which may serve also to illustrate the Vision of the holy Ancestor, with which I begun this Discourse.

Adieu, sublime Intelligence of the Torrid Zone, and favour *Mahmut* with a Transcript of thy Thoughts concerning these Things. But if thy Silence shall condemn my Presumptions and Importunity, I will wait for thy Answer till the *Platonick* Year, when, according to the Doctrine of that Philosopher, we shall all be alive again.

Paris, 19th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XIV.

To the Musti.

IN a former Dispatch to thy Sanctity, I have acquainted thee with the Insurrections in *Palermo*, mentioning the

the Fear of the Viceroy, lest the *French* in that Island should then take their Opportunity to revenge the proverbial Cruelty of the *Sicilian Vespers*. If thou art unacquainted with that Tragedy, I will inform thee in brief.

About three hundred and threescore Years ago, there reigned in *Sicily* one of the Royal Blood of *France*, they call him *Charles of Anjou*. He had *French* Garrisons in all the Cities of that Kingdom: But these Soldiers committed so many Insolences as rendered them odious and insupportable to the Natives, who therefore resolved to exterminate them.

The *French* are very licentious in their Conquests, neither sparing Men in their Anger, nor Women in their Lust. They make no Difference between the Noble and the Vulgar, but sacrifice all the Regards of Honour and Civility to their impetuous Appetites.

They were guilty of innumerable Rapes and Violences in *Sicily* among the meaner People, and sometimes extended their Rudeness to Persons of the best Quality. It was common for them to affront both Virgins and Matrons as they went along the Streets, by thrusting their Hands under their Garments, on Pretence of searching for hidden Arms. Among the rest, the Wife of a certain Lord in *Palermo*, going to pay her Devotions at the Temple, was seized by the Command of the Captain of the Guards, and stripped naked before all the Soldiers, in order to discover certain treasonable Papers, which they suspected she carried about her; but finding none, she upbraided the Captain with Inhumanity, in offering so gross an Affront to a Lady of her Rank. He seeming to be sorry for the Indignity she had received, begged her Pardon, and retiring with his Soldiers out of the Room where she was, left her to put on her Apparel. In the mean while he was enflamed with a furious Passion for this Lady (she being very beautiful); and having sent the Soldiers away, he returned to the Room where she was, he addressed her with much Courtship; but finding that ineffectual, he forced her.

When this was made known to her Husband, he burned with Desire of Revenge; and stirring up all the *Sicilian* Nobles and People, it was privately agreed between them, that on a certain Festival, when the Bells should toll to

Even

Even-Song, all the *Sicilians* should take Arms, and massacre the *French* throughout the Island: This Plot was carried so secretly, that before the *French* could get the least Intimation of it, they were all murdered on the Day appointed.

I forgot to acquaint thee in my last, with a Villainy which was discovered in the late Tumults of *Naples*: As they were marching up and down the Streets burning the Custom-Houses, and the Habitations of those who had been concerned in gathering the Taxes, they entered the House of a certain Notary, or publick Scribe of that City, who had been represented to them as a Promoter of those unreasonable Impositions: They seized on the Man, and began to carry his Goods out into the Street, in order to be burnt: But as they were rummaging in an Apartment which was toward the Gardens, they heard a great Shrieking, as of Women affrighted; and perceiving the Voite to proceed from within a Wall in the Room where they were, they searched about for a Door to enter into that Place, but finding none, they broke through the Wall, where they found two Women, with their Hair hanging down to their Ankles, and their Nails growing like the Talents of an Eagle. Enquiring of them how long they had been there, and on what Occasion, the eldest of the Women made this Answer: 'The Master of this House is my own Brother, who, when my Father died, was entrusted by him to pay me six hundred Ducats, which he bequeathed me as a Legacy for my Maintenance, my Husband being dead; but my Brother instead of doing me this Justice, immured both me and my Daughter, whom you see here, between these Walls, where we have lived these Seventeen Years, being allowed by this cruel Man no other Food but Bread and Water.'

The People incensed above Measure, at so barbarous a Cruelty, hanged up the Notary, and gave all his Estate to this Widow and her Daughter, An exemplary Piece of Justice, performed by Mutineers, which could not have been done by the Law, the Crime not reaching his Life; tho' in the Sense of all Men, he merited Death. This is another Argument, that Destiny had a Hand in this Insurrection; and that *Massanello* the Fisherman, was the Executioner of God.

I obey

I obey thee, Sovereign Prelate, with an unconditional Devotion, and revere the Idea of thy Sanctity. Vouchsafe to pray for Mahmut, That whilst he condemns the barbarous Cruelties of the *Nazarenes*, he may not render himself inexcusable, by doing any Injustice himself.

Paris, 22d of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Arabian Proverb* says, *There is more Danger to be feared from one of the Coreis, than from a thousand Bobecks.* Thou knowest, both these were noble Families in *Mecca*, and sworn Enemies of the Messenger of God : But the latter, as their Name imports, were too open in their Councils, to do any considerable Execution against the Holy One ; Whereas the former were always reserved, and laying of secret Trains.

Such is Cardinal *Maxarini*, the hidden Enemy of the *Ottoman Empire*. There seems to be an Ambition in this great Genius equal to that of his Predecessor *Richlieu*, who would be esteemed the most eminent among Men. Nothing will satisfy this Minister, less than a Subversion of all the Monarchies on Earth, which appear Obstacles of that Grandeur, to which he designs to raise his Master. Yet he attempts not this by open Force, knowing that it is impracticable : but acts in the dark, striving to undermine those States by Intrigue, which he cannot subdue by Arms. He has his Agents in all the Courts of Christendom ; and thou needest not startle, if I tell thee there is Ground to suspect, he is not without his Creatures at the sublime Port. All *Europe* is sensible, that the late Revolutions in *Portugal* and *Catalonia*, the Insurrections in *Sicily* and *Naples*, and the Rebellion of the *English*, *Scots*, and *Irish*, are in part owing to the Policies of this Minister. And I can tell thee more on that Subject, than is known to every one.

O/min

Osmin the Dwarf, who still retaineth his good Inclinations to the sublime Port, finds an unsuspected Access to all the Grandees, to whom the Smallness of his Bulk and Stature, affordeth no small Divertisement. Besides, they delight to pose him with Problems, in Regard there is always something so lucky, besides the Wit, in his Answers, as either creates Admiration or Laughter. But their Mirth would quickly be changed into other Passions, were they sensible that their little Buffoon is no other than a Spy upon them. For *Osmin* having so many Opportunities, lurks in Corners, like a Spider, undiscovered, and unthought of: He creeps into their Bed chambers and Cabinets, where he becometh privy to the greatest Secrets. If they should catch him in any of his Concealments, behind the Hangings, or under a Bed, it would only pass for a Frolick to give them Diversion? And he never wanteth for a Repartee or a Jest to bring himself off.

I have taught him a Cypher, which he makes Use of, to transcribe any Letters, or other Papers of Moment; with Characters for speedy Writing, which comprehend whole Sentences in a Dash or two of the Pen.

It is but lately we have pitched on this Method; and the first Attempt *Osmin* made, was in Cardinal *Mazarin*'s Closet; into which he slipped, under the Skirt of a Nobleman's Cloak, who just then went in to speak with the Cardinal. This active Dwarf, taking Advantage of the Nobleman's Approach to the Table, dextrously crept under the Carpet, which covered it, reaching down to the Floor, where he lay unseen till the Cardinal was gone, and the Closet locked up.

During the Time of their Conference, which was not very long, *Osmin* heard the Cardinal speak these Words to the Lord: 'One of the Slaves of that Bassa (said he) is an *Italian*, whom I formerly entertained in my Service, and one in whom I confide: He was taken by the *Turks* at Sea; and as soon as he was sold to this Grandee, he acquainted me, in a Letter, with his Condition, imploring my Assistance towards his Ransom. I promised to redeem him, on the Conditions I have told you; and since that, he has not failed to perform them; his Master having accepted the Pistols, and entered into the Association: So that I hope, in a little

Time,

‘ Time, to see that proud tyrannical Race exterminated,
 ‘ the *Tartars* excluded from Succession, and the Empire
 ‘ divided by the Sword of Strangers. *Ragotski* is the only
 ‘ Obstacle; that Prince is wavering, and we cannot trust
 ‘ him. The *Bassa* of *Aleppo*, with those of *Sidon*, *Damascus*
 ‘ and *Babylon*, are ready to cover the Fields of *Asia*
 ‘ with their Armies. If Things were as secure on the
 ‘ Side of *Europe*, the Blow should soon be given.’

There passed some other Discourse between them, which *Osmin* could not distinguish, in Regard they removed to the Window, and spoke low. But this was enough to rouse his Curiosity, and put him on a farther Inquisition.

As soon as the Room was void by their Absence, he came forth from his Retirement, and fell to examining the Papers which lay on the Table, hoping to discover more of this Plot; but he was disappointed, and only met with a few Letters from his Agents in *England*: Wherein, among others Matters, they gave the Cardinal an Account, That they had hunted the *Lion* into the Toils, past all Hopes of an Escape. By which, I suppose, they meant the *English King*, whom the Rebels had confined to a Castle in their Possession. *Osmin* transcribed some of these Letters, and brought them to me. A Copy of one of them, I here send thee inclosed: It was written from the Council of the *Irish* Rebels. By which thou mayest see what a Share the Cardinal has in abetting these Traitors. Else how could they demand of him, *The Performance of the Queen Regent’s Promise, to assist them with Money and Men?*

There is one also dated this present Year, and subscribed by *Monsieur Bellicure*, the *French* Ambassador in *England*: But *Osmin* had not Time to transcribe that, being prevented by the Cardinal’s Return, which made the Dwarf snatch up his Tools, and abscond under the Table. Yet he remembered some of the Contents of that Letter, and told them me at his next Visit. The Ambassador, in that Letter, informs the Cardinal, of a certain *German Prophet*, who foretold, That there should be a great Revolution in the Government of *England*, and that one of the mightiest of all the Eastern Princes, should be deposed this Year, and murdered by his Subjects. (I pray Heaven avert the Omen from the *Seraglio*.) He acquaints this Minister also

also, that he had succeeded in his Negotiation with the Officers of the Rebel Army. There were other obscure Passages in the Letter, which *Osmin* has forgot. But these are sufficient to demonstrate, how busy the Cardinal is, and what a Hand he has in foreign Affairs.

Another Opportunity, I hope, will bring to Light more of this Minister's Secrets. Adieu.

Paris, 4th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XVI.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother.*

THE oftener I peruse the Journal of thy Travels, the more I am delighted with it. For it is evident, that the Countries through which thou hast passed, have been as so many Schools of Wisdom to thee; wherein thou hast learned, even from Mens Vices, the Way to Perfection; much more from their Virtues. Thou hast found, That though Mens natural Dispositions differ, as do the Climates, which afford them Breath; yet they all agree in common Frailties. There are also Vices peculiar to certain Countries; it were to be wished they could be matched with as many national Virtues. But human Nature is a rank Soil, more fertile in Weeds, than wholesome Products. Yet there are Gardens, as well as Deserts: And thou hast observed some Persons, illustrious for their Goodness, and the noble Endowments of their Minds.

I am extremely pleased with that rare Example of Generosity, which thou relatest of an *Indian* Merchant; who not content to give Alms to all that asked him, or whom he knew to be poor, sought daily Occasions to exercise his Charity, hunted out the indigent and unfortunate; And where-ever he discovered the Lineaments of Poverty in a Man's Face, or traced the Footsteps of it in his Behaviour, he could not rest till he had relieved his Wants, and made him happy, to his very Wishes. I tell thee, Poverty is a Hell upon Earth; that he that has this Curse, anticipates the Torments of the Damned. It eclipses

the

the brightest Virtues, and is the very Sepulchre of brave Designs; depriving a Man of the Means to accomplish, what Nature has fitted him for, and stifling the noblest Thoughts in their Embrio. How many illustrious Souls may be said to have been dead among the Living, or buried alive in the Obscurity of their Condition, whose Perfections have rendered them the Darlings of Providence, and Companions of Angels; yet the insuperable Penury of all Things, has ranked them among the Cast-aways of the Earth, in the Eyes of Men? To such as these our divine Law-giver commands us to extend our Charity, giving us certain Characters and Marks, by which we may distinguish them from the Croud of the unfortunate. And, I like the *Indian's* Bounty the better, in that he so exactly seems to comply with this Precept of the *Alcoran*, generously preventing the Requests of the Indigent, and by an Excess of Benignity, courting them to accept of Relief. In this he also verifies the *Arabian* Proverb, which says, *He gives double, who gives unasked.*

Thou commendest the Industry of the *Chinese*, the Advances they have made in Arts and Sciences, which thou concludest, is to be attributed to the Force of their Laws, which oblige the Son to follow his Father's Trade, throughout all Generations. In this I must dissent; for, it seems rather a Curb, than a Spur to Ingenuity, to be confined to Employments, for which a Man may have an Aversion. The Son not seldom abhorring those Things, wherein his Parents took Delight. Or, if not so, yet he may be cast in a finer Mould, have a more subtle Invention; and consequently be capable of making greater Improvements, in any Trade of his own Choice: Since, Delight sets an Edge on the Mind, gives Vigour to the Body, and adds Wings to Business. Besides, I do not think this to be so much thy own Remark, as the Insinuation of some of that Country, who are the most conceited People in the World; ever extolling their own Policy, Laws and Government; and imposing them as a Pattern to all other Nations.

One Thing I grant they boast of with a great deal of Truth, that is, their Antiquity and unmixed Race. Though since the Conquest the *Tartars* have made of that Country, they are like to undergo the Fate of other Nations,

tions, and corrupt their Genealogies with the Blood of Strangers.

Thou camest away before that Conquest was begun, or, perhaps, before it was talked of. And I can give thee but a very imperfect Account of it. All the Intelligence we have from that Kingdom of late comes in Fragments: For the Ships which bring this shattered News, left *China* in an Uproar and Confusion: Only they assure us, that the *Tartars* had passed the celebrated Wall, which divides them from *China*: That they entered and subdued the *Northern Provinces*, with an Army of six hundred thousand Men: That very little Resistance was made against them, not even in *Pequin* itself, the capital Seat of the *Chinese* Empire, which the Usurper *Lycungz* had abandoned to the Conquerors, carrying away with him all the inestimable Treasures of the Palace, and retiring into one of the remote Provinces, was never heard of afterwards. Whence it was judged, that some of his own Party had murdered him; partly for the Sake of his prodigious Wealth, which they shared among them; and partly to revenge his Treason against the Emperor, and the innumerable Calamities he had brought upon his Country.

Before these Merchants came away, the Cham of *Tartary* was proclaimed in *Pequin*, and crowned Emperor of *China*. They say, he was not above thirteen Years old at that Time, which was in the 12th Moon, of the Year 1644. And that having sent for the chief Nobility of *Tartary* to *Pequin*, he made Preparations to pursue his his Conquests.

This is the best Account we yet have of the Affairs of that Empire; by which thou wilt easily be induced to be of my Opinion, that the Blood of the *Chineses* will in Time be mixed with that of Strangers.

We must not seek for the Originals of any People in the Country where they dwell. The most renowned Kingdoms and Empires in the World had their first Foundations laid by Vagabonds and Fugitives. Thou art not ignorant how vast an Extent the ancient *Roman* Empire had through *Asia*, *Africa*, and *Europe*; yet that City, which was called the Mistress of Nations, the Governess of the whole Earth, was first built by a Handful of Banditti, People who lived by Pillage and Robbery, the Out-Laws

and Scum of *Italy*, assembled together from divers Parts, under the Conduct of *Romulus* and *Rhemus*. Neither had that City proved any better than a Sepulchre to them and their Designs, had they not, by a witty Stratagem, over-reached the *Sabine* Women, and so secured to themselves a Posterity, who should not only defend, but enlarge the Dominions of their Fathers: Yet these People, of so obscure and confused an Original, afterwards boasted of the Antiquity and noble Descent of their Families. No Name more venerable in succeeding Ages, than that of a *Roman*.

To look no farther than the great and formidable Empire of the *Osmans*, we shall find it took its first Rise from Colonies of transplanted *Scythians*; so that he who would have the Genealogy of a *Turk*, must not look in the Registers of *Greece*, where they now live, but must carry his Search beyond the Mountain *Caucasus*, examine the Borders of *Palus Mæotis*, or hunt his Pedigree out in *Chersonesus*. What Revolutions have not happened in *Asia* and *Africk*, since the Assumption of the Messenger of God into Paradise? Where shall we now find any Remains of the ancient *Saracens*, or *Mamalukes*? The mighty Empire of the *Ottomans* hath swallowed up all. Thus one Nation expels another, and there is so general a Mixture of Foreign Blood; made by the Conversion of innumerable different Nations to the *Mussulman* Faith, that it is hard to know, whether our Ancestors were *Scythians* or *Persians*, *Jews* or *Grecians*; whether they were of the Mountains or the Valleys, of the Forests or the Plains.

In this I will except my Countrymen the *Arabians*, and those who seem to approach nearest them in Manner of Life, the *Tartars*; the one dwelling in Tents, the other in Waggon; both in a moving Posture; both happy in this, that they are not confined to the Rigours of a cold Winter, nor the scorching Heats of the Summer; but change their Soil and Climate, as the Season of the Year varies: Thus ever securing to themselves in all Places either a blooming flowery Spring, or a moderate and fruitful Autumn. These were never subdued, nor expelled those Regions wherein they take Delight, neither would they ever mix with Strangers. But the *Chinese* would excell all the World in the Purity of their unmixed Blood,

Blood, were it not for the late Incurfions of their potent and victorious Neighbours.

The *French* say, that these People had the Use of Guns and Printing, many hundred of Years before they were found out in *Europe*. But the *Germans* claim the Honour of these Inventions to themselves.

Thou confirmest the Opinion of the former, in telling me, thou hast seen some of the Cannon belonging to the City of *Pequin*, on which was engraven, in *Chinese* Characters, a Register of their Age, which was above two thousand Years.

I had a great deal more to say, dear *Pesteli*, but the Post calls on me to hasten; besides, an extreme Dulness and Languishing of my Spirits, with which I have been persecuted, ever since this Moon first shewed her Crescent: Now she is in the Wane, and so, I hope, is my Malady. The Influence this Planet seems to have on me may make thee conclude me a Lunatick: We are all so in one Degree or other. There are not more apparent Symptoms, that the Flux and Reflux of the Sea owes its Original to the Neighbourhood and Motion of that Planet, than that our Constitutions vary according to its monthly Appearances.

He that created the Moon, and the Constellations, not without respect to Mankind, give us Wisdom, which shall entitle us to a Dominion over the Stars.

Paris, 14th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1648.

L E T T E R XVII.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

THE Duke of *Chastillon* arrived here six Days ago, from the Army in *Flanders*, bringing News of a signal Victory obtained by the young Prince of *Conde*, on the Plains of *Lens*. This Battel was fought on the 20th of the last Moon, the *French* having entirely routed the *Spaniards*, killed three thousand of them on the Spot, taken six thousand Prisoners, with all their Artillery and

Baggage. And, to crown the Day, they have taken *Lens* also.

But though Fortune thus favours their Arms abroad, she has mixed Poison with their Counsels at home. All Things here seem to portend a Civil War: The Parliament thwart the Proceedings of the Court, taking on them the Power of the ancient *Spartan* Ephori: They will be Comptrollers of the regal Authority, suppressing the King's Edicts, calling his Expences to account; and, pretending to reform the Court, they play the Pedagogues with their Sovereign. On the other Side, Cardinal *Mazarini*, the Duke of *Orleans*, and other Grantees, do their utmost Endeavours to dissolve the Meetings of this Senate. They persuade the young King, that it is but a precarious Reign, where the Sovereign must be curbed by his Subjects: Thus they instil into his tender Years those Maxims, by which they would have him rule, when he comes of Age.

There is a Man in the Parliament whom they call Monsieur *Brussels*, one of their great Counsellors, a bitter Enemy of Cardinal *Mazarini*, and therefore cried up by the People for a Patriot: He is of a furious Temper, and mean Abilities, yet his noisy Zeal for the publick Liberty has fastened to him the Vulgar: He is become the Ringleader of the Seditious.

This Man was seized as he returned from the chief Temple, where *Te Deum* was sung Yesterday for the late Victory in *Flanders*: And some are of Opinion, That it was this happy News which emboldened the Court to snatch from the People their Darling, their Idol, the Man from whose Courage they expect a Redress of all their Grievances. Indeed, one may say, it would seem safer for a Traveller in the Desarts of *Arabia* to tear from a Lioness her young One: For the Heads of the Faction waited but for such an Opportunity to set all in a Flame. And the ill Success of the Court in this Action shews, that it is dangerous to provoke the Multitude: For presently we were all in Confusion, the Burghesses in Arms, the Shops shut up, the Streets chained, and all the Avenues of the Palace barricadoed. The Rabble marched up and down the Streets, threatening Destruction to Cardinal *Mazarini*, and all his Party. The Parli-
ment

ment were forced to become the Messengers of the People, to carry their Petitions, or rather their Commands to the Court; being threatned also, if they failed of Success: For they protested unanimously, that they would not lay down their Arms, until the imprisoned Counsellor was released.

The Queen appeared at first inexorable, and sent these Senators away with Denial and Scoffs, wishing them Joy of their new Honour, in being made the Porters of the Rabble. And the young Monarch, incensed to see his native Royalty thus prophaned by his Subjects, bent his Brows; and casting a Look, divided betwixt Majesty and Disdain, on the Senators, uttered these Words; 'Sirs! shall it always be a Custom thus to-molest the Minority of your Kings? Or do you think our tender Years incapable of the common Sense of other Mortals, that you presume thus insolently to invade our Rights? Accuse not the Multitude, nor make them an Umbrage to your Sedition: I know the Authors of these Tumults, and shall find a Time to make them feel the Weight of my Displeasure: Think not that I wear this Sword only for Ornament (laying his Hand fiercely on the Hilt), or that the Blood of my renowned Ancestors is grown degenerate, or turned to Lees within my Veins. Go tell your factious Comrades, there sits this Day upon the Throne of France a King, who, though he is young, yet has a Spirit and Memory which will out-last his Pupillages.' With that he commanded them out of his Sight.

Yet notwithstanding this, the People threatned to bring their Darling away by Force, if he were not released in two Hours.

There were above a hundred thousand of them in Arms, and it might have proved a dangerous Insurrection. But the Queen, at the second Return of the Senators, hearkening to the Advice of *Mazarini*, and the Duke of *Orleans*, and remembering the late dreadful Effects of *Massanello's* Tumult in *Naples*, released the Prisoner; who was conducted Home last Night in Triumph, by an infinite Croud of People, who filled the Air with Shouts and Acclamations.

It is discoursed here that the Prince of *Conde* will speedily return to *Paris*: From whom both the Court and the Faction promise themselves new Grounds of Triumph.

During these Commotions, *Mahmut* fails not to act his Part, being at no small Expence, to maintain a certain Number of Strangers, whose whole Dependence is on me: These I instruct to mingle themselves with the Rabble, to insinuate into them hateful Notions of Cardinal *Mazarini* and the Court. They buz up and down the City, like Flies in this hot Season, and sting the Multitude to Fury with their Stories. I spare no Cost to procure the Cardinal's Ruin: That pernicious Wit comes not short of his Predecessor *Richlieu*, being as active in embroiling Foreign States: Witness the Revolutions of *Portugal*, *Catalonia*, *England*, and *Naples*; (in all which he had a principal Hand) and is ever projecting how to aggrandize his Master. And the universal Success of the *French* Arms in *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Italy*, and *Spain*, has left him nothing worth a Thought, but the Destruction of the *Osman* Empire.

Eliachim brings me News every Hour, how my *Myrmidons* succeed; for he acts abroad in the Streets while I keep my Chamber, during the Tumults, being of *Demosthenes's* Mind, who, when the *Athenians* were in an Uproar, took Sanctuary in the Temple of *Pallas*, and, prostrating himself before the Altar of the Goddess, uttered these Words; *O Pallas, I fly to thee for Protection; defend me from Ignorance, Envy, and Inconstancy, for I love not the Society of the Owl, the Dragon, and the People.*

Yet, whether in my Chamber or Abroad, be assured, illustrious Prefect of the Imperial City, that *Mahmut* divides his Time between the Vows he makes, and the Services he does for the Grand Signior.

Paris, 3d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XVIII.

To Achmet Beig.

THIS Court is now in Mourning for the Death of *Uladissaus*, late King of *Poland*; whilst the Politicians are canvassing the next Elections. Those who side with the House of *Austria* favour the Succession of Prince *Charles*; but the *French* are for *Casimir*, their former Prisoner.

The

The Duke of *Bavaria* is also dead. They say he died of Grief, to see his Country exposed to the Insults of a victorious Enemy; for all his Forces were entirely defeated.

The Prince of *Conde* has taken *Ipres* in *Flanders*; and the Arch-Duke of *Austria* has rendered himself Master of *Courtray*, without drawing a Sword, or firing a Gun: The *Mareschal de Rantzau* has made an unhappy Attempt to surprize *Ostend*, a Sea-Town in *Flanders*. For, carrying his Forces by Water, as soon as he had landed his Men, a Tempest arose, and drove all his Ships out to Sea; So that, being encompassed by a numerous Army of his Enemies, and having no Way to escape, he and all his Troops were made Prisoners.

From the Sea, we have Advice, that there has been a Combat between the Duke of *Richlieu*, Commander of the naval Forces sent to assist the *Neapolitan* Revolters, and *Dou John of Austria*, Admiral of the *Spanish* Fleet on that Coast; but the Issue of the Battle is not yet known; though most People guess the Victory to be on the *French* Side, in regard *Cardinal Maxarini* had, by the Advice of an *Indian* Ship-wright, caused all the *French* Ships to be plastered over with Allom, so that no Fire-ships can hurt them. The *Spaniards* make great Use of these Fire-Ships in all their Sea Fights, having learned to their Cost from the *English*, what Damage these Vessels do, when they formerly lost their whole Armado, which they before termed invincible, and with which they failed to conquer that Island.

From *Catalonia* the Posts bring News, which pleases the Wives and Friends of the Soldiers in those Parts: For the *Mareschal de Scombergh* has cut in Pieces the *Spanish* Army, taken *Tortosa* by Assault, where the Soldiers found a Booty of above fifteen hundred thousand Livres.

A Courier is come from *Swedeland*, who brings an Account of a late formidable Conspiracy in *Russia*, against the Life of the Czar. The greatest Part of the *Muscovite* Grandees were concerned in this Plot, designing to change the Form of Government, and divide that mighty Empire into several Principalities, whereof every one of the Conspirators should have a Share. And that they
should

should be all subject to one Chief, who should be elected by the rest, after the Manner of *Germany*. To this Purpose they had made a private Treaty with the *Tartars*. *Moroseph*, the Prime Minister of State, and the Chancellor *Nazari*, were of the Conspiracy. Perhaps thou wilt lament the Fate of the latter, having received extraordinary Civilities from him, when thou wert at that Court.

Banaanoph, Son of the Patriarch of *Mosco*, revealed the Plot, with the Names of the Conspirators to the Grand Duke: Who sent for them next Day to his Palace, under divers Pretences, where he commanded them all to be killed, and their Bodies to be thrown to the Dogs in the Streets of that City.

The *French* report strange Things of Sultan *Ibrahim*: I wish all go well at the sublime *Porte*. If thou hast the same Desires, reveal them to none but thy Friend; for at some Times a Man's best Thoughts will be interpreted for Treason. Adieu.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XIX.

To the Musti.

THY venerable Letters are come safe to my Hands, bringing Light and Consolation to the faithful Exile. With profoundest Reverence I kissed and unfolded the Papers, which contain the sacred Instructions of the Vicar of God. I blessed my self, when I read the Charge of royal Enormities, the exorbitant Passions of a *Mussulman* Emperor, and the Prophanation of the Throne founded on Justice. Thou hast prevented the Qualms of a too scrupulous Loyalty, by assuring me, That it is a fundamental Maxim of our Law, *That all Men in the World, without Respect of Birth or Quality, are obliged to appear before the Justice of God: And that he who obeys not the Law, is no Mussulman: And, if the Emperor himself be in this Number, he ought to be deposed forthwith.*

This has abundantly satisfied my Conscience, coming from the Hands of him, from whose Sentence there can be

be no Appeal on Earth. I shall therefore readily obey thy Orders; and without Demur put in Execution what thou hast commanded me.

Who can blame the just Indignation of Sultan *Morat's* Widow, who, in Defence of her Chastity, threatned to sheath her Ponyard in the Breast of her Sovereign? But incomparably more eminent was thy Daughter's Virtue, who not being able to resist the Force of the mighty Ravisher, after she was polluted, would, like another *Lucretia*, have stabbed her self, had she not been prevented by the Sultan. How has he sullied the Glory of the *Ofman* Race by these effeminate Vices: What an Indignity has he committed against our holy Law? Against the principal Patriarch of the Elect? Much more noble was the Continenence of the *African Scipio*, who, when at the Conquest of *New Carthage*, a Virgin of admirable Beauty was chosen from among the Captives and presented to him, would by no Means defile her, but restored her again without Blemish to her Parents, saying withal to those that stood near him, 'Were I a private Man, I would gratify my Passion, by the Enjoyment of this lovely Maid; but it becomes not the Leader of an Army to give so bad an Example, nor a Conqueror to yield his Heart to the Charms of his Captive.'

But it seems, that Sultan *Ibrahim* was rather ambitious of the Character of *Augustus* the Roman Emperor, of whom it is said, that he never spared any Woman in his Lust; but if he cast his Eye on a beautiful Lady, though her Husband were of the first Quality in the Empire, he would immediately send his Officers to bring her to him by fair Means or by Force.

The Philosopher *Athenodorus*, who was very intimate with this Monarch, took a pretty Method to reform this Vice in his Master. For, when the Emperor one Day had sent a close Sedan or Chair for a certain noble Woman of the House of the *Camilli*; the Philosopher fearing some Disaster might ensue, (for that Family was very popular, and highly respected in *Rome*) he goes before to the Lady's Palace, and acquainting her with it, she complained to her Husband of the Indignity was offered her. He, boiling with Anger, threatened to stab the Messengers of the Emperor when they came. But the prudent Philo-

Philosopher appeased them both, and only desired a Suit of the Lady's Apparel, which was granted him. He soon put it on, and, hiding his Sword under his Robes, entered the Sedan, personating the Lady. The Messengers, who knew no other, carried him away to the Emperor. He, heightened with Desire, made Haste to open the Sedan himself. When *Athenodorus*, suddenly drawing his Sword, leaped forth upon him, saying, 'Thus mightest thou have been murdered; Wilt thou never quit the Vice, which is attended with so much Danger? Jealousy and Revenge might have substituted an Assassin thus disguised in my Room: But I took Care of thy Life. Henceforth take Warning.' The Emperor, pleased with the Philosopher's Stratagem, gave him ten Talents of Gold, thanking him for this seasonable Correction: And from that Time began to restrain unlawful Pleasures, applying himself to a virtuous Life.

Thou seest, holy Prelate, that by perusing the Histories of the Ancients a Man may furnish himself with useful Examples, and proper Observations. I always keep by me *Plutarch's* Works, and those of *Livy*, a *Roman* Historian; as also *Tacitus*, who has left the Annals of that formidable Empire to Posterity. It were a desirable Thing, that the *Mussulman* Scribes were employed in translating such Records as these into the *Arabick* or *Turkish* Languages: That so the true Faithful, who are destined by God to conquer the World, may not be ignorant of the memorable Transactions of former Ages. Some of our Sultans have been curious to have *Plutarch's* Writings rendered in the familiar Speech of the *Ottomans*. There are other Memoirs not less worth the Labour. If it shall enter into thy Heart to encourage so profitable a Work, the whole Empire of the resigned to God will be indebted to thee. But who am I, that presume to direct the great Father of the Faithful? Thou art enlightened with all Knowledge and Wisdom! Peradventure thou hast Reasons to divert thee from such an Enterprize, which I cannot comprehend. Therefore I cover my Mouth with Dust, and acquiesce.

As to the late Revolution, I am not to dispute the Will of my Superiors. However, I receive the News of that Tragedy with less Discontent, in Regard thou thy self, who

who art the Oracle of the *Mussulmans*, hast thought fit to depose Sultan *Ibrahim*; using herein the Advice and Consent of his own Mother, and of *Mahmut Bassa*, with that of the *Janizar Aga*, who, next to thy self, are two the most knowing Sages in the Empire.

What remains, but that I shall pray for the long Life of Sultan *Mabomet*? Desiring also, that Heaven may so direct his Counsels, that he may never do any thing to merit the Fate of his unhappy Father.

Paris, 13th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XX.

To Chirurgi Muhammel, *Bassa*.

AT length the Deputies of the *Nazarene* Princes at *Munster* have concluded a Peace: They have been these six Years debating about Trifles and Punctilioes, as is the Manner of the Christians, even in the most important Affairs. This Treaty was signed the 24th of the last Moon, when all farther Hostilities ceased on all Sides, except on the Parts of *France* and *Spain*, whose Quarrel could by no Means be adjusted, in this general Agreement of Christendom.

Thou hast by this Time heard of the late Tumults and Emotions in this City; the Disaffection between the Court and Parliament, with the short Siege of *Paris*. Now Things seem to be composed, and in a Calm: But it may only prove a Truce, while both Parties take Breath to rush upon each other with the greater Violence. The City is unmeasurably rich and populous, and can arm an hundred thousand Men at an Hour's Warning. The Parliament abets their Quarrel: This encourages them to vie with the Court: The Merchants live like petty Kings. Abundance of Gold fills them with Pride and Ambition. Whilst the Court, in the mean Time, are close and reserved, projecting how to destroy the Faction, and assert the regal Authority. The Queen Regent is resolute and severe, yet suffers her self to be mollified with the milder Counsels of Cardinal *Mazarini*, and the Duke of *Orleans*.

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In the Beginning of this Reign, I gave an Account to the Ministers of the *Porte*, of the Duke of *Beaufort's* Imprisonment in the Castle of the Wood of *Vinciennes*, which is one of the King's Palaces: This Prince is now escaped from his Confinement, and come into the City: The Factious cry him up for a Patriot, and are resolved to protect him with their Lives and Fortunes.

If thou yet retainest thy Health and Vigour, thou art happy. As for me, I feel continual Decays; yet am not troubled, perceiving at the same Time that I approach nearer to Immortality. Wherefore I neither seek Restoratives, nor consult Physicians: but suffering my self to dissolve gradually, I die with Pleasure, pluming and preparing my self daily, as one ready to take Wing for a more happy Region.

Paris, 24th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XXI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I AM not surprized at the News of Sultan *Ibrahim's* being deposed and strangled: It is but what I have for a long Time feared: These restless *Fanizaries* will ruin the *Ottoman* Empire. Neither am I startled to hear that his Mother was accessary to his Fall, having a double Motive, Ambition and Revenge, to induce her Consent. She always affected to rule; and therefore could not brook the Sultan's resolute Management of Affairs, without following her Advice. Besides, she could not easily forget her Disgrace and Confinement, on the Account of the *Armenian* Lady's Death.

But I am astonished, and vexed to hear, that the Musti should be concerned in so black a Tragedy. How shall we have the Confidence hereafter to reproach the *Christian* with their frequent Treasons and Murderings of their Kings; since it will be easy for them to retort, that the supreme Patriarch of our Law has entered into the Secret of Rebels, conspired the Death of his Sovereign, and caused him to be deposed and strangled?

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As for the Aga of the Janizaries, I suppose him rather over-awed into the Conspiracy, by the forcible Reasons and elegant Parole of the Musti, than any ways voluntarily engaging himself in Crimes, to which he seems to have no Inclination. Besides, he could not refuse to make one in the Party, after it had once been proposed to him; unless he were resolved to be the first Victim of their Jealousy, and be murdered himself, to prevent the Discovery of the rest. Yet his Duty and Honour ought to have superseded all other Considerations: And he should have chosen to die in his Allegiance, rather than to live stained with so foul a Crime.

However it be, I cannot approve their Treason. For whatever the Vices of the Sultan were, they had no Right to punish him. He was accountable to none but God. And they invaded the Prerogative of Heaven in dethroning him, whom the Divine Providence had invested with the Imperial Diadem.

Much less can I approve their Impiety in defaming him now he is dead. Neither can I in Conscience comply with the Injunctions of the Musti, who has commanded me, in a Letter, to spread an ill Character of Sultan *Ibrahim* among the *Christians*, that so his own Proceedings may appear just. It is true, I owe much to the Authority of this Sovereign Guide of true Believers; yet I must not, to pay this Debt, turn Bankrupt of my Reason: I owe something to my self, and to the distinguishing Character of a Man. I promised him, indeed, to obey his Commands in this Point: But he that has given me a Dispensation for all the Lies and Perjuries I shall be guilty of in *Paris*, will, I hope, pardon me, if I turn my own Confessor, and absolve my self for not performing my Word to him in this Point.

I am not often guilty of aspersing the Living, but I abhor to injure the Dead; lest I should incur the Fate of him, who, being at Enmity with a famous Wrestler, pursued him, with Malice and Revenge, even in his Grave. For envying the Honour that was due to this Wrestler's Memory, in that his Statue was set up in a publick Place, he went privately one Night with Design to throw the Statue down: But after he had spitefully disfigured it in several Parts with a Hammer, and was busy
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in working its Overthrow; the Image on a sudden fell on him, and crushed him to Death: As if the Spirit of him whom it represented had given it this Fall, to revenge the Malice of his Adversary.

Certainly, the Ancients were not ignorant what they said when, among other sage Counsels, they advised Mortals, *Not to speak ill of the Dead, but to esteem them sacred, who are gone into the immortal State.* And Plato's Ring had this Motto on it: *It is easier to provoke the Dead, than to pacify them, when once provoked.* Intimating thereby, that the Souls of the Departed are sensible of the Injuries that are done them by the Living.

Therefore I will shun Detraction, especially of the Dead. And if I cannot say much in Praise of Sultan Ibrahim's Virtues, let his Vices be buried with him in eternal Oblivion.

I run no Hazards in writing thus frankly to thee being assured of thy Fidelity. Besides, Death (which is the worst Punishment that can be inflicted on me for what I have said, should it be known) would not be bitter, when given by a Friend. Dear Dgnet, adieu.

Paris, 20th of the first Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XXII.

To Danecmar-Kesrou, Kadilisquer of Romania.

WHEN I informed thee how the Scots had sold their King to the *English* Rebels, it was easy to preface the Consequence without a Revelation. When Sovereign Monarchs become the Merchandize of Factions, they commonly pay the Price with their own Blood: And there are few Examples of Princes that have been imprisoned by their Subjects, and yet have escaped a violent Death: For those who have once advanced so far in their Treason, as to seize the Person of their Sovereign, can never retire with Safety to themselves, or at least their own Guilt makes them think so. The Consciousness of what they have already done prompts them to proceed in their Wickedness; and their Despair of saving their own Lives makes them conclude it necessary to take away his,

his, whose violated Majesty, they fear, will never pardon so impudent an Essay of Treason.

But the Method which the *English* have taken to murder their King, has not a Precedent in History: These Infidels have out-stripped all former Traitors in the Contrivance and Execution of their Regicide: They have even surpassed themselves, and their own first Designs.

It has been usual for Traitors to take away the Life of a deposed Monarch privately, by Poison or Assassin, either in Respect to his Royal Blood, or to avoid the Possibility of a Rescue, from any of his loyal Friends and Subjects. But these Barbarians were resolved publickly to insult on Majesty, to brave the whole World in the Execution of their Villany, and make a pompous Conclusion of their Treasons. For, they erected a new Divan, or Court of Judicature, composed of the most infamous Traitors: There they formally tried their Sovereign by a Law of their own making; condemned him as a Tyrant and a Traitor: And, finally, caused his Head to be chopt off with an Axe, by an Executioner, before the Gates of his own Palace, in the Sight of Thousands of his Subjects; that so they might appear not so much to kill their King, as to destroy the Monarchy itself and triumph in its Ruin.

Hast thou, O venerable Judge of the Faithful, ever read or heard of such a daring Treason? All *Europe* startles at the monstrous Fact. And Cardinal *Mazarini* himself, who carried on that private Web of factious Design in *England*, whose first Threads his Predecessor *Richlieu* had spun; yet expressed an Horror at the News of this Tragedy. And I look not on this to be an Artifice of Policy in him, to blind the World; but a real Discovery of his Sentiments: For he is too generous to approve so barbarous a Proceeding against a Sovereign Monarch, though his Enemy.

The other Day he was heard to say, *That in Revenge of the King's Murder, he would embarrass the Counsels of the English Rebels, more than he had done those of their Sovereign.*

This was not spoken so secretly, but *Mabmut* had Intelligence of it within an Hour: For I have more Ears in *Paris*, than those in my Head, to hearken after the Intrigues of this Minister: And it will be difficult for him hereafter to speak, write, or act any thing; no, not even in his private Closet, which will not be disclosed to me.

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Yet, though I thus watch his Motions as an Enemy, and do my utmost to render his Designs against the *Ottoman Porte* ineffectual, I cannot in my Heart condemn this Minister, who all the while acts but the Part of a faithful Servant, and an able Statesman, in striving to aggrandize his Master.

His supporting also the Factions in *England*, and nourishing the Discontents of that giddy-headed People, were but the Result of his Zeal for his Country, and for the Church, whereof he is one of the principal Pillars: It being evident from his Grief at the King's Murder, that he bore no Malice against him, but only sought to humble him into Terms of Compliance with *France*.

When I say this, I suppose the Cardinal's Sorrow on that Account to be free from Fiction: But who knows when the Actions of Statesmen are undisguised, and when not? For I am well assured, that, whilst his Agents were busy in embroiling that Nation, he promised the exiled *English* Queen to assist her Husband with Men and Money against those very Rebels, with whom he held a private Correspondence, and to whom his Coffers were really open.

Most of the *European* Statesmen are corrupted with the Maxims of a certain famous Writer, whom they call *Machiavel*. This State-Casulist has taught them to boggle at no Crimes, which may advance the Ends they aim at; every thing, in his Opinion, being honest, that is successful. Thus Policy, among the *Nazarenes*, is degenerated into sordid Craft: And that which was once deservedly esteemed a Virtue, necessary to the Governments of the World, is now turned into a Vice; of which the very Out-Laws, Free-Booters, and Pirates, are ashamed.

God, who suffered the Earth to be inhabited by Angels, for an infinite Number of Ages before he created *Adam*, and then expelling them hence for their Wickedness, and turning them to Devils, gave this Globe for a dwelling Place to Men; grant, that the enormous Crimes of Mortals may not provoke him to exterminate our human Race, and restore the Devils to their ancient Habitations.

Paris, 12th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1649.



The End of the Third Volume.

